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Edinburgh: Printed by Thomas and Archibald Constable,

FOR

DAVID DOUGLAS.

LONDON . . . . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

CAMBRIDGE . . . . . MACMILLAN AND CO.

GLASGOW . . . . . JAMES MACLEHOSE.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH

VOL. II

EDINBURGH
DAVID DOUGLAS
1878.

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CHAPTER I.

1830.

NORWAY—ITS PRINCIPAL TOWNS: CHRISTIANIA, BERGEN, AND THE INTERMEDIATE COUNTRY.

In July 1830 I visited Norway, and proceeded through the northern provinces of Sweden to Stockholm, where I passed part of the winter, returning to England, through Denmark and Holland, in March. My arrival at Christiania occurred under favourable circumstances. The new Constitution granted to Norway on its being transferred to Sweden in 1814, the just preceding foundation of the University, and the establishment of public credit, which had been deplorably impaired, on a firm basis by the institution of a national bank, measures materially affecting the social condition of the people, were on trial.

The sitting of the Storthing brought into a focus, by means of the large assemblage of notables, civil and ecclesiastical, information which it would have been difficult otherwise to procure and verify. It was further my good fortune to find myself placed *au niveau des affaires*, and admitted to the intercourse of the best society and the kindly hospitality of the most amiable of families, by Sir Thomas Acland's introduction to the venerable Viceroy, Mr. Collett, whose acquaintance he had formed in peculiar

circumstances. Travelling in company with two friends in Norway at the time of the breaking out of the war between Britain and Denmark, he and his associates were imprisoned, and during their imprisonment at Kongsberg [1] received great kindness from Mr. Collett, who then held the office of magistrate in the town in which they were placed, and his lady. Mr. Collett had subsequently attained the rank of Statsraa, or Councillor of State, and being now the senior of those invested with that high function, acted in the absence of a Governor or Viceroy, —no successor having been appointed to the last Governor, who died,—and now represented the King at the Storthing. Mr. and Mrs. Collett were surrounded by a family of daughters, some of whom had grown up, amiable and accomplished. The recollection of Sir T. Acland borne by his benefactors had been kept up by presents which he had sent to them from time to time, including portraits of himself, his lady and family, and characteristically of his dogs; and it was so fresh, notwithstanding the lapse of years, that I found myself at once and unexpectedly in the midst of friends at the very headquarters of the Norwegian Government, at the most interesting crisis of the meeting of its Storthing or Parliament. At dinner at Mr. Collett's, I met many members of the Storthing assembled at a round table.

Moreover, the entire population was in the highest good-humour on the tidings having just reached it of the downfall of Charles X. of France. "What a glorious revolution!" was the address on the lips of every one who accosted me.

[1] Such was the feeling against the English, produced by the attack on Denmark, that a fire having broken out in Kongsberg whilst Sir T. Acland and his party were imprisoned there, the people attributed the calamity to them, and were with difficulty restrained from violence. The horror of the attack on Copenhagen extended to Finland.

A few extracts from my Norwegian journal, and reference to my Diary taken in Sweden and Denmark, will furnish materials for my Scandinavian reminiscences.

My route to Norway lay through Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Gottenburg.

Hamburg, July 26.—A remarkable proof of the ignorance existing in the different Hanseatic towns of what passes in the others, and likely to have proved very inconvenient to me, occurred. The innkeeper at Hamburg, of whom I inquired respecting the Lübeck and Copenhagen steam-packet, positively denied that any such plied, though it turned out that its passage had continued for seven years. A gentleman whom I met in the coffee-room undeceived me. The several towns composing the Hanseatic League pursue their different lines of commerce without any intercourse, maritime or by land, the most execrable roads impeding effectually the latter. As I did not obtain any information respecting the departure of the packet till nine P.M. not a moment was to be lost. A carriage was ordered, and I travelled during the whole night over a wretched road, composed of sand and stones, some of which, a yard in diameter, laid for repairs at some very doubtful period, obstructed our progress. The badness of the road is occasioned by the desire of the King of Denmark to transfer the intercourse, such as it is, to that between Hamburg and Kiel, and the Hanse towns refused to repair it.

We coasted Mecklenburg to Doveran, near Rostock, seeing Wismar distant. Doveran may be considered the Brighton of the Baltic. Long before we came off it we were met by a fine pleasure-boat, followed by two others filled with ladies and gentlemen, attired in all the colours of the rainbow, and another containing a band of music. The party came on board our vessel and filled it, remaining two hours with us, partaking of coffee and conversing very agreeably

with us. The first boat contained the young Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg, his Duchess, daughter of the King of Prussia, and about a dozen ladies and military officers and gentlemen. The Duchess's countenance is pleasing, and her manners are affable. The old Duke occasionally visits the vessel: either he or his son makes a point of paying the compliment, Doveran being the summer residence of the royal family, Rostock their winter. Their yacht received the party, and fired a salute on quitting us.

Gottenburg was almost entirely rebuilt, after the great fire in 1805, at the expense of the Phœnix Insurance Company, and the new material is brick. The merchants here are chiefly Scottish, some of them the representatives of three or four generations. The greatest jealousy of Britain is entertained here, I am informed—the strongest desire of seeing it depressed. The spirit was particularly manifested on the occasion of the success of the Algerine expedition.

August 1.—The town of Christiania, defended in front by a fort, appears at the head of an extensive bay covered by vessels, spreading its streets, suburbs, and circumjacent villages and villas over the neighbouring plain and up the sloping sides of the hills which enclose it, a scene to which, even in this northern region, the French epithet of *riant* is peculiarly applicable. The streets of the town are arranged in parallelograms, uniform and spacious, except in the low part near the harbour; the houses built of brick and stone, materials required by a very salutary law to prevent the recurrence of fires, the frequent scourge of Scandinavian towns.

August 2.—Made an excursion (one Norwegian mile) to Bochstad, the seat of Count Wedel Jarlsberg.[1] The road to

[1] The Count, and Count Rosencranz, were the only Norwegian nobles who retained their titles during life, when their orders were abolished by the new Constitution.

it affords beautiful scenery: the fiord, its prospects, villages, green pastures, corn fields, and sombre fir forest. Its situation is striking and sequestered, embosomed in mountains and on the wooded bank of a lake. The Count obtained possession of it by marriage with the daughter and heiress of the well-known Bernard Anker, a principal member of the distinguished Norwegian family of that name. The Count was born and partly educated in England, whilst his father was minister at the British Court. He is a man of much intelligence and information, and speaks English remarkably well. He is now leader of the ministerial party in the Storthing. The Countess and her daughter are very agreeable. After a cursory view of a gallery of pictures we dined at three, sitting down to a round table covered with a dessert, which was not removed, but dishes were handed round to the guests and a profusion of wine drunk. Indeed, had the Countess resolved deliberately to make me intoxicated, she could not have urged me more frequently to potations, which I found it necessary at length to refuse. We were offered fruit, which ripened in the open air somewhat later than in England; peaches and apricots require a hothouse. Want of snow was experienced for sledging last winter, both in Norway and Denmark, a circumstance very singular when contrasted with the very unusual severity of the winter in England. Rising immediately after dinner, according to custom, we took coffee and walked to a summer-house near the lake, the furniture of which is of old time and fashion, the chairs resembling those seen in our old country houses. It is customary for every traveller to write his name on the wall *in pencil;* saw the autographs of several friends and others of note: Reg. Heber and John Thornton, E. D. Clarke, J. P. Morier, T. D. Acland, and the Duke of Devonshire.

August 4.—Left Christiania for Bergen. The roads are

excellent, being kept in repair by the farmers, to each of whom is allotted a portion. An inspector appointed by Government superintends the whole. The main defect in the construction arises from the want of general plan. The predominating aspect of the country was that of the outer part of an English park, wood in vast masses covering hill and valley, or occasionally interspersed with pasture, consisting chiefly of fir, but partially mixed with beech, birch, ash, and alder. The cultivated country is entirely enclosed, the fences consisting of upright poles crossed diagonally by transverse poles or bars of timber. The farm-houses consist of two stories, built entirely of wood, except the covering of tiles, painted dark red, the frames of the windows white-washed; sometimes furnished with double walls, enclosing staircases and galleries, a great additional preservative against the cold of the winter. Excessive neatness and cleanliness characterise their exterior. They are well furnished, and each chamber usually possesses a fireplace or stove, or both. I observed in a bedroom a pianoforte, apparently a very poor instrument. The buildings contribute very much to the park-like appearance of the country. The district of Ringi Rigis is celebrated for the superiority as well as variety of its agriculture. The barns are spacious and lofty, protected from the depredations of vermin by props of wood or stone. One in Ringi Rigis had five stories, and was the joint property of several farmers, who used it in favourable seasons as a storehouse for superfluous corn. At one of the farm-houses dinner was prepared for the labourers; it consisted of a sort of broth, composed of oat and barley meal mixed, and contained in two large troughs, from which the people helped themselves with large wooden spoons, without the intervention of plates. Cleanliness does not extend to the persons or habits of the Norwegians. During the whole of this day's journey, except in the immediate neighbour-

hood of Christiania, saw only one gentleman's house; he was a fogd or excise officer and magistrate. The churches are neat structures, with spires. The cattle are small. At the farm-house at which I slept eggs and a small perch were supplied for dinner, but I had taken the necessary precaution of carrying provisions. The reports which I had heard of the beds on this route deterred me from availing myself of that prepared for me, and I stretched myself on the table, and passed naturally a restless night.

Some of the farm-houses exhibit, in this part of the route, architectural ornament, being decorated with pilasters and capitals of simple workmanship. In front of one was a small building covering an arch and gate, as seen appended to our old baronial residences. The farmers of Norway, being independent proprietors, constitute in the main its aristocracy, and, like their compeers in other countries, display their consequence in their buildings. Every farm establishment consists of numerous outhouses, barns, stables, cowhouses, etc., all neat, and indicating the abundance of timber. The cowhouses usually consist of two stories; the cows lodged in the upper, to which sloping beams afford access, and horses in the lower. Both corn and hay are housed. Several of the farm-houses were well supplied with carioles. Huge stores of provisions were collected, piles of barley-cakes, one yard in diameter and six feet high, dried fish, and oatcake. The cottages exhibited the loom and other implements of domestic manufacture. Luther's Catechism and the Huus Postil, a quarto volume, containing the Gospels and Epistles for every Sunday of the year, with comments upon them, the book almost universal throughout Norway and Sweden, and other books, chiefly religious, graced the shelves. No appearance of poverty. The farms were sometimes supplied with spires and belfries containing bells to summon the labourers. The floors of

the houses strewn with juniper. Gardens frequent, enclosed, but ill tended; also small hop plantations, sometimes but a few feet square, near the houses, for beer. The districts of Ringi Rigis, and of the lake side, which I passed to-day, export corn; also along this road, in general, scarcely sufficient is grown for home consumption. The produce consists of barley, sometimes oat mingled with it, but never grown separately, rye, peas (which are set with other grain), potatoes, and flax, but no wheat. Corn brandy, the usual spirit consumed in Norway and Sweden, is distilled from rye, and chiefly from potatoes. It mixes very imperfectly with water, imparting to it a milky hue, and forming an unpalatable beverage. The farmers at Tynvald and Janvald possess each seven horses, thirty cows, and fifty sheep, the wealthier seventeen horses, seventy cows, and a hundred sheep. They send butter and cheese to Christiania, but depend chiefly on their timber, each having a portion of the forest, an article the value of which has exceedingly deteriorated in consequence of the restraints on its exportation. Impoverishment and incumbrances, chiefly of mortgage, have become the result.

Left Tomlevold at half-past four A.M. Along a moor through a rocky pass, its bed strewn with timber, in some places accumulated into large heaps, awaiting the spring flows which carry the planks to Drammen, where they are claimed by the merchants to whom they are destined, whose mark is set upon them.

The traveller is struck with the great diversity of the national costume and other peculiarities resulting from the extent of the country and the physical and other impediments to general intercourse. Every district is distinguishable from another. The churches now began to exhibit detached belfries, and the form of the tombstones a cross, often very high and elegantly carved. The road con-

tinues during the three last stages through a fine pass, the mountains becoming higher and bolder. The farm-house of Thune stands on a dreary spot; its inmates were absent; dirt supplied the place of all other preparations; yet even here we found an old sofa, which I had conveyed to a neighbouring cottage, and slept on it on one side of a fire, my servant stretched on the other.

Entered the pass at Hœg, and was surprised by a church of most extraordinary construction; it is not absolutely singular of its kind. A Hindoo temple or pagoda must yield to it in extraordinary departure from the usual style of European edifices; it resembled more the fanciful structure of a stage. A steep ascent brought me a second time to the pass, and discovered scenery which, during the next twelve miles, surpassed in magnificence any of the same kind which I recollect in Switzerland. Its features were simple, but grand; a broad river foaming along a rocky channel and forming several rapids, bounded on each side by stupendous mountains, precipitous or sloping, sometimes exhibiting a vast inclined plane, covered entirely with piles of dislodged fragments of rock, sometimes shrouded with wood, rock and wood occasionally in alternate belts, terraced to the skies, and not unfrequently pouring forth innumerable cascades, some of which, amid scenery of a less gigantic scale, might have long arrested the attention of the traveller.

Harvest was commencing; the peasants were gathering in their oats. Large sheaves were formed, and each suspended separately, by a wisp of straw, from a pole of from five to eight feet high, which could be turned round towards the sun or wind, or in an opposite direction, either to facilitate the drying or prevent the soaking of the grain, whilst the straw was spread out for the same purposes. The precariousness of the climate renders necessary the most vigilant attention to the golden opportunity of snatching the produce of the

soil, or it is lost for ever. I was most agreeably disappointed at the accommodation afforded at Lerdal, the station-house here really deserving the name of an inn. During the four nights since I had left Christiania I had scarcely slept, having, on the only night on which I had ventured into a bed, taken the precaution of transferring it to a table, hoping thus to escape the vermin; suffering from their unmerciful persecution, and the severe and continual jolting, which had caused my servant a fit of sickness this day, and want of rest increased our fatigue. The landlord at Lerdal guaranteed a bed, and I enjoyed a comfortable and sound repose.

August 8, *Sunday.*—Lerdal is a village, the first which I had seen on the high-road from Christiania to Bergen, 250 English miles from the former place. It contained three shops, the first which I had observed. Articles for sale are furnished usually by the farmers. The Sunday was observed by the Lutheran peasantry too much after the fashion of the Catholics, which in this respect the professors of the former system unfortunately retained. In the morning the villagers proceeded to the church, which is distant, walking in single file, the women preceding. Their costume was singular: waist very short, stuffed in front like a pouter pigeon, and petticoat similarly distended: both men and women wore brooches and other ornaments. The shops were open till nine A.M., and then closed till five P.M., when the peasants crowded into the village, and were employed busily in purchasing spirits, tobacco, etc., and those who were mounted galloped forth to their homes furiously, racing against each other. No work is done on Sunday.

The villagers on the Fiord, though situated in the most sequestered recesses, and seldom if ever visited by foreigners, enjoy a direct water-communication with Bergen, and thus obtain the advantage resulting from intercourse

with that city. But the balance of trade is decidedly in favour of the country, for the peasants manufacture all their own articles of consumption, and export some of them to Bergen, the inhabitants of that and the other towns of Norway confining themselves to trade. The list of domestic manufactures includes not only all the articles of dress and ordinary use, but clocks, musical instruments, boats, and large-sized decked vessels, affording thus employment for the long nights of the dreary winters. My young host produced a fiddle of four strings, which he had himself made, and surprised me with Scotch airs.

August 10.—In a spot so remote from the haunts of artificial life, it might have been expected that the natives had not learned the practice of imposition. But human nature displays everywhere the same general characteristics. My host, though he had provided for me nothing but oat-cake, a small fish caught in the river, and a basin of milk, boldly charged for the same a sum thrice exceeding a bill at an English inn for a night's lodging and entertainment, and this in a country where prices do not amount to but a small fraction of those in England. My servant demurred to the payment, and asking the farmer, at my request, his motive for such inordinate extortion, coolly replied that some Englishmen had ascended the valley some years ago, and that they threw money about at random. The mischief produced by such inconsiderateness on the part of travellers, who ought to regulate their expenditure by the scale of the country, and not by their own caprice, is incalculable. In this instance it made rogues. We were long delayed by the trouble of catching the horses. The course of the river of Justedal, from the glacier whence it springs to the Fiord, extends about forty miles. Its hue is milky white. The scenery formed by the alternate contraction and expansion of the valley, now becoming a narrow pass, and now spreading,

the rugged and rocky character of the mountains which bound it, the occasional rapids, picturesque bridges, farms, numerous torrents and cataracts and rich prospects, is very grand. The valley produces little fir ; beech, aspen, and alder being the principal wood. Nothing can exceed the richness of the carpet over which the trees wave, the knolls being covered with heath, wild flowers, and the most beautiful variety of berries. At a farm-house eight miles distant I stopped to breakfast, but found the negative catalogue of edibles and drinkables complete, and depended on my own stock. The farmer was on the hill ; his wife was at home, an old hag, with long dirty hair, a most filthy creature. Yet these people are positively wealthy. They had a small library of religious books, a folio Bible, octavo Testament, Psalm-book, etc. The church of Justedal stands within few miles of the head of the valley. It is small, and the minister's house adjoins it. He came to meet me, and received me in a very obliging manner. His attire was not clerical, according to my notions. He wore a pea-green loose coat and blue trousers. The black coat is by no means necessary to the clergyman in Norway. He introduced me to his house, and at first I despaired of conversing with him, but he speedily addressed me in Latin, and by degrees we understood each other well. At dinner his wife served and carried the dishes round, and then sat down and partook of the hospitable fare. To an Englishman this custom is peculiarly irksome, and it is long before he can reconcile himself to it.—Continued my route to the glacier. The river is supplied by three considerable torrents, issuing from as many valleys, and descending from the enormous glacier, which is probably the most extensive in Europe. It is seen covering the whole range of mountains to northward, and in one of the above valleys spreading its branches to the bottom. I ascended the main valley somewhat higher,

and visited a large branch of the glacier, resembling much that of the Rhone in Switzerland, except that bare rocks form a poor substitute for the Alpine rose which forms the garniture of the latter. This glacier is a solid unbroken mass, not unlike sugar-candy in its consistency. Its surface is undulated and slippery. The minister provided for me supper and a bed on my return. An Englishman was a rarity in this valley, a considerable time having elapsed since any had visited it, except three merchants last year. We supped by broad daylight at nine o'clock, and at ten I read very small print.

August 11.—Called at a farm-house, and found nothing to be had. It was a dirty, stinking place. The farmer himself was half-naked, and the people of the village generally very dirty and half-savage-looking.

August 12.—To Gudvangen. At the point of ramification the scenery becomes inexpressibly grand. The three branches exhibit long vistas of precipices, no trace of human habitation, no resting-place for the eye visible. The Nœröens fiord immediately expands into a circular basin, bounded on one side by grey precipices, and on the other by very steep sloping banks, partially copsed. The scenery of this fiord surpasses in grandeur any of the Swiss or Italian lakes. It consists of a succession of reaches, its banks lofty and often precipitous mountains, snowy at the summit, thinly sprinkled with stunted trees, but rich in verdure, and pouring down innumerable torrents, forming very fine cataracts; beautiful promontories issuing from beneath the dark precipices. The savageness of the scenery is relieved by two valleys which open to view, rich and enclosed by lofty mountains, and adorned by villages or farm-houses. Towards the upper extremity of the fiord it narrows; stupendous dark precipices, shooting up into towers and covered with snow, rise on each side, destitute of cultivation and

uncheered by human dwellings or cattle, and unvisited by the rays of the sun, and apparently barring all exit from the deep black waters below. The line of light was marked near the summit of the cliffs, glistening on their micaceous materials, but all below was obscure twilight. In such a valley, and under such precipices, stands, at the head of the fiord, the little village of Gudvangen. The boatmen differ widely and rationally from the Scotch in regard to the sustenance which they use. The former work the whole day, frequently taking no refreshment but snuff or a dram. The Norwegians always stop to take two regular substantial meals of oatcake, cheese, butter, and fish, their beverage sour whey and water. They drank no spirits, except a dram which I gave them.

The course of the fiords, traced from the inmost recesses of the mountains to the sea, embraces scenery varying in all the degrees of grandeur and beauty, from the magnificence of Switzerland to the softer and more luxuriant richness of England and desolate grandeur of the Hebrides. The situation of Bergen is very picturesque, spreading its white houses along the partially wooded shore of the bay, and its villas for several miles over the sloping sides of bare, brown, steep, and rugged hills: a castle, forts, and ships are among its characteristic features. We did not reach the town till ten P.M., and were long at a loss for lodging. There is no hotel for the accommodation of travellers at Bergen. Strangers are lodged in private houses, and those to which my servant directed me were already occupied by the unfortunate sufferers from the fire which last winter destroyed many hundred houses of this city. We wandered about the ruins and through the other parts of the town till midnight, hungry and despairing, when we discovered a lodging.

August 15, *Sunday.*—The conduct of the people was

very orderly, their dress extremely showy. I never witnessed such a display of colours. The religious observance of this day ends at five P.M., when the clergy frequent the general society of the town.

August 16.—Mr. Gregg, the British Consul, conducted me about the environs of the town. Roads branch out to the villas, affording pleasant drives and rides. A few years ago such an accommodation was not thought of. The villas are small, but neat. The town is divided into large parallelograms, separated by broad intervals, in which lines of trees are planted. The object of this arrangement is to prevent the progress of fire, which seldom spreads beyond the district in which it originates. The trees serve to arrest the flames, and as an additional preservative the houses opposite to the quarter from which the fire approaches are covered with sail-cloth. Engines are stationed in all parts of the town. But still the devouring element has occasioned tremendous losses. One entire district, consisting of 120 houses, excepting one, was burnt during last winter; it extended to the water's edge and consumed the warehouses. There was just time to withdraw the ships, which must have been otherwise involved in the conflagration. A house, which was still standing amidst a wilderness of ruins, owed its preservation to the resolution of its proprietor, a joiner, who, though surrounded by flames, assembled his men, and by his exhortations persuaded them to persevere in throwing water upon the roof and down the sides of his house; and, assisted by fugitives from the neighbouring buildings, they preserved his habitation. The property lost amounted to two millions of dollars. It was insured to a large amount. The National supplies the only legal insurance, to which every city contributes, and consequently shares in the misfortunes to which each is subject.

The old and most extensive line of warehouses along the south side of the bay was built originally by the Contoir of Bergen. The guns of the castle, which commands them, are still pointed to them, as in former times, when they were so placed to overawe the merchants and secure their subjection. The Norwegians were allowed to build on the other side, but were regarded too much in the light of barbarians to be admitted to the privileged district of the Contoir. The system at length was changed. The German families, by whom the trade was principally carried on, have by degrees wholly disappeared; and Mr. Gregg, whose grandfather, a Scotchman, first settled here, is the only representative of the British. The old warehouses present their gable-ends to the water-side and extend far back, separated by narrow passages, in which the goods are received or carried out. The houses of the merchants are built on the rise of the adjoining hills. They are remarkable for their excessive neatness and cleanliness, which indeed characterise the town in general. Every house is painted once in three years to prevent rotting, and covered with neat red tiles. Intercourse with Holland may probably have produced these admirable qualities of cleanliness and order. An exchange has been only recently established by the influence of Mr. Gregg, the people retaining their ancient prejudices against it. This was the fortunate time for seeing Bergen, the whole Nordland fleet being assembled in the harbour. It consisted of 100 sail of large sloops. They were freighted with fish and cod-liver, sent to France and used as bait. The unloading their contents and taking in their winter stock occupy a fortnight, during which time the men employed scarcely sleep two hours out of the twenty-four. The scene was animated. Saw among the crews a Finn in partly native costume, wearing double-cased peaked shoes, and walking

like a man skating. The people of Bergen remarked him for wearing linen, an article till lately unknown to his tribe. The fish stock-fish, not salted.

Of the trade of Bergen the Consul gave me a discouraging statement. But still the population has increased, and amounts to 20,000. The town is supplied with cattle and manufactures[1] by the country. The butchers all inhabit the quarters in which the cattle are landed. The inhabitants of Bergen are social, and fond of music, but public concerts are never attempted. Their theatrical representations are supplied by private actors, except when, as in the present year, a company is expected from Copenhagen. The remote and insulated situation of the town, secluding it from general intercourse with Europe, limits its attention entirely to its own local interests: these form the sole topic of its only newspaper. The proceedings and interests of the three principal towns of Norway are scarcely known to each other, and all unavoidable interchange of business is transacted in the most dilatory manner. The manners of the Norwegians are very ceremonious; the most troublesome custom is that of taking off the hat, instead of the friendly nod of Englishmen. In a town like Bergen it becomes ridiculous; every acquaintance requires this salutation, the very boys almost strike the ground with their hats when they meet, and my friend the Consul finds it necessary to walk in the public parts of the town hat in hand, to avoid the necessity of perpetually doffing it. The streets are free from beggars, mendicity being prohibited by law. The city is charged with the annual expenditure of 15,000 specie dollars for the support of the poor, who are employed, and whose claims, whether meritorious or not, are decided by a committee, whose services are not paid. The excesses of the previous Sunday

[1] The only manufactory in Bergen is a woollen one.

were now made visible by the number of drunken people who infested the streets.

Bergen is supplied with country produce, chiefly by the people of the district of Hardanger, distinguished for their honesty and sobriety. These characteristics are attributed partly to being at once cause and effect of their abstaining from the distillation of spirits. They are never known to be intoxicated, and they bring to market a much larger proportion of articles for sale—cattle, deals, hides, tallow, very fine apples, and the best cherries raised in Norway—than if their habits of consumption and expenditure were different. They are also remarkable for their civility and hospitality. Their conduct is strikingly contrasted with that of their neighbours, the inhabitants of the district of Vossevangen, who, notwithstanding the comparative richness of its produce, are poor farmers, quarrelsome and vindictive, and addicted to the savage practice of stabbing, retaining their resentment long. They are much given to distillation of spirits. In the war with Sweden previous to the recent union of the two countries, the soldiery of the district of Vossevangen were remarked for their refusal to give quarter to their enemies who fell into their hands. It was difficult to restrain their ferocity. The extraordinary variety of costume in the different districts of Norway is not more remarkable to the eye of the traveller than the differences of their habits and moral character,—both proofs of the very little intercourse existing between different parts of the country. Yet these shades, so important, are rarely noticed by travellers, whose observations, though sometimes local, are generally applied to the whole nation. Distillation is much practised by the fishermen along the shores of the north and south fiords. It is too much the habit of the farmers throughout Norway to repair to the houses at which the distillation is carried on, and

drink to intoxication. Distillation was formerly prohibited, but is now permitted, a small percentage being paid on the spirit as duty to Government. Corn brandy is not exported, except by a coasting trade to the Nordlands, where all the corn raised is necessary for subsistence. Poverty and vice are the results of the system. It is not to be wondered at that so much corn should be imported into Bergen for the support of the town. In the remote districts the spirit is distilled almost solely from potatoes, a vegetable which was introduced into Norway, and has rapidly spread over the country, becoming a staple article of its produce. The fearful effects of the failure of its crops in a country of so cold and humid a climate must be apprehended.

August 18.—Left Bergen. Proceeded through Bierkeland to Ous, on the shore of the Biörne Fiord; Gaspar Poussin scenery: broken country, rugged hills interspersed with lakes and woods and villas. Here, as elsewhere, I was applied to for the right time: a boy ran out of his house to me for the information, and immediately re-entered and set his clock. The accuracy in regard to time is remarkable in Norway, and though apparently a trifling circumstance, is in fact an index of the punctuality, regularity, and industry of a people. In the Highlands of Scotland, where clocks are rarely seen, time is unheeded, as it is unvalued. The farm-house of Mundheim supplied me with a clean bed and rug-covering (no sheets), in a loft to which a ladder conducted.

August 19.—My host was employed in building a vessel of twenty tons, having learned his art in Bergen. Ascended the great Hardanger Fiord two miles to Jondal; its surface is diversified by some islands; its breadth considerable, bounded by high rugged ridges, scantily sprinkled with fir, and on the right side covered with the vast glacier of Folgefonden, which rises to the height of 5590 feet, and

extends sixty miles in length, encrusting the entire summit of a peninsula. Its long line of ice appeared at intervals. At Jondal larger vessels were building. The Hardanger farmers construct, man, and navigate them, and enrich themselves with their share of the fishery. They all keep vessels and boats. On their sterns is always inscribed a short prayer, imploring the Divine protection against the perils of the sea.

August 20.—Butter was served on a wooden dish, in the shape and of the size of a man's head. The farm-houses in this country consist of a cluster of wooden boxes, undistinguishable from each other, as in the more eastern parts of Norway, where the dwelling-house is conspicuous and showy. The plan of building is the ancient one in the Bergen provinces, in the others it is more recent. House-building is a separate trade. The cost of a small house is about twenty dollars. The manufactured rugs might have done credit to an English loom. Left the house at half-past six, and crossed the Folgefonden glacier. The ascending path led up a steep slope, covered with whortle, bilberries, redwort, and cloud berries, the last a delicious fruit, to a wilderness of rocks, interspersed with very deep tracks of snow. We skirted the glacier, which appeared climbing the shelving side of a mountain. At the highest point I paused to survey the immensely extensive prospect. It embraced an interminable chaos of mountains, the sea, and the adjacent fiords. Of the mountains, including some of the principal ranges of Norway, none were remarkable except the huge round dome-like glacier on the summit of Halling Skarron, as their forms were uniformly monotonous and unpicturesque. On the opposite shore of the fiord below appeared, reduced to the most diminutive dimensions, the little village of Ullesvang. Saw several eagles. Descended through woods and orchards, the

trees loaded with apples, to a farm-house on the shore of the fiord, the passage of the mountain having occupied eight hours' hard walking. Crossed the water to Ullesvang, and landed at the house of the minister, whom I had the happiness to find at home, and on the steps of his habitation, descending to the water edge, ready to welcome me. He is a venerable man, seventy-one years of age, received me kindly, and when he ascertained my name from the letter of introduction with which Consul Gregg had supplied me, conducted me to one of many scores of portraits, which among other pictures adorned his walls: that of my father. Provost Hertzburg, the hospitable minister under whose roof I now was, is well known to Englishmen on account of the regard which he bears to them, and which he never fails to manifest by unceasing kindness, whenever an opportunity is afforded. He showed to me a list of more than a dozen who had within a few years partaken of his hospitality. Previously none had been seen in this country. He holds the office of Provost, corresponding with that of Archdeacon in our Church, and exercises, in virtue of it, the superintendence of seven parishes. His own parish, of which he is the sole officiating minister, containing 4500 people, extends fifty-six English miles in length, and has three churches. It is supplied by eight school-masters, whose salaries are paid out of the parochial fund, shifting their quarters from one farm-house to another, so as to complete the education of all who are of an age to receive it. No person can be admitted to confirmation who is unable to read; and as confirmation forms a necessary qualification for marriage, or for any public situation, education is universal, except in cases of mental imbecility. According to the law requiring every parish to support its own poor, and prohibiting mendicity, this parish is divided into twenty districts,

to each of which a commissioner of the poor is appointed. These functionaries meet the minister and report the number of paupers dependent for food and clothing on parochial aid; in this parish amounting to seventy. Two years' residence in a parish constitutes a settlement. In Norway there is little poverty or complaint. Reading is a favourite occupation among the people. The farmers club together, sometimes to the number of twenty, to exchange books, chiefly old Histories, of which that of Joan Sorenson is the standard. Their poetry is chiefly traditional. As a proof of the comparative sobriety of this district, there are only three drunkards in the parish. The Provost is a zealous supporter of the Bible Society, and part of the stock of Norwegian New Testaments transmitted to him by the British and Foreign lay upon his table. In his own parish he calculated that one person in ten possessed a copy of the Scriptures.

August 20, 21.—Remained at Ullesvang. The minister's house is spacious, well furnished, and very comfortable. He entertained me with excellent roasted reindeer,[1] and gammel ost, or the famous old cheese of Norway. He has a wife and several children. She is a pleasing person, and I regretted my inability to converse with her. The Provost, who is a man of letters as well as of science, is a Latin scholar, and also converses in French and English. He has his prestigaard or glebe, and a large barn covering a cow-house. An enormous cherry-tree is growing in his garden. The apples ripen in this country in September and October. All the hay and corn here were now housed. In the minister's garden is an ancient tumulus.

22.—The Provost, it being Sunday, proceeded to one of his churches, six English miles distant, to perform the service. He visits the different parts of his parish in his house-boat, perfectly protected from weather. It has carried

[1] The reindeer abound in the mountains.

him safely through some tremendous storms. He never takes any food till his return, to-day not having broken his fast till five P.M. The Sabbath in fact commences (the Lutherans having retained this part of the Catholic ceremonial) on Saturday evenings, when, and also on Sunday morning, the people of each house assemble for prayer, singing psalms, and reading the Huus Postil, but not on other days. In the province of Bergen generally, the Provost informed me, the people attend church regularly, but in the more eastern part of Norway, in the Tellemarken for instance, a man is seldom seen in a place of worship. He also described the morals of the people of Bergen as good, excepting those of Leardal and the Lyster Fiord. The Provost christened a child at his church. He used the sign of the cross. Five sponsors are required, three men and two women for a boy, two men and three women for a girl. Any person may, in case of inability to procure a minister in sufficient time, baptize. The old practice of placing the name on the church door in case of illness has nearly grown into disuse. A very natural belief that the voice of a person drowned is heard wailing amid the howling of the storm is apparently the only acknowledged remnant of ancient superstition still lingering along the shores of the fiords. The valley in which the church and parsonage of Ullesvang stand is very beautiful, richly adorned with corn-fields, orchards, and farm-houses, enclosed by steep and lofty mountains, down the sides of which descend some fine waterfalls. Walked to the neighbouring village of Opdal, and visited the Soran Screiber or judge. The entrance to his house passes through the kitchen. In his receiving-room were assembled many ladies, but I could not communicate with any of the party except through the intervention of the nephew of the Provost, who introduced me, till the Soran Screiber ventured upon Latin. These officers, the fogd or

sheriffs and excise officers, and the ministers, constitute the entire gentry of the country parts of Norway. This individual receives about 2000 dollars income, arising from fees on the adjudication of property after death, and other legal proceedings; but out of his salary he pays clerks. The parish has also its attorney. The Norwegians are prone to litigation; but this disposition is happily counteracted by an excellent custom, that of arbitration by means of a court of reconciliation. It consists in this parish of two persons, the minister and a peasant, who meet on the first Tuesday of every month to settle disputes. The minister possesses a copy of the ground or fundamental law of Norway: it hangs on his wall. He and his friend the judge were delegates to the Storthing at the time of its being framed, and assisted in it. This was in 1814. No medical practitioner resides nearer than Bergen. Sufficient inducement is not offered. The natives are in general very healthy and long-lived and stout, eating their four meals daily. They are very fond of cheese, eating it without bread, but buttered, and very sour; their beverage, milk, beer, and spirits—much of the latter, though not to intoxication. The judge dined with us. Broiled fish was served, which the Provost called by its Norwegian name, signifying the food of our Saviour, from His having eaten of it. There is much cordiality at a Norwegian dinner; many toasts are drunk, glasses touching, and shaking of hands after that meal and supper. But customs very disgusting to Englishmen are practised: spitting over the shoulder, picking teeth with the fork, the ladies helping themselves to large quantities of cheese (the nya ost, or new cheese, a sweet sort made of cows' or goats' milk, and of a soapy consistency, and when fresh extremely pleasant), eating it off their knives as if it were *blancmange*. Among the customs of this country, nearly obsolete, is that of wearing the beard, which within memory of living man was considered a

necessary appendage of old age, and was invariably worn by men above fifty or sixty.

The farmers throughout Norway are almost exclusively *odelsmen* (udallers), the independent proprietors of the land which they occupy. The estate descends to the eldest son, and if sold by him the son next in age has the right of claiming it on paying the sum for which it was purchased. Very few of the merchants of the large towns have property, except in their immediate neighbourhood, and there are very few persons possessed of large property in Norway. The leasehold lands, and lands held and continued from father to son, on the condition of a small fee, are those chiefly let by the clergy. The Norwegian estates, especially in the timber districts, are heavily mortgaged to creditors, among whom are many foreigners.[1]

August 23.—Slept at a farm-house. The crimson velvet covering of the gilded chairs accorded ill with the bed, which consisted merely of hay and a rug.

August 24.—To Röldal, three miles. All the men hang a knife, and sometimes two or three, to their side, —unfortunately not used solely for culinary purposes, but resorted to in quarrels, and productive of assassinations. The peasantry of Hartindal are famous for the use of this weapon. The Norwegian mode of fighting is savage. When one man has brought his adversary to the ground he inflicts on him all the injury in his power. On this unfrequented road the traveller finds decent and clean accommodation. One apartment is supplied with a single window, and one or two beds, surrounded with chests and cupboards very gaudily painted, a dresser well stocked with crockery-ware, Sunday clothes, rugs, manufactured articles, and many pairs of shoes hanging on the wall; a table and

[1] A subscription, to which every Norwegian traveller to whom I applied contributed, enabled our kindly host to send a nephew to the University.

high-backed chairs, well gilded and decorated by painted flowers. These latter are brought from Bergen, the other articles are the handiwork of country artisans. Oat-cake cheese and butter formed the whole list of provisions. The farm-houses in these parts are well supplied with religious books.

August 25.—Ascended a rocky range of mountains. Fancied myself in the Scottish Highlands on finding at the top a shealing built of uncemented stone, without chimney, and the fire on the floor in the corner of the apartment. It was tenanted by a woman and her children; these could all read, and a very young girl was employed in reading the Huus Postil. We found an excellent dairy. These mountain châlets are called *sæter*, and are occupied by the farmers during the summer months, whilst the cattle are yet on the hills. The road swarmed to-day with lemmings. These little animals do not burrow, but make their abode in the holes of rocks. When attacked, they defend themselves diversely, some sitting upright, as in a supplicating posture, others biting the stick most ferociously. A slight blow kills them. They were fat as butter. We saw several snipes. We had not time to reach Hougli, and therefore passed the night at Voxli, a solitary farm-house (day's journey, five miles). Including one hour's rest, we spent twelve and a half on the road. The boy who accompanied us, only thirteen years old, undertook to run by our side, not only this distance, but to Hougli, one and a half mile further. The journeys which these urchins perform, and at a running pace, is surprising. We mounted our little guide during most of the day. The horses are fed solely on grass in summer, and are exceedingly fat. They are almost invariably of one colour. The farm-house at Voxli contained but one room. On the table was laid a large bowl of oat-porridge, and another of sour milk, of which the guides were invited to

partake. As soon as they had satisfied their hunger, the landlord, his wife, and two servants fell to work, and I can compare their rough and rapid handling of the large wooden spoons which they used to nothing but the strokes of smiths on an anvil : the dexterity in avoiding collision similar. My bed-chamber was detached from the house—a large barn without door,—and my bed two blankets spread on the hay, which soon sank beneath my weight sufficiently to shield me from a sharp north wind which swept every crevice of the apartment.

August 26.—To Hougli, one and a half mile. At this farm-house saw "History of the Siege of Troy," 8vo. In this and neighbouring districts, if the men of each parish were formed into different regiments, their costume is so distinct and yet military that they would require only arms to make a well-equipped army. Descended the fiord, two miles, and landed and slept at a farm-house.

August 27.—The roof of this farm-house was garnished with twigs of trees hanging from all parts of the ceiling. The walls are very commonly adorned with pictures, sacred or amorous, strangely discordant ; the latter often licentious. My bed-chamber at Provost Hertzburg's was richly supplied with the amorous. The architecture of the buildings in this and adjoining districts is more surprising than the costume. The upper story of the storehouse is built here, as generally in those parts, projecting beyond the lower, and sometimes furnished with a gallery and supported by posts. It was here adorned by columns, pilasters, etc., of various device, perfectly classical, and doubtless constructed from some model. To Torpischen ($1\frac{2}{3}$ mile), a solitary farm-house. I do not exaggerate the merits of the rural architecture, when I say that the carving both in the interior and exterior of the storehouse would do credit to an English cathedral. Where in the British Isles, or indeed in what

part of Europe, even amidst the monuments of ancient taste, shall we find such refinement as in parts of Norway which the eye of a traveller very rarely visits? It must be attributed to some peculiarity in the circumstances of the people, and this will be found in the happy combination of industry, material wealth, and independence prevailing more uniformly among them than perhaps among any other people. The rural districts must necessarily, from their extent and average remoteness from towns, depend exclusively on their own industry and skill for all the articles and implements of domestic use; and the long winter nights afford ample leisure for the development and exercise of these qualities. No class of persons is so raised above the general level of the community as to become independent of manual labour or personal superintendence. Ample materials are supplied by the forests. And the equal distribution of wealth offers inducement to expenditure and rivalry of display, which encourage skill; whilst a sense of independence and of hereditary importance is conferred by the nature of the tenures and the form of the constitution; and the whole platform of society is elevated by the universal diffusion of education prescribed by law. Cleanliness is still wanting to this polished community. The hereditary tenure might induce the supposition of attention to descent similar to that which prevails in the Highlands of Scotland. But genealogies are wholly neglected in Norway. In the former country, broken into clans, where personal security, rank, dignity, and chieftainship depended on lineage, its rigid observance cannot excite surprise. But in Norway, where these subdivisions of the community do not exist, but the country has been subject during centuries to a foreign power, which, however, they regarded as identical with their own, and its families have pursued the noiseless tenor of their way, content with local

importance, and not aspiring to other distinction, there was no motive to ancestral consequence. There is not wanting, however, to the Norwegians the stimulant of glorious national recollections. It is true that Denmark has worn the laurels which her mariners have won, and that the position and strength of that nation have not been such as to call forth the military resources of her Scandinavian province; but of the wonderful and fabulous achievements of their remote ancestors, the heroes of "old Norway," their traditions, their songs, and their histories promote the perpetual and inspiring remembrance. The desire of national independence, though dormant, was never suppressed, and was roused at the period of the separation of Norway from Denmark, and has revived on its union with Sweden, notwithstanding the extreme liberality of the terms on which it was granted, and though partly, has never become wholly, reconciled to it. The national pride remains unsubdued, and the comparative serenity of the people in the enjoyment of peace and virtual independence has been established. In these various circumstances may be found the elements of their comparative dignity and refinement.

At the west branch of the Mios Vand we procured horses after some delay. These animals being stallions were employed in fighting on the hill, and two of them were brought down all bloody from the fray. From a dreary height we obtained a clear view of the noble Gousta Field, a long, steep, and slightly serrated ridge, much channelled by torrents, and in this respect resembling Ben Nevis, culminating to the north: rising in solitary grandeur to an elevation of nearly 6000 feet, so far exceeding that of the mountains within the range of vision as to reduce them apparently to the level of a plain. On the moor we started a few ptarmigan (field ripa), and a brace of grouse and some snipes. We reached the east branch of the Mios Vand.

Its shores are low and wooded, and offer no scenery worth notice. The farm-house of Holvig, our destination, stood on the other side of the water, here one mile broad. A boat was procured after patient expectation, but how would the horses cross? This was speedily managed. They swam, notwithstanding the sway of the stream; and landing we entered the forest by a horse-track, and proceeded towards Dal. The ridges of the Gousta Field reflected the rays of the setting sun like a mirror. We soon got benighted, and as we had now no destination, but trusted to Providence for a night's lodging,—the guides never having travelled this part of the route before,—we advanced through a forest for some hours with some degree of anxiety, whilst occasionally losing our track, lest we should repose with empty stomachs on the bare ground—an alternative not agreeable, as the night was cold and frosty. Several times we were disappointed by the appearance of rocks so much resembling houses that we made up to them, but at length perceived a solitary light in a space free from wood, and discovered a hut, twenty feet square, warmed by a fire on the floor. The inmates crowded into a sort of bed. My servant stretched himself on the floor, and I sat on a bench and waited the morning light.

August 28.—The cold of the preceding evening proved the commencement of the severe frost which usually sets in at this period of the year, and continues three nights, which are called by the Norwegian and Swedes the *icy* or *iron* nights. The ground was frozen to the hardness of brick, and all the corn on the high ground was destroyed. The thermometer stood at half-past five o'clock A.M., on the sheltered side of the hut, at 29°. At a quarter-past nine, in a spot where the warmth of the sun was more powerful, it rose to 56°, a violent, and to the sensations painful transition. The mischief occasioned by these frosts, when not very severe, is

prevented in Sweden by drawing a rope across the corn or other produce, and sweeping off the icicles, and thus stopping the evaporation. We found ourselves distant a quarter of a mile (Norwegian) from the celebrated waterfall, to which our course for some days had been shaped, the Rökan Foss; and reaching the summit of a ridge overlooking the pass, through which the river Maan rushes along a rocky channel, forming several small cascades, at length bursting through a narrow passage as through a funnel, descends perpendicularly several hundred feet. The sun's rays had not yet reached the pass, but illuminated the majestic Gousta Field, which towered from its opposite side and formed its southern boundary, and the stately column of spray, which rose like smoke, indicating the fall beneath, and giving to it its peculiar and appropriate appellation, Rök, signifying smoke in the language of the country. I viewed the fall from all sides on which it is approachable. Its distinguishing and beautiful characteristic results not so much from its height, which is, however, considerable, as from the contrast of the pure white of its waters, reduced to foam, with the jet-black hue of the vast precipices which enclose the basin receiving it, and form an avenue through which it afterwards rushes to the valley. Sheltered from every wind, its waters descend in a spreading column, resembling an avalanche of snow. From above, the fall itself is not seen, but its thunder is heard, and the pool below, on which the eye dwells, violently agitated by an ebullition, moved by some impelling cause not visible, but apparently emanating from beneath, scaling the jetty walls of its prison, forms a perfect Cocytus. The whole ridge near the fall was alive with the chirrup of the lemmings. The descent (quarter mile) down the pass has much grandeur. The rocks are shrouded in fir, and the solemnity of the scene is relieved by farms, interspersed, and

situated apparently on inaccessible spots. The river then pursues its course through beautiful lawns adorned with numerous farms, Gousta Field still rising from its bank. The farm-houses in this part were deficient in that architectural ornament which characterises the more primitive district, but the enclosures indicated more attention to farming. One of the horses carrying my luggage unfortunately fell down during the descent, and his lameness was beyond cure. Many horses and cattle are lost in this manner. My landlord entered the house quite intoxicated, and, I was informed, to make the matter better, that he had returned from a visit to the minister.

August 29.—Light is not much in request in the buildings at Dal. The church, as is not unfrequently the case, has but a single window, and that in the choir. The eleven houses in the village muster only two windows. Ingress and egress to the person are not less difficult, on account of the remarkably small dimensions of the door. The minister serves two churches, and consequently that of Dal at nine o'clock. On Saturday evening, and to-day after service, he examined the boys and girls of the neighbourhood. He wore no surplice. Penance is not imposed as in our Church; but the minister to-day called upon the congregation to exercise a power of their own, by shaming out of the church a woman who had given birth to an illegitimate child. Opposite to the porch of the church is an instrument of punishment of the same kind as that sometimes still seen, though no longer used, in Scotland, the *jougs*. It is an iron collar, fixed to a post raised on a small stone pedestal. The offender's neck is adjusted to the collar, and he is exposed to the gaze of the people as they enter church. This species of punishment is inflicted in case of petty crimes. The collar is sometimes affixed to the wall of a house. The name of a person was placed in the church post,

a custom already alluded to. In the evening I received an invitation to a dance. As I did not accept it, several of the ladies visited me in my quarters in a body, and supposing me to be sleeping, as I did not wish to disturb their curiosity, they examined very unceremoniously my luggage, clothes, books, etc., whispering together and expressing great amusement and admiration. On my rising to do the honours, they fled with the greatest precipitation, bursting into loud laughter. Their conduct reminded me of that of the Africans, as described by our travellers. They were, however, very differently attired, as their dress was extremely gay. Their long hair streaming down their backs was bound by a smart brilliantly-coloured handkerchief tied over the head; a splendid body dress, much embroidered and ornamented by little balls and other appendages, and an apron lined with a broad silver band. The Huus Postil at the farm-house was appropriated to the same purpose as the Family Bible in England: it contained the family births of its possessors during a century.

August 30.—Along the pass to Mœll, one mile. The Gousta Field appears to sweep the valley like a huge volcano, but is not so grand on this side as on the other. The severe frosts which had destroyed the corn on the mountains had not injured the produce of the valley. The Scandinavian fence again made its appearance. Embarked on the Tind Soe in a good boat of punt-like make. My rowers were two smart lads, their hair behind cut close, and in front hanging down long over their shoulders, and wore earrings. The wind was from the north, and so strong that we were compelled to land at a solitary farm-house, from which there was no egress except by water. My stock of provisions was exhausted. The fresh reindeer meat, which Provost Hertzburg furnished, could not be kept beyond the second day, and biscuits, my last resource, had now become

exhausted. We drank a goat dry, and then waited with some anxiety the falling of the wind, which enabled us fortunately to proceed to Tind Ösen. The farm-house here is a poor place, not even affording a light. We supped by moonlight, and by the assistance of the same luminary I groped my way into my bedroom, a sort of loft for lumber, raised on piles upon the lake, and found a clammy sheep-skin as the covering of my bed.

August 31.—Passed a wretched night, being overrun with fleas, and availed myself gladly of the dawn to open my window, a sort of door fronting the lake, the exhalations from which formed a thick mist. Want of sleep, superadded to bad fare and occasional hunger, had somewhat subdued the elasticity of my spirits. The deficiency of my lodging was made up for by an excellent supply of milk at a farm-house on the opposite side of the river. We rode to Borklasjoe (three miles). The road at first followed the course of the river, and afterwards left it. High cliffs, and straight and lofty timber, supplied beautiful scenery. The farm-house of Borklasjoe is capitally situated, on an eminence, commanding an extensive prospect, embracing the lake, mountains, and Gousta Field. A Highland host might have regarded with satisfaction the breakfast provided. The house afforded excellent accommodation of all kinds, and a respectable library, consisting, excepting one work on Norse laws, entirely of religious books. The proprietor was absent attending the meeting of the Storthing, of which he was a member. His shelves were furnished with lore very different from that which an English M.P. deems necessary to his public duties. Two stages farther brought us to Kongsberg, the latter part of the way along the Jondal Elv, through pretty scenery to the great valley of the Louven, broad and denuded of trees, a more spacious bed for the river, one of the largest in Norway. As we

approached Kongsberg we perceived by the style of the enclosures that we had entered the eastern and best cultivated part of the country. Nothing is to be seen in Kongsberg worth notice. The church is remarkable for the singularity of its construction. The pulpit is placed over the altar and under the organ, which reaches the ceiling. Opposite to it are ranged several rows of pews like boxes at a theatre, the King's in the centre. I was comfortably lodged in this town, save the disturbance of vermin.

CHAPTER II.

1830.

CHRISTIANIA—TRONDHJEM—SWEDEN—NORTHERN PROVINCES.

September 2 *to* 20.—At Christiania. The University was commenced sixteen years ago, just previous to the separation of Norway from Denmark. It is thought that had its institution been deferred beyond that period it might have been frustrated, as the desire of encouraging the Swedish Universities might have deterred the King of Sweden from sanctioning it. Its foundation and endowment arose partly from private contributions, which were liberal, and partly from Government grants.[1]

The Storthing was still assembled. The present Constitution was framed on May 17th, 1814, but was not finally settled till November of the same year, when it received the sanction, after some alterations, of the King of Sweden, the war between Norway and Sweden having intervened.[2]

The present Storthing was dissolved, after a stormy sitting of eight months, during my stay at Christiania. The business, as might be expected, was transacted in a dilatory manner at first, and afterwards hurried through as the members approached the close of their labours. Its proceedings illustrate the actual political state of Norway. It was divided into two parties, that of the Government and

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

[2] See Appendix, No. II.

the Opposition. The former was led by Count Wedel Jarlsberg, the latter by a converted Jew named Maribo. The part adopted by the latter, and his hostility to the Government, are attributed to the disappointment of his expectations at Court.[1]

The defence of Norway is provided for by the law requiring every man capable of bearing arms being trained, when he attains the age of twenty-two years, for ten days in the year for five years. The late period to which the commencement of this exercise is deferred seems unreasonable. The whole number in garrison in the towns amounts to 2000, and these serve for seven years.

The Bishops and clergy of Norway receive their appointments from the King. The incomes of the former average 2000 dollars, and are insufficient for the expenditure, involving hospitality, required of them. Indeed, the honour is often purchased at the expense of a more valuable living, and the refusal is not permitted, the *nolo episcopasi* being inadmissible.

Norway is divided into five dioceses: Aggerhuus, Christiansand, Bergen, Trondhiem, and the Nordlands. That of Aggerhuus is considered the first in importance, though the Bishop has no superior rank or authority, excepting that the ordination of the other Bishops is performed by him. It is by far the most extensive. The Bishop sometimes travels, in the progress of his visitation, 1600 English miles in the year. In the course of three years he visits every parish in his diocese, a duty performed by the Bishops, and they send a report to Government. The present Bishop of Aggerhuus, Sörenson, resides in the episcopal mansion, a commodious house in Opsloe, on the site of the old palace. He received me very kindly. He is an aged man, his hair perfectly white. He wore a suit of French grey. He

[1] See Appendix, No. III.

speaks very good English, and showed to me several English books, Gibbon, Robertson, etc. He had translated Robertson's History of India into the Danish language. He had the Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Owen's History of that institution, being a warm friend and supporter of it. The Bishop is considered rather negligent and slack in the management of his diocese; he preaches occasionally in the Cathedral of Christiania, and uses much gesticulation. He kindly conducted me to the schools and other public institutions in Christiania and to the Cathedral. The vestry contains a series of portraits of his predecessors, the last wearing several orders,—the first who had been invested with this sort of distinction, with a single exception of another who had received but did not wear the orders. This novel method of rewarding episcopal merit, were it bestowed really on eminent zeal or diligence, would be still inappropriate to the clerical office, and impolitic. The practice is more consonant with the genius and constitution of the Swedish and Norwegian forms of government than with ours, the clergy being exempted in neither from a share of the legislative duties, being represented by a house consisting of members of their own body in the Swedish, and indiscriminately with the laity eligible to the Storthing in the latter.

I dined with the Bishop: a large party. At table I found myself placed between the General and Admiral of Norway, the latter an old man, who had known Nelson and St. Vincent when on service. The Bishop, according to the still existing Norwegian custom, walked round the table, helping his guests to wine and other ingredients of the repast. At the conclusion of dinner a large rich cake, called Nelson's cake, passed round, and several toasts were drunk: "Our absent relations," "To the honour of old age," "To the strangers who have for the first time appeared amongst us." It was intimated to me that the two

last toasts were proposed in honour of my father and myself. Among the party was the Councillor of State Freschow, an eminent philosophical writer, who, at the advanced age of eighty, is composing a new and abstruse work. He conversed with me on our Universities, observing that the English neglected altogether, and that the Scotch pursued a narrow course of metaphysics,—that Plato, Aristotle's Metaphysics, Kant, and Cudworth, were overlooked,—that Hume had only repeated the discoveries of a preceding writer. He spoke of the *Edinburgh Review* as enlightened, but partial. He maintained that the English were capable of viewing only one side of a question, whilst the French could entertain more enlarged views of subjects, and that their minds were gradually opening. He allowed to the English excellence only in mineralogy and chemistry. Speaking of our Universities, he repeated the old remark that the most eminent of our philosophers were not resident, and particularly, on Newton being mentioned, observed that he held no official situation in the University. The Professor evidently was not accurately informed on the plan of education pursued in our Universities, and consequently incapable of appreciating its merits. There was more cleverness than soundness in his general remarks, and there is reason to believe that his religious creed is tinctured by the same temperament of mind. I was introduced also to the two Professors of Theology, Flessleb and another, and our conversation was carried on in Latin. The former is highly respected, being considered inferior to none in theological knowledge or piety. The institution of the University at Christiania has preserved Norway from the contagion of the new German speculations on divinity which have infected that of Copenhagen. The old and sound theology of the Lutheran Church is here exclusively studied.

The Bishop of Bergen, Naümann, passed through Christiania whilst I was there. He dined frequently at the

table-d'hôte at the hotel, decorated with orders. He has the reputation of being scientific, and had published a small work on the scenery and natural history of his diocese. He was now on his way to Stockholm, being a favourite of the King. I met him at dinner, also at Mr. Collett's, and we exchanged visits. He first introduced himself to me in reference to the Bible Society, being desirous of establishing one of these institutions at Bergen. The minister of Agger, adjoining to Christiania, has been just appointed to the Bishopric of the Nordlands, a singular exchange.[1]

The Sabbath commences in Norway, nominally, as in other Lutheran States, on the Saturday evening. The effect of this arrangement is the virtual curtailment of the season, for balls take place on Saturday evenings as much as on any other, and on Sunday evening the entertainments recommence, and the clergymen are seen diverting their minds with cards from the sacred employment of the morning. The attendance on the public service of the Church is, especially among the higher ranks, little attended to. Sunday is too much spent in resorting to villas, feasting, shooting, etc., and some do not attend church above twice in the year. Some of the principal people are rarely seen on these occasions. Mr. Collett and his family, on the contrary, are exemplary. A second attendance is considered singular, and is one of the characteristics of the "saints." During the morning service, which I witnessed in the cathedral, people dropped in till near the close. The congregation showed, however, much attention and no gazing about. The captain of a Norwegian vessel was employed by a French Bordeaux merchant in lading it on Sunday whilst I happened to pass, and as we conversed he expressed great regret at the necessity imposed upon him, and objection either to lading his vessel or sailing on Sunday. Of the domestic exercises of religion I had no opportunity of observing. That there are

[1] See Appendix, No. IV.

serious and devout Christians in Norway there can be no doubt, and their conduct is remarked and designated, but not stigmatised. They belong principally to the subdivisions which I have mentioned. Bishop Sörenson preaches frequently and with great animation against the neglectful observance of the Sabbath. The Bishop of Christiansand has lately addressed a letter to the Storthing, urging the interference of that body to prevent the practice of the people of his diocese in quitting church for the purpose of drinking drams and bartering and buying horses and then resuming their place.

The state of the Bible Society in Norway, of which I drew up at its request a report for the British and Foreign Bible Society, published in the Appendix to a Report,[1] is flourishing. It is difficult to form a general statement on the morals of the Norwegians. They vary much in different parts, partaking, in this respect, of the difference produced by the subdivision of the people into so many little communities. Drunkenness is the besetting sin of the Norwegians, as of other northern nations, and is indulged in very generally when spirits can be obtained.[2] Persons in a state of intoxication were frequently in the streets of Christiania. The number of illegitimate children born in Norway varied from $\frac{1}{6}$th to $\frac{1}{8}$th of the whole. The clergy, upon the whole, I believe, are exemplary in their morals. Indeed, the

[1] A proof of missionary zeal has been exhibited by an individual, formerly an officer in the army, who served in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and has since entered the Church, and has now devoted himself to the arduous task of instructing the Norwegian Finns in the doctrines of Christianity, adopting their habits and preaching to them. His wife accompanies him. He prepared himself for his mission by spending two years at Stockholm and Copenhagen, learning the language, which differs so much from the Russian and Finnish languages that these people cannot understand each other. The Finns are despised by the Norwegians.

[2] In a letter lately written by the Bishop of Bergen, he speaks of the increase of this vice, and asks, When will Providence raise up some champion to oppose this hydra? (1833.)

internal discipline of the Church of Norway affords a guarantee for the expulsion of any delinquent, and much more effectually than the system of the Church of Scotland, which, vesting the jurisdiction over the conduct of the clergy in the Presbytery to which he belongs, in the first instance, subject, indeed, to the appellate authority of higher tribunals, frequently frustrates the end proposed, as the accusation of the offender depends on the free will of those who may be deterred, either by favour, fear, or consciousness of their own obliquities of conduct, to cast the first stone, and the responsibility is divided among several; whereas the responsibility in the Church of Norway is placed on a single functionary, the Provost, whilst his decisive judgment is aided by two clergymen, and subject, as already stated, to the jurisdiction of other tribunals. The ministers exercise little pastoral discipline over their flocks, confining it to admonition and refusal of the Holy Communion.[1]

The meeting of the Storthing afforded to me the opportunity of seeing the society of Christiania reinforced by the members of the Legislature. Nothing, however, could be more dull than the aspect of the streets, destitute of equipages, and almost of pedestrians: except in the commercial and maritime districts of the town, it seemed like to a city of the dead. The usual season at Christiania is the winter. The society is divided into sets: the Councillors of State and principal functionaries of Government associate somewhat exclusively together; the merchants, again, form two distinct sets, the upper keeping aloof from the inferior, and rigidly. The Professors of the University, a numerous and learned body, enrich the society, being admitted into any set; but the still intemperate habits of the merchants deter their associating much with them, and consequently

[1] See Appendix, No. V.

they, too, in no small degree, from congeniality of tastes and pursuits, form a caste. The dinner and supper hours, the former early, are the seasons of meeting. The Norwegians since their union with Sweden have borrowed from that country the habit which it derived from Russia,—Russia thus barbarising the Northern whilst it receives civilisation from the Southern States of Europe,—of drinking a glass of brandy before dinner. The old practice, prevalent formerly in Scotland, and even now by no means uncommon, of drinking a dram on first rising in the morning, also existed at Christiania. A merchant, lately dead, always made a point of presenting himself at the bedside of his guests in the morning, to offer a dram.

At Mr. Collett's I frequently dined, meeting usually a large party, including many members of the Storthing. The guests separated soon after dinner, and returned to supper when invited. I frequently spent the whole evening with this amiable family. The extreme formality of the ceremony of introduction, repeated and profound bowings, did not extend to the intercourse, which was easy and agreeable. Tea was served and punch frequently. Norse songs enlivened the party, and our tune of God Save the King—"King Charles John" substituted. There were few of the principal people of Norway whom I did not meet at this hospitable house, and on one occasion I was obliged to carry on a conversation in Latin with the principal Professor of Theology, for an hour, as the only medium of communication. There were wanting in the society at Mr. Collett's no ingredients to render it both pleasant and instructive. Mrs. Collett entertained a party at her villa near to Christiania. It consisted of Councillors of State and a chamberlain and their families. After a hearty dinner, the gentlemen left the table shortly after the ladies, when we found the latter, though but few minutes after the usual luxury of a feast,

sitting in a whirligig similar to those in which children amuse themselves at our fairs, and whisked round with such rapidity that it was scarcely possible to distinguish them. Yet no complaints of sickness were uttered. After enjoying the amusements and beautiful prospects of the garden, we returned to the house, when tea, ice, and punch were served unremittingly till supper-time, and the long interval was occupied with games (not of cards), in which the venerable Councillors performed the leading part. Mrs. Collett during dinner rose several times and walked round the table, inquiring of her guests how they fared, and rectifying any apparent deficiencies in the supply of their necessities. The Bishop of Aggerhuus, I observed, performed the same duty as host at his house. Indeed, the custom of the lady standing behind her guests at table, to which none pleaded exemption, is growing into disuse.

The members of the Storthing were furnished with a large dinner in the assembly-room at the hotel. Some of them joined occasionally the party at the *table-d'hôte*, which was frequently very numerously attended. Captain Maribo, the leader of the Opposition, sometimes appeared at it: and so did the Bishop of Bergen, almost daily, during his sojourn at Christiania, decorated with orders. Mr. Jacob Meyer, the principal timber-merchant of Christiania, invited me to his villa near the town, beautifully situated. The upper story, projecting over the lower, and resting on pillars, formed a covered piazza. The apartments were pleasant, commanding delightful views. Numerous dishes were circulated during dinner, but the plates were by no means changed after every successive viand placed upon them. Much wine was drunk, and several toasts were given. Mr. Egeberg, a young timber-merchant, who sat next to me at dinner, when he perceived me not emptying my glass at the toasts, reminded me of what was expected,

by quoting the Norse proverb: "A wolf must always adopt the cry of the wolves in whose company he is." "Welcome," "A safe return to the guests to their native residences," "A dry harvest," etc., were the toasts, followed, after dinner, by a general shaking of hands. Punch, London porter, and games followed, billiards, the game called caroline, and cards, which are very common. Chess sometimes is played, each player taking two moves. The drinking in the mercantile society of Christiania has much diminished during the last ten years, but festivities are still kept up sometimes till three A.M. Gottenburg still maintains its reputation in these respects. An old species of hospitality practised by the merchants here has been much discontinued, that of offering bread and cheese and sweets to a visitor calling at any time of the day. There is a public theatre at Christiania, but miserably kept up; the gentry amuse themselves with private theatricals.

The temperature of the houses in Norway during winter is kept at great heat. The Norwegian stove is made of iron, and cools much more rapidly than the Swedish, which is of brick cased in earthenware, and contains several flues. The latter is growing more into use here, but the former still obtains the preference, being considered more healthy, as the lid of the iron stove is kept open and admits a draught, whereas in the Swedish stove the slider, which is drawn across the chimney or flue, is closed as soon as the fuel is consumed and the heat has been absorbed by the stove. The wood used in the stove is birch for the apartments, and fir for the kitchen. The Norwegians—and my informant is one of the most scientific of the Professors—assert that the difference of practice is very perceptible at the close of the winter, when the Swedes appear pale and emaciated by their long privation of good air, whereas the Norwegians preserve a healthy hue. The people suffer no injury from

the habit of exchanging their heated rooms for the severest cold of the outer air. Their carioles as well as clothes are thickly coated with fur, that of bears being used by the ladies, and the men contenting themselves with the less showy covering of wolves.

The Norwegians are healthy and long-lived, as the statistical tables show. They are very subject, however, to rheumatic affections, probably arising from their exposure to cold draughts of air. Fevers are unknown at Christiania. The disorders so prevalent in England, of bile, nervousness, and depression of spirits, are unknown in Norway, probably on account of the rapid transition of their season from the decided dry heat of summer to the no less constantly dry cold of winter. Gout is by no means uncommon. Their use of medicine is consequently very rare. At Christiania the physicians enjoy a high reputation; but, in general, the healthiness of the people diminishes their value. The Norwegians who have visited England express their astonishment at the complaints of bile and nervousness, the physicking habits and valetudinarianism which prevail so much amongst us. I found one substitute for medicine, in reference to one disorder, measles, —ardent spirits, so common in all parts of Great Britain, maintaining its ground equally in Norway against the denunciations of the Faculty.

Literature, under the auspices of the University, and consequently in the altered and elevated condition of Norway, is making some progress in Norway, as well as the fine arts. Ossian and Young maintain also their ascendency here. There is a History of Norway since its union with Denmark. The old History of Snorest Olenson is considered authentic. No regular Review is carried on at Christiania. There is a quarterly journal of Natural History, Medicine, and Jurisprudence. This and the news-

papers contain some topographical references, descriptions, and criticisms on works. A very large work on Norway, descriptive, etc., is now in the course of publication. It will consist of several volumes, and will probably prove a valuable contribution to the general stock of literature and science.

The English are much esteemed in Norway. The Norwegians appear to feel a greater degree of interest in Scotland than in any other part of our kingdom, as being in so many respects kindred as well as contiguous to their own. Ireland, notwithstanding their trading intercourse with it, they look upon as semi-barbarous. An intelligent Norwegian, observing the resemblance of the Norwegian to the English character, remarked: "We resemble each other particularly in *amour propre*, thinking no nation equal to our own."

September 21.—Left Christiania. My equipage consisted of a capital second-hand cariole for myself and a cart for my servant, the seat on springs. These vehicles, together with the harness for both, cost about £9, and I afterwards found that I had paid dear for them, though conceiving that I had made a good bargain. My journey commenced under gloomy auspices, inasmuch as heavy rain had set in, and impediments in the road to Trondhiem, and more especially in the passage into Sweden, might be anticipated from the advanced and apparently threatening season of the year. A traveller must, however, be sanguine if he wish to succeed, and adopt "*Non semper imbres*" as his motto.

September 23*d and* 24*th.*—Detained by very bad weather. The landlady informed me that her son was receiving his education at the Borgers' school at Christiania, and produced his ticket, the certificate of his proficiency at the recent examination at the close of his first year's course. It

furnishes a sample of the various studies of these young farmers:—

Latin,	Good.
Latin Composition,	Good.
Greek,	Pretty good.
Dutch,	Very good.
French,	——
Hebrew,	——
Mother tongue,	Very good.
Religion,	Very good.
History,	Very good.
Geography,	Pretty good.
Arithmetic,	Very good.
Geometry,	Good.
Writing and Drawing,	——
General Character,	Good.

The boy's line of life was not yet fixed. The library here was different from those usually met with, consisting of comedies and narratives.

In the first stage some beautiful rock scenery, and passed, near Lillehammer, a fine fir forest. Met on road the Sœtter establishment descending from its mountain sojourn to its winter quarters; this being the time of year at which the removal takes place, the sheep only remaining on the mountains till the fall of the snow, and returning to them as soon as the grass reappears. The pastoral group consisted of several men and women, the latter riding astride, carts laden with cheese, cream, saddles, etc., several horses, a large herd of cattle, and a flock of goats.

At Moshuus, the post-book in which the traveller makes an entry, lay in a spacious apartment, ornamented with paintings, and an organ commensurate in height with the room. The organ was manufactured by the peasants in the house. I should have been well pleased to have heard its

performance; but the hand that drew forth its tones was cold. The mistress of the house lay a corpse in the next room, attired in a white shroud, and watched by two women.

At one farm-house I found a fine folio edition of the Bible, embossed externally with an alto-relievo in brass on one side, representing our Saviour and a cross, and on the other Moses, and the Evangelists at the corners, and clasped. It was printed at Copenhagen in 1633, and contained a portrait of Christian IV., and many other engravings; the paper and type were superior. It was a splendid copy.

On leaving Hougen both myself and servant experienced a merciful preservation. I had driven about a hundred yards from the station, when I was suddenly alarmed by hearing the clatter of the cart containing my servant, which immediately came in contact with my cariole, the wheels clashing, and occasioned the violent overthrow of both vehicles. I found myself in an instant on my legs, having, I know not how, jumped out, in the middle of the road, witnessing the general wreck of my travelling equipage. The cariole, together with the horse, were rolled three or four times over, the top of the cariole broken off, and the harness torn from the horse, and books and broken bottles strewed on the road. The cart was overturned on the other side upon some rocks, and the horse, which, not being sufficiently broken in, had run off with it, dragging my unfortunate servant, who had got entangled in the reins, along the ground, till I overtook and disengaged him. We came not off scathless: a bruised ankle was the amount of my injury, trivial in comparison to that which my servant sustained, his collar-bone being somewhat dislocated, and his arm stiffened for several weeks. Notwithstanding this impediment, with all the alacrity and prompt expedient of a seaman, he flew to his tools, and so speedily patched up

both cariole and cart that we were enabled to proceed in them to Trondhiem. It is unjust to draw inferences respecting the character of a people from the conduct of individuals. The following trait of my fellow-traveller, the Deputy from the Nordlands, must not therefore be necessarily interpreted as indicative of any unfeelingness in the Norwegians in general. We had now kept company for two days, and were on terms of much civility. He started from the post-station immediately after my disaster, and whilst the road was strewn with the wreck, coolly drove through, avoiding as well as he could the books and bottles, but without stopping to inquire whether we were injured or he could offer us assistance. We reached the next post-house before he quitted it, when, seeing us arrive, he walked leisurely up to us, and neither bestowing a word nor a look upon us, carefully examined the wheels of our carriages, and made afterwards some remark upon them to my servant, and then pursued his journey. I recorded our adventure in the post-book at the next station. This is revised by the superintendent appointed by the Government, and the probable consequence would be that the horse which had occasioned it would be branded, and no future traveller endangered by him. The horses of the Dovrefield are celebrated for strength and spirit.

I received a very hospitable reception from the minister of Opdal and his lady, to whom Bishop Sörenson had introduced me by letter. I found him at his church-door, surrounded by the children of his parish, whom he was preparing for confirmation. The boys all wore red caps, and the girls long hair tied behind. The interior of the church was much decorated. The minister showed a Testament of the Bible Society in the vestry, and also a Bible without the Apocrypha in his house. The Bible Society had produced a considerable diminution in the price

of copies of the Scriptures, he informed me. After seeing a small garden of vegetables attached to the manse, we entered, and the good minister's truly national hospitality was unremitting—wine, breakfast, wine, wine after an intermediate walk, dinner, coffee, tea, punch, grog, bishop, supper. Such was the order of the day; and unfortunately my knowledge of the Norse language was so scanty that our colloquial intercourse did not in any degree correspond with the cordiality of our mutual feeling. I was not the only traveller now enjoying my host's kindness. An unfortunate lady was lying here in consequence of the injury which she had received on the Dovrefield from an accident precisely similar to that which we had experienced. The horse, harnessed to a cariole, containing herself and another lady, ran off, and coming in contact with the carriage in which a gentleman of the party drove, both were upset. The gentleman had proceeded to Trondhiem in quest of surgical assistance, none nearer being within reach; and the lady lies much hurt, it being doubtful whether her arm is fractured. I found on arriving at Trondhiem that the gentleman had suffered most injury, though not aware of it at the time, and was ill at that place, whilst the lady was able to pursue her journey. The very horse which caused this disaster would have been harnessed to-day to the carriage containing the wife of my friend the Deputy, but for the interposition of my servant. Our damaged vehicles, four in number, cut a sorry figure, ranged in a row, in front of the minister's house. The destitution of professional assistance is remarkable in Norway, but unfelt by the natives—indeed, they rather dread than desire it. When an epidemic rages,—fever, etc.,—the civil authorities are applied to, and medical aid is sent from Trondhiem. The healthiness of the climate renders medicine nearly useless. In this parish (Sogne), containing a population of 3000 persons, there are

three persons whose age exceeds a hundred years. Besides the church there is a chapel in this parish, which is served by a distinct minister. The people are skilful in their manufacture. The minister's silver spoons were wrought by them, and his child was supplied by them with toys very well made. The farmer builds his own cariole. I was surprised to hear that, notwithstanding the very heavy rain which had fallen for some days on the southern side of the Dovre-field, the weather had been long dry here, the intermediate mountain barrier effectually intercepting the clouds.[1] The bedroom prepared for me was spacious, and ornamented with chairs, covered with damask and gold, and two handsome pier-glasses in gilded frames, reaching to the cornice of the apartment. The walls were adorned with pictures of naval engagements between the English and Norwegians, in which the latter were victorious. A mace and embroidered quilt overspread the bed of state.

The road crosses the river by a bridge, traverses a wooded country, and enters another very beautiful pass near Soknäs. At the point of intersection of three valleys, and of the junction of the two roads from Christian, that by the Dovre and the other by Röraas, stands the prestgaard, or minister's house, to which I proceeded, and presented a letter of introduction from Bishop Sörenson. Tea was instantly served, followed by slices of cold meat, anchovies, bread, and a jug of punch, supper (a complete dinner), and abundant supply of sour wines. The minister's house and offices formed a large square, covering an area sufficiently spacious for the erection of a small village; the interior of the house comfortable. The minister had wife, sons, and daughters. But my intercourse with them was limited by the imperfection of our medium of conversation. He had en-

[1] The iron or icy nights occur here usually between the 5th and 10th of August.

joyed the honour of entertaining the present King of Sweden in his house, as his predecessor the present King of France, who in his rambling days travelled to the North Cape, under an assumed name, in company with a French officer. These two Sovereigns had occupied the bed in which I slept. The minister's parish contains 6000 people and four churches, which are served by himself and his son (capellan). He acts also as physician when necessary. The epidemics most usual in this part of Norway are bilious fevers. Several here have reached ninety years, but I heard of none of a hundred, as in the more elevated regions of Sogne. The south-west wind brings fine weather in its train here, as the north-west on the southern side of the Dovrefield.

The streets of the town are wide, and many of the houses very large. They are built of wood, and showy. They are still occupied, though frequently the inhabitants are too poor to make use of more than two or three apartments, yet they are averse to abandon the abodes of former and wealthier days.

The episcopal residence of the Bishop of Trondhiem adjoins the cathedral. His name is Bugge. He invited me to take tea and supper with him. He is a learned, clever, and sarcastic man. His conversation exhibited a mixture of seriousness and caustic levity, even when discoursing on religious subjects. He confines his public proceedings to the discharge of his episcopal duties, but has withdrawn from most of the religious and charitable institutions of the town in which he formerly took a part, and whether from the peculiarity of his temper, or from his inability to exercise over them that influence which he deems due to his station and his good intentions, I cannot tell. His very retired habits and sarcastic turn have rendered him very unpopular. His abstinence from society is ascribed to the ill-treatment which he experienced from

the populace on the occasion of the present King's coronation at Trondhiem, when they broke his windows in revenge for the alleged fulsome adulation of a speech or sermon which he had delivered. The Bishop urges his health as a plea for his seclusion. He is zealous for the promotion of religion, and has exerted himself in the distribution of the Scriptures. The wall of his apartment was covered with pictures representing our Saviour, and also one of St. Mark, Venice, into which the artist had introduced a Norwegian minister in canonicals. At the Bishop's I met the master of the Borgers' school. It contains sixty-four pupils (the same number in that of Bergen), all of whom, except one farmer's son, are children of the clergymen and merchants.

Poverty has much abated the ancient hospitality of the merchants of Trondhiem. The kindness of Mr. Broder Knutzon, one of two brothers, known in England and other parts of Europe as enlightened travellers, citizens of the world no less than as hospitable citizens of Trondhiem, and of his brother-in-law, Mr. Johanson, supplied the deficiency of a more general association with the natives, which my limited time did not permit. Their house in the town was stored with books and other works of art and taste collected by Messrs. Knutzon abroad; Mr. Johanson still remained at his villa near the town. The merchants repair to their country-houses in May, and quit them in October: thus anticipating the sudden burst of the spring, or rather transition from winter to summer, which occurs in June. I dined with Mr. Johanson at his villa, and during the repast we were entertained with songs. The literature of Trondhiem extends probably little beyond the Messrs. Knutzon, who consequently find their situation, in respect to pursuits, much isolated at home, and are induced to wander in quest of more congenial minds, and a more enlarged and enlightened sphere of intercourse. On state occasions, some

vestiges of old-fashioned grandeur are yet exhibited. On Sunday the carriages of the gentry, constructed much like our Lord Mayor's coach, proceed in procession to church. The Sabbath-day is observed in an orderly manner. There are two booksellers' shops in Trondhiem, but very inferior to those of Christiania. The fair to which the peasants on the road were repairing was held during my stay at Trondhiem. The booths exhibited a great variety of articles, but no country manufacture. At one of them were sold books, and some very old. The drinking of brandy was incessant, a glass being considered indispensable to a bargain. There was also an ample show of horses; their shapeless forms contrasted singularly with the fine symmetry of those on the Bergen road. Some few were of a superior description and beauty, probably from the Dovrefield, and attracted Swedes from Jemteland for the purchase of them. The high-priced horses were sold for thirty-five to forty dollars. Each animal had its rider, who bridled it up and exhibited it to the best advantage. The peasantry displayed no little variety of dress. The women were generally by no means pretty. Among them were some Finns, whose Chinese faces distinguished them, notwithstanding the uniformity of dress. They all wore shawls. Green was their favourite colour. Some of the women of Stondal were clad entirely in clothes of that colour. The unmarried women were distinguished by black caps, embroidered with flowers. Some of the men exhibited in their dress a ludicrous caricature of the fashions of some years since adopted in this country, wearing long swallow-tailed coats, red waistcoats, the waist of both extremely short, trousers, over which were drawn Hessian boots, and red caps. The peasants of one district wore only jackets. Notwithstanding the dram-drinking there was no riot; indeed, it was prevented by a party of soldiers stationed to enforce order.

Found at a station, as elsewhere, Christian v.'s Book of Laws, and a History of the Conquest of Mexico. The sacred pictures are extraordinary performances, exciting, however, no ludicrous ideas in this unsophisticated people. One of them I saw represented Balaam on his ass meeting the angel. The prophet was dressed as a modern cavalier, armed with large spurs, and coolly smoking his pipe. I entered a school in which were collected a considerable number of boys and girls. They were so well disciplined that not one of them ventured to raise an eye from the book to gaze at the stranger. Between Næs and Garnæs crossed the river Suul, and was gratified by hearing the ancient rural instrument of the Norwegians, the lur, filling the air with its loud tones,[1] resembling those of the horn.

October 15.—Crossing the frontier by a tedious ascent in charge of the Norwegian post-bag, a circumstance which the boy who accompanied me celebrated by the music of his lur, I passed through scenery of much grandeur into the forest through which my route lay during many days from dawn till dusk, broken only by the inequality of the rocky surface of the ground, or the intervention of villages or farm-houses, few and far between.

The funereal monotony of such scenery depresses the spirits. We seem surrounded by a vast assemblage of silent mourners, literally, when the bark is incrusted by the blackest of mosses, clad in the very sablest "livery of woe," and even, to borrow the imagery of the poet, "grieving if

[1] "But when the lur's loud notes I hear,
Or sounds the cataract in mine ear,
I fancy that I catch once more,
Forgetful that those days are fled,
The martial music loved of yore,
When cities smoked and armies bled."—
Norwegian National Song.

aught inanimate ere grieves," when rain and dew distil from the laden branches.

Cheering sights and sounds ceased to enliven the gloom. The brilliant tints of the berries no longer enamelled the soil; the echoes of the "lur's loud tones," and the watch-dogs' responsive howl had died away on the Norwegian frontier. I looked in vain for elks and bears and wolves, and scarcely less so for birds, as, except in the neighbourhood of villages, where species of our own smaller sorts looked for food and shelter, I observed once perhaps in the day, a solitary straggler, or more frequently a pair of redbacked shrikes, whose languid flight betokened the prevailing torpor.

And where could the incidents of human life be more strikingly, though dolefully, figured forth than in those of the forest, where nature had exercised its sway, whether represented by the diversified expanse of trees and saplings, the overbearing proportions of some gigantic growth, the evidences of perennial conflict manifested by the stately but shattered pines, which line as outposts the stormy coast of the Bothnia; or else by the dark pall mantling hill and dale, or the reflection of lakes intensifying the gloom, or where the curse of heaven seems to have lighted on vast tracks of desolated woodland, rent, charred, or prostrated by wind, or fire, or flood; or yet more emphatically, where the trunks reminded us, as they stood bare and bleaching amidst the whitening waste of severed branches, of the skeleton army of the valley of dry bones?

The scenery was truly Norwegian, and very grand. The ascent is long and tedious, through a fine fir forest; the road unfinished, and barely passable. Much birch grew on the Swedish, but none on the Norwegian side, and was soon exchanged for fir. The road was partly temporarily constructed of timber bridges placed on the bog. At Skalstugan I heard that the Finns had removed their quarters to a

distant part of the mountains, now rendered inaccessible by the fall of rain and lateness of the season, and was thus disappointed of seeing these remnants of the nomadic tribes and their flocks of reindeer.

October 16.—The scenery of this day's journey consists of forest, the red or Scotch fir occasionally comprising a large portion of it, and constituting the basis from which the spruce rose, towering, like spires and pinnacles, to an immense height, and interspersed with lakes and rivers. The timber is untouched, and extremely fine. At one spot saw a glen, in which the wind had mowed down hundreds of firs.

October 19.—Östersund, the capital of Jemteland, was commenced by Government thirty-four years ago, at which time there stood on its site a single house, and three cows were pastured. It now contains 450 inhabitants, and 300 cows graze on the same ground. It is built of wood, and has a shabby appearance. The houses are detached to prevent the spreading of fire. The two most prominent are that of the Governor (Landshofdingen) and the church, the house first built, upon which a low belfry has been erected. The situation of the town, on a sloping ridge crested with fir, on the side of a lake, and commanding a fine view of the opposite Isle of Frösön, which is elevated, is agreeable.

I presented my letter of introduction, furnished by the banker of Trondhiem, to M. Winkstrom, a merchant. His business embraced wholesale and retail. I found him in his shop, sitting at a desk, assisted by his son, who stood behind the counter selling fancy cloths, grocery, etc. His attire was somewhat rugged. Liqueur was instantly served. M. Winkstrom conducted me to the house of the apothecary, M. Nyholm, who had resided several years at Gottenburg, and spoke English very well. He afterwards introduced me to the Governor, M. von Törne, a man of marked pene-

trating countenance and gentleman-like manners, who conversed in French. My intercourse with M. Winkstrom was carried on very imperfectly in Norwegian. M. Winkstrom invited me to dinner, and the dinner was given at the inn. Our party consisted of my host, the apothecary, the Governor's secretary, and myself. The room was intolerably heated. I was told that it was the invariable custom in Sweden to empty the glass when health was pledged. In the evening M. Winkstrom drove me to his villa, situated on the shore of the lake. At the door our host informed us that we had forfeited our hats,—the penalty attached to the accident of entering a house in which there was an unchristened child, M. Winkstrom's wife having been lately confined. The house consisted of two stories, divided into several apartments—those above four in number, one of which was large, all communicating by folding doors, the larger adorned with chandeliers, pier-glasses, etc. Tea was served up, two cups of the strongest green to each person. Since Thomson, one of the cleverest of English travellers in Sweden, complained of the weakness of Swedish tea, the people imagine that it is impossible to give it to us too strong. Cakes were served with it. This was speedily followed with *panacea*, a beverage consisting of a bottle of rum seasoned by a very potent cup of green tea well sugared. There was no supper, my host having ascertained from my servant that I did not take this meal, but corn-brandy, bread, and cheese were introduced. The apothecary said that the mæs ost, used over Sweden, had been analysed by a French chemist, and that its ingredients were pronounced by him to be perfectly wholesome. He is well acquainted with English affairs, receiving our newspapers regularly from Sundsval, sent to him by a Scotch friend, and well read in English literature, having mastered the works of our best authors. He acknowledged that Pope's

Dunciad required all the assistance which the notes could supply to enable him to understand it, and that *Hudibras* was quite incomprehensible to him. We retired to bed at nine.

October 20.—Long before sunrise I was summoned, a maid-servant entering my room and presenting me with spirits, and bringing in tea and spirits frequently whilst I was dressing, there being no means of excluding her from the apartment. At one o'clock I dined with the Governor, and passed the evening with him, annoyed by the same unintermitting succession of edibles and drinkables, relieved by a couple of games of chess. The provinces of Jemteland and Hertedal constitute the extent of his government, to which he was appointed in 1819. Since that period their population has increased from 32,000 to 40,000. The augmentation has resulted chiefly from the measures of improvement adopted,—directing the people, naturally very indolent and lazy, to the cultivation of the resources of the country. The inability to dispose of the wood when felled produces indifference to clearing it away for the purpose of rendering it arable, and till M. von Törne taught the advantage of lime as a dressing for the soil, it was never used, though abundant in the provinces, the people contenting themselves with the manure furnished by the cattle. The soil of the province is good. It is not surprising that the inhabitants of a portion of the country so remote, and consequently unfavourable to trade, should content themselves with raising just sufficient food for their own consumption, and not incurring the labour necessary to the growth of a surplus. But the Governor very wisely endeavoured to induce the people to make provision against years of scarcity, of which two remarkable ones had occurred in 1812 and 1821.

The Governor, however, I must observe, is a great admirer

of Voltaire, and a philosopher in his opinions, as I collected from his conversation, and therefore his representations of the conduct and motives of the clergy must be admitted with some degree of hesitation. In reply to my citation of Voltaire's celebrated and horrible dictum applied to our Saviour, "Écrasez l'infame," he merely observed that it was a fault, but one which apparently he did not deem of much importance.

My friend the apothecary supplies the united provinces of Jemteland and Hertedal with drugs; his retail customers are principally the clergy, who invariably study and practise medicine. The clerk of each parish usually keeps a sort of druggist's shop, and a book resembling Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* is also in every parish. In Jemtland there are three medical and surgical practitioners, the two functions being invariably combined. One is attached to the regiment at Östersund.

October 22.—In a lonely part of the wood a somewhat ghastly exhibition arrested my progress—a place of execution. It consisted of a low platform, upon which was elevated a block, in which a groove, fitted for the reception of the head and shoulders of the criminal, was cut, still showing the strokes of the axe; beyond this a pole and cross-bars, upon which the limbs had been displayed, and the trunk of a tree, on which the head had been placed. The bones of the last criminal executed, those of a boy aged twenty, who had murdered his mother, were still strewed about. This was twelve years ago. My guide informed me that this youth and the criminal who had been executed before him had both committed the offences for which they suffered in a fit of drunkenness, probably, and justly, not admitted in extenuation of the guilt and mitigation of the punishment. Borgsio is for Sweden a large village. It has a new and large church: a belfry near to it. This is a very

elegant building; octagonal, adorned with columns at each angle, resting on a pediment and rearing a cupola and spire: the whole structure of wood, scalloped, and well proportioned.

Three Swedish gentlemen invited me to join their party. They sat drinking punch, closing their glasses, rising up, bowing, and resuming their seats. Once two of them rose, bowed five or six times to each other, shook hands, and kissed each other on both cheeks,—a strange mixture of cordiality and ceremony, which to me, who could not understand their conversation, appeared a ludicrous pantomime. Nor did they neglect their guest, for they compelled me to drink more punch than was congenial to an empty stomach, and I retired in due time to avoid the consequences of deeper and longer potations.

The inn at Brodo and its courtyard were thronged with people. The Landshofdingen was holding the Ting, or rent-day. The inmates were extremely civil to me, and especially some naval officers, men of very agreeable conversation. It turned on one topic, which was singularly illustrated by an adventure which befell me in the same evening. We compared English and Swedish travelling, and on my adverting to the entire absence of robbery on the high-road in Sweden, one of the officers observed that at the present time they could not boast of that security, as the prisoners had just broken from the gaol of Upsala, and supported themselves, it was supposed, by depredation. The assemblage produced general drunkenness. Amidst these Bacchanalian orgies, my eye was caught by a picture which adorned the inn, representing the three wise men going to Christ, attired as cavaliers, a most extraordinary performance. The forest scenery now became fine, and towards Kungsgarden the Scotch fir predominated. The detention at Brodo obliged me to perform the last stage by bright moonlight.

Crossed the broad and rapid river Liusne, issuing from a series of lakes, an outlet of the waters of the remote interior of the country. It descends here a declivity with considerable force. The bridge was in bad repair, and I was directed to drive over it at speed. The road now passed over steep hills through a thick and lofty forest, the full-orbed moon beaming from a bright sky between the dark firs towering to a great height and constituting a magnificent avenue. The scenery was solemn and imposing, and I was gazing in deep admiration on it, distant many miles from any human abode, when my attention was arrested by perceiving, through the trees, just before I turned round a sharp angle in the forest, a man standing by the roadside, about a hundred yards from the corner, and immediately drop and disappear. The impression on my mind was that he must be a robber, perhaps one of a gang, intending to attack me, and I instantly determined on driving forward, and, being unarmed, endeavouring to dash through my enemies if necessary. My horse providentially seconded my purpose. The Swedish horse, whether more sensitive or less well-used than the Norwegian, is much more alarmed at the whip, and so terrified was the animal which I was now driving at the very raising of my arm, that I had been compelled to lay aside my whip; and to this circumstance I owe, under Providence, my preservation from robbery, and perhaps worse usage. As I neared the spot where I had observed the man vanish, my horse suddenly started and attempted to dash into the wood, but by a strong grasp of the right rein I brought him to his right direction, perceiving at the instant a man running, stooping low to avoid being seen, about fifty feet before me, and taking his stand immediately opposite to me. Another horse might probably have refused to face him, but my uplifted arm, following speedily the jerk of the rein, so affrighted him that he

rushed forward at full speed, my hand fixing him in his course, and my foe, seizing the rein, was compelled instantly to relinquish his grasp, and the wheel just grazed him. He had a narrow escape of being disabled, and staggering round several times, and then collecting himself, gazed about and sprung into the forest. My servant, who was a hundred yards behind, drew up, and some of his harness getting disordered, we were compelled to remain on the spot for some time, but saw no more of our antagonist. We conjectured that he lay in wait for some drunken Swede returning from the Ting, and did not calculate on a sober Englishman. As neither myself nor my servant was armed, and my servant's collar-bone was still stiff from the accident on the Dovrefield, we should have made a sorry defence, or rather none, had he possessed a weapon. I have reason to thank God for the merciful preservation which he has afforded to me on this as on manifold other occasions in my various travels.

CHAPTER III.

1830-31.

SWEDEN — BACKWARD STATE — WOLFSKALL — GOVERNMENT — PRISON REFORM—ARMY AND NAVY—LOYALTY—UNIVERSITIES—ROMANTIC AND CLASSICAL SCHOOLS—RELIGION—BIBLE SOCIETY—MYSTICISM.

I HAVE compressed into the following pages the substance of an unpublished diary of my residence at Stockholm during the winter of 1830 and 1831.

Severity of climate and paucity of population, owing partly to four-sevenths of its surface being under forest, and much under water, may account in part for the imperfect development of Sweden's physical, moral, and intellectual resources. But still it is not easy to assign sufficient reasons for the diminution of the value of land, the tardiness of its improvement, the notorious increase of wild beasts, the want of public conveyances, save the steamboats plying in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, and even of an hotel for the accommodation of strangers in that city. I speak of Sweden as I found it.

Agriculture has been encouraged by the vicinity of rivers, and in certain districts by the timber and iron trades. But elsewhere, as in Scotland, land is comparatively undrained and neglected. The loans of corn, by which Government sought to stimulate improvement, have never been repaid, and the liberality of the Bank of Sweden advancing money

at two per cent. has been frustrated by the slowness of sale of land and precariousness of the return. The depreciation of the value of land now affected the incomes of the nobles and their mode of living. Nevertheless some progress has been effected, as has been proved by the fact that Sweden, instead of importing corn as heretofore, now exports it, the native wants being easily supplied.

The badness of the tenures proves a serious drawback to improvement.[1] Each parish is bound to maintain its poor, to provide the cost of its indelta or territorial militia, to keep up its roads, and furnish travellers with horses, a heavy tax on them, and to pay the capitation tax, from which paupers only are exempt. Further, the great proprietors exact from their tenants, in return for house and lease, two or three days' labour weekly, often just when most required, except in Scania, where the grant of leases, as in England, has produced the most beneficial results. On the other hand, the national imports have been little felt, owing to the scant remuneration of public functionaries and sparing cost of the army and navy. Count Pepin assured me that four London brewers contributed as much to the national revenues as the whole of Sweden.

Further, as elsewhere, the small freehold system has proved very obstructive to agricultural improvement, an evil aggravated by the frequent subdivision of property, and unredeemed by the purchasing by capitalists of mortgaged land.

[1] The feudal are unknown in Sweden. Lands acquired by nobles became ennobled, and those by peasants *udal*, by the ordinance of Charles XI., who however seized the lands granted to the nobles, which were afterwards sold, chiefly before the reign of Gustavus III., for a nominal value to the peasants, rent being returned, whilst Gustavus I. fixed the tenures as he found them. And the distribution may be estimated thus: one-third udal, chiefly in Old Sweden, almost exclusively north of Gefle; one-fourth noble, including manorial small proprietors, and the rest appertaining to the Crown.

In Dalecarlia, for instance, noble and wealthy proprietors are unknown.

The traveller must gratefully acknowledge the advantage and comfort which he derives from excellent roads, conducive to mutual benefit. The cost of my journey, in two single-horsed carriages, from the western coast of Norway to Sundsval, on the Gulf of Bothnia, amounted exactly to that of posting with a pair of horses on the two first stages between London and Brighton.

The partial improvement, by increasing the production of capital, has produced an unlooked-for result,—an aggravation of the depredations committed by wild beasts. The estimated value of cattle destroyed in the preceding year amounted to 30,000 dollars. Bears had also proved formidable in Norway, no less than seventeen having infested a single parish. The wolves are caught in the ordinary trap, baited by a dog, but more characteristically of the people, by a *skall* or battu, the arrangements for which are strictly prescribed by law, and punctiliously observed. The day is fixed by the Länskoping, Governor of the district, when the services of every owner of a cow in the hundred, or of a substitute, are put in requisition. Of the levy thus raised the Jägers or gamekeepers, dressed in uniform, take charge. Official notice having been received by Lord Bloomfield of a skall to take place about thirty miles from Stockholm, I started for it early in company with an English friend named Smith. There must have been some sufficient reason for selecting the day proposed, immediately following the next to Christmas Day, consequently after a night entirely given up to customary dancing, and too frequently to drinking, else it was strange that fitness for their long day's work, on the part of the beaters, should have been so far disregarded, that of the 700 whom we saw marched to their posts by the Jägers, nearly all were drunk, and some rolling helplessly in the snow, about two feet in depth.

The wolves, our destined prey, had been attracted by a deposit of about thirty dead horses, around which was drawn a sufficiently simple fence—a single cord in horse-shoe shape,—so that the back part of the enclosure was left open, extending about 4000 English yards in length, and affording no other security against the egress of the wolves but a formidable array of ludicrously horrible painted faces hanging from it, so as to deter the approach of all but the boldest or craftiest of the tribe. The enclosure, *skall-plat*, was completed as soon as a sufficient number of these animals was tracked into it. Mustering seventy guns, we waded through the snow to our stations, each protected by a fence four feet in height, formed by fir branches.

The beaters were distributed in line at the opening, and also at the outside of the enclosure. Two hours elapsed before the arrangements had been duly ordered, and three more before we welcomed their advance, announced by the firing of guns, which had been delayed by the necessity of three successive halts to adjust the line, probably, no doubt, owing to the unsteady condition of the men. Our patience, somewhat taxed, was at length rewarded by the animation of the scene, as the deep silence which it had been necessary to preserve was broken by the report of fire-arms, becoming at length incessant, followed up by the sudden appearance and shouting of the beaters, whom we joined as they passed us, responded to by the still louder yells of the collected peasants, who lined the fence and drove back the few wolves which had escaped the shots. I saw but one of the three visible from our screen, coming on and pausing on getting sight of us. My uplifted gun was instantly checked by the Governor, who stood next to me, pointing out that the wolf was beyond legal distance, a precaution of the necessity of which we were reminded by the rattling of the slugs in the branches overhead.

The slaughtered wolves, eight in number, were laid

beneath a pole, placed in the centre of a line of screens where the King and Royal family, when present, took their stand. The large assemblage of men and women, shrouded in snow, as the frost was severe, was very picturesque. And droll enough was the combative eagerness displayed by the men, disputing the honour of carrying away on their backs the intolerantly fetid victims of our sport. These are the perquisites of the Jägers, but on this occasion one was appropriated to us, as it had been killed by my fellow-countryman Smith, whose enthusiasm had been excited by the perusal of Lloyd's work, and whose costume was after the pattern of that in which the great Scandinavian sportsman is represented. Forty years afterwards I recognised this trophy of his skill adorning the vestibule of his country residence in England.

Little need be said of the manufactures of Sweden, except that they do credit to the industry of the natives, and that the remarks on the disadvantages, as compensated for by the benefits resulting from a system well adapted to the dreary length of their winter, apply to the Swedes as to the Norwegians. The Government has laudably encouraged the improvement of manufactures by establishing an institution for medals and prizes.

Sweden's shortcomings must be in part attributed to the cumbrous and complicated constitution of its Government.[1]

Slow has been the progress of prison reform, and beset with difficulties, throughout Europe. Let us therefore dwell for a short time on the noble and successful efforts of the Swedish Baron Akerhulm, Superintendent of Prisons, at the time, far back, of which I am speaking.[1] The Swedish

[1] See Appendix, No. VI.

[2] At this very time (1878) a Prison Reform Congress is being held at Stockholm under the King's auspices. The present King treads in the steps of his father Oscar I., who published a work on Prison Discipline, no doubt enlightened on the subject by Baron Akerhulm.

prisons were formerly in a very disorderly state. The women were at one time in actual rebellion, which the late Governor of Stockholm suppressed by the Russian recipe of a water-engine.

The prison for males is situated on an island consisting of an extensive range of buildings. The number of prisoners was 614, of whom 513 were at work, and 39 undergoing cellular incarceration, each provided with a separate bed, in large apartments; both these and the cells well warmed by stoves, and, contrary to general usage, aired by open windows. The prisoners are washed weekly in a Finnish vapour-bath. Four meals are allowed daily, including beer and a glass of brandy in the morning! unless forfeited by misconduct. No fetters are used. The prisoners confined in the cells take exercise on Sunday; the others do not, as their work is deemed an equivalent. This regulation may be objected to. Boys are kept apart from men, the only classification. Silence is imposed. The prisoners are employed in a great variety of trades and manufactures, each division under the supervision of an inspector chosen amongst themselves for good conduct. The work lasts all day. The materials are contributed by the owners, and worked up in the prisons, who receive a portion of the remuneration. Much of the buildings, besides others on the island and elsewhere, the materials being stripped off for the purpose, have been constructed by their skilled labours. So far from interfering with, the rivalry of the gaol has stimulated, ordinary industry. The tread-mill is used for grinding corn.

In each of the large dormitories prayers are read morning and evening; and divine service is performed on Sundays in the chapel. The pulpit, according to Swedish custom, is furnished with an hour-glass. Every prisoner is examined on entering, divested of his clothes, which are burnt, if necessary, and is furnished with a copy of the rules. The

discipline, partly monitory, and partly consisting of rewards and punishments, is reputedly admirable. The Baron occasionally supplements the chaplain's sermon by an address, and converses with the prisoners individually. To the efficacy of the system adopted the reformation of soldiers and others previously deemed incorrigible is attributed. Should it prove insufficient, the remedy is a sort of Botany Bay, on an island to which the defaulter is conveyed in chains. About one-fourth of the prisoners are recommitted.

The prison for females adjoins that for males. Of the 300 inmates only 10 were confined in cells. The remarks on the employment and cleanliness in the one prison apply to the other.

The laws relating to debtors, who are lodged in a separate prison, are unfortunately very severe.

The Swedish army consists of the regular troops, the indelta or territorial militia, and the reserve: the former composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The infantry musters two regiments of guards, 400 men in each, stationed at the metropolis. The men are recruited from all parts of Sweden, and are entitled at the end of five years to discharge and a bounty, but usually prefer continuing in the service. Their clear pay amounts to two shillings of our money. They are allowed holidays to carry on their trades in turns. Their barracks are good, forming a palace of the Queen. Each regiment is furnished with a chaplain, and another is assigned to each of its battalions.

The cavalry of the guard amounts to 400, of whom one-fourth are relieved from duty at a time to enable them also to follow their trades. Their pay is 4s. daily. The artillery, a very efficient force, is quartered elsewhere. The recruits, previous to enlistment, are examined in the principles of the Christian religion, and if ignorant are sent to school.

The officers are educated at colleges specially provided for

them, and must be theoretically thoroughly well trained. Mathematics forms an important element in their course of study. They are nearly all on the staff, and very many have attended the Universities. They must serve six months in the ranks. They feel the want of manœuvring in large bodies.[1]

The indelta or local militia is levied in each district, and, except during five or six weeks of regimental training, the territorial soldier may be considered as *adstrictus glebæ*, deriving his maintenance from an allotment of land provided for him at the expense of the local community.

The reserve is composed of all men above a certain age. He is liable to six days' annual training, and is deemed effective after as many years of such drill.

The Swedish soldier, even in the regular service, sustains the character and employment of a civilian. And when allowance is made for the consequent encroachment on the requirements of military discipline, as well as for the difficulty of repelling sudden attack by the transportation of sufficient troops in an extensive country, of organising and manœuvring them when quite unused to operations on a large scale, Sweden cannot be considered as sufficiently defensible, unless depending on the conventional protection of the larger European States.

[1] The punishments to which the soldier is liable are severe, especially for drunkenness,—the black hole and twenty or thirty lashes. He shares however with the civilian the benefit of that jealous regard to the subject's liberty which pervades the whole framework of the Swedish Constitution. He is tried in the first instance by a court-martial, consisting of the first major, two captains, two subalterns, and the regimental advocate. Appeals from the decision of this tribunal lie, 1st, to the regimental colonel, 2d, to the Supreme Military Court at Stockholm, and 3d, to the King in person, and the accused may moreover invoke the Royal pardon. One result of such protracted adjudication is that a soldier may pass six months in prison before his sentence is finally determined. And thus practically the very means adopted to prevent the possibility of injustice are often instrumental in perpetuating it. In war-time proceedings are summarily abridged, and death supersedes the lash.

The Swedish navy makes some figure on paper. It numbers 10,000 sailors, to whom lands are assigned, 300 gunboats, each manned by seventy or eighty, of which a few are exercised every year, while of twelve line-of-battle ships and twenty-five frigates not one is in commission. It is computed that there are 24,000 Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians in the British service. All the officers commanding the nine gunboats at Stockholm had enjoyed the same advantage. The men are trained to row well and to go aloft, but are not considered expert in the latter practice. But there is a growing opinion that Sweden must depend for the protection of her coast almost exclusively on her gunboats, as her fleet would be unavailable against England or Russia.[1]

But we are naturally led to inquire on what foundation rests the regal as a separate estate of the realm. The King can exert his authority only through the intervention of the Cabinet, responsible to and amenable to the jurisdiction of

[1] The following is an extract from the journal of my son, lieutenant on board of the *Narcissus*, flying squadron, 1871 :—

"Altogether, Carlscrona is about the most dead-and-alive place on earth; everything about it has an air of decadence and settled melancholy, and the inhabitants appear to be under a vow of silence. When darkness sets in the streets are completely deserted, and the most perfect stillness prevails, and, should you chance to walk through the town after nine o'clock, you might imagine yourself to be in a city of the dead.

"The dockyard is not particularly extensive, nor was there much going on in the way of building at the time of our visit. The docks have been excavated, at enormous labour and expense, out of the solid granite, and, though not of any great size, are sufficiently numerous to meet the requirements of a small naval power. At the commencement of the present century Sweden possessed a fleet of no mean proportions, including several ships of the line, and was rightly accounted a naval power of some standing; but her ships have been gradually rotting away, and no fresh ones built to take their place. At the present time she lacks the funds necessary to maintain or construct a fleet of modern iron-clads, and, although she still possesses a few wooden corvettes for cruising purposes, and a small force of monitors (which are being continually added to) to protect her harbours from the attacks of a hostile power, she ranks low among the naval powers of Europe."

the Diet. He cannot interfere with the appointment of judges or the administration of justice. The practical immunity of the press subjects him to the control of public opinion. The rights and privileges of the Diet and of the various orders of the community are strictly guaranteed. The King cannot, as in some other countries, avail himself of his standing army as against his subjects, for his regular force is insignificant, and the Swedish soldier is by no means, as we have seen, divested of the habits and prepossessions of the civilian. And his patronage is limited to the nomination of a small number of civil and military officers.

But I venture an observation which, though seemingly paradoxical, is well grounded, that the King's position derives its chief strength from its theoretical weakness. The bulwarks opposed to its own aggression constitute its main supports. For every order of the State is conscious that, dove-tailed as are its own separate rights, privileges, and monopolies into the framework of the Constitution, whatever tends to impair the safety of any part must endanger the stability of the entire fabric. And as the King moves in an upper atmosphere, the serenity of which is comparatively undisturbed by the jealousies and disputes of his subjects, he is looked up to as an impartial arbiter of their differences, whose authority it is consequently no less their interest than their duty to uphold. While though to foment strife would be most unwise and impolitic on his part, yet practically he reaps the advantage of the arbitrary maxim "*Divide et impera.*" Further, the royal prerogative owes its security not only to the safeguards which protect it from outward aggression, but to the solidity of the social substratum in which its foundations are laid.

True it is, that in popular estimation the Swedish monarch is a creature of the imagination, an ideal of human perfection. The maxim that "the King can do no wrong" is understood

by the Swedes literally, and not as a mere legal fiction. His ministers are held morally as well as legally responsible for his conduct. His word is pleaded as a valid security, and he can commit no graver offence than to violate it. From the rude or tattered relics of ancient monarchical wardrobes, down to the saddle on which the present soldier-King rode at Leipzig, the Swede treasures up dutifully the historic memorials of his various royal dynasties, and statues and other trophies are erected in honour of kings.

Nowhere is the regal authority more loyally upheld than in the northern provinces of Sweden, and especially Dalecarlia. The sturdy, able-bodied peasants, whose possession of that fine province is undisputed by any other class, hold their lands by udal tenure, transmit them, in virtue of primogeniture, from generation to generation, and exercise their suffrage independently of the influence of chief or landlord. They read their kingdom's annals, not the merely mythical and romantic, but the more strictly historical and instructive. They are fully capable of appreciating the civil and military achievements of their kings and great men. In many of their houses may be found the civil and criminal code, the subject of their study. They can point out the origin to which their villages trace the acquisition of their respective rights, and appear in court in vindication of them when contested. Cautiously vigilant, and resolute in their resistance to innovation, they identify the King's authority with their own chartered rights, and would shed their blood in support of it as freely as in their own defence. Nay, the Dalecarlian feels hereditary pride in upholding the sceptre which owes its sway to the fidelity and courage of his race. The Governor of Jemteland told me that, when he asked the few Dalecarlians whom he had induced to emigrate to his province, whether they felt alarmed at being settled amongst perfect strangers, replied, "We,

whose ancestors placed Gustavus I. on the throne, fear nothing."

Hero or king worship has happily found suitable objects of its homage in the character and achievements of kings who have conferred lasting benefits on their country, by rescuing it from a foreign yoke, and by maintaining its civil and religious liberties, and, as champions of those of other nations, have won for their country, as well as for themselves, imperishable renown.

The title of Gustavus Vasa or of Gustavus Adolphus to national gratitude is intelligible. But people less imaginative and less superstitiously loyal than the Swedes can scarcely comprehend the enthusiasm with which the memory of Charles XII. is cherished, especially by the youth, in whose estimate that monarch's heroic self-sacrifice and readiness to share the utmost hardships with his soldiers atone for the ruinous extravagance of his projects; or the patient endurance of his people in submitting to the insane tyranny of Gustavus IV. Vigorous, indeed, is the vitality of loyalty surviving malversations as well as interruptions of the royal succession, which, as elsewhere, have occasioned protracted revolution.

Very different was the reception of the intelligence of the French *three days* at Stockholm from that which it met with in republican Norway. In Sweden it excited alarm and anxiety, and evoked a direct leaning towards dreaded Russia, as the giant who, it was said, could strangle the hydra of revolution. The Norwegians, singularly enough, became apprehensive lest the Swedes might be induced by panic to attempt the subversion of their Constitution.

Of the two Swedish Universities, Upsala and Lund, the former numbers 800 and the latter 400 students. As the greater expense deters all but very few Swedes from seeking instruction abroad, and youths of all classes, except the

military, who are trained in special academies, attend the native Universities, commencing their studies at the early age of thirteen, and frequently without having enjoyed—especially if sons of the noble and wealthier classes—the preliminary advantage of the gymnasia or preparatory schools, and concluding their course at the end of two or three years, unless when obliged to qualify themselves, a privilege which the above-mentioned classes are alone entitled to claim, for Church preferment, these institutions nearly monopolise the entire educational responsibility of the kingdom. For the alleged defects of their previous training the ruling authorities of the Universities are not chargeable. They complain, as did formerly the Professors of the Scotch Universities, of the ignorance of the students committed to their charge, and of the necessity of instructing them in the very rudiments of knowledge.

It is worthy of remark that the intermixture of classes in the Universities is exceptionally at variance with the habits induced by the caste restrictions of after life, and so far must prove beneficial.

The efficacy of the course, short as is its duration, is further impaired by the license accorded to the students of attending lectures when and as they please, the Professors making no inquiry as to the cause of their absence. This evil is partly rectified in the case of the sons of nobles or wealthy peasants, by their being placed under the charge of private tutors. It is partly attributed to the Professors being remunerated by fixed salaries. The students are required to hold discussions in Latin twice weekly in their *nations*. To this practice may be attributed perhaps the colloquial familiarity with that language, which I found so useful as a medium of communication with the Norwegian clergy. Diligence is encouraged by examinations and prizes. The students have access to a good library. Their physique is strengthened by gymnastics,

recently introduced into Sweden, horsemanship and fencing, a laurel crown being awarded as the reward of proficiency.

Respecting the results of the system pursued, we may avail ourselves of competent testimony gathered from the conversation of M. Siöberg, the eminent Swedish antiquary, and M. Berzelius, the celebrated chemist. M. Siöberg attributed to it a tendency to encourage the native indolence. He remarked that the Swedes, unlike the English, lacked perseverance; that at the Universities the students acquired a general smattering of science, and were ever ready to start in pursuit of any novelty, but equally sure of falling short of the attainment of eminence; that experimental philosophy had been for some time forsaken in behalf of airy metaphysics and vague speculations, but yet without ostensible result, as not a single book on the favourite subjects had been published in Sweden, and that at length the teaching of experience prescribed return to the old forsaken paths.

M. Berzelius, a still more distinguished judge, complained how much his fellow-countrymen had been imbued with the prevailing distaste for experimental philosophy; that the sway of imagination was triumphant, poetry and speculative pursuits being in the ascendant; but that at present, in Sweden, as elsewhere, reaction had succeeded in favour of facts. Feelingly did this lively, courteous, and agreeable man of his age deplore the misdirection of study, which had left him, though personally popular, and enjoying the reputation at home and abroad of being *nulli secundus* in his scientific department, isolated in his exaltation, and destitute of the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen, probably on account of their acknowledged incapacity for scaling in his company the heights of science. Want of native reading had compelled M. Siöberg to continue in the German language works commenced in his own, though his greatest performance, on Scandinavian antiquities, was completed in

Swedish. M. Berzelius's extraordinary talents seem to have been as slowly recognised by his fellow-countrymen as they have been since little appreciated, for he was considered a stupid boy at school.

Far more congenial to the imaginative temperament of the Swedes was poetry than science. Its votaries are found everywhere. Much apprehension prevailed lest M. Geyer, the able Principal of the University of Upsala, should be seduced by the fascination of the siren from the steady prosecution of his History of Sweden, of which great expectations were entertained.[1]

Nor, if the judgment of a once powerful party were correct, had the poetical taste of the Swedes been uncorrupted by the prevailing license, or, in other words, the *Romantic* had been preferred to the *Classical* or French style of composition. A warm controversy had arisen as to the comparative merits of the two schools. Upsala had thrown almost the entire weight of its influence into the Romantic scale. The importance attached to the controversy may be inferred from the great gathering which took place at a meeting of the Swedish Academy at Stockholm, on the occasion of an eulogy on the merits of the lately deceased Leopold, who had wellnigh, and singly, withstood at Upsala the surging tide of Romanticism. His orthodoxy had never been thoroughly appreciated by the Academy, which, till the recent admission of members of the opposite opinion, had inclined exclusively to the Classical system. The tribute lasted three hours, preceded and concluded by the addresses of the chairman, M. Wetterstedt, Minister for Foreign Affairs. The audience, though evidently weary, remained till the close of the proceedings, and probably for the same reason which caused their appearing in a Court suit—the practice when any of the Royal Family attend,—the presence of the Crown Prince, who

[1] They were not disappointed. This excellent work appeared in 1838.

listened attentively throughout. I much regretted that my knowledge of the Swedish was insufficient to enable me to reap the benefit of so much lore.

The enthusiasm of the University student vents itself not only in poetical partisanship or reverie, but in innocent demonstrations, such as parading the streets or Castle-hill, singing "God Save the King," or other national airs. Some years ago they celebrated the anniversary of the death of their favourite hero, Charles XII., by repairing to the Cathedral, torch in hand, and listening to a sermon, from which, strange to say, religion, to prevent umbrage, was according to agreement excluded. It is singular that a Church so rich in its ceremonial as the Established Episcopal Church of Sweden should allow such latitudinarianism, and I may add want of reverence, for the practice of wearing hats in church is permitted, as during the Presbyterian services. The Archbishop of Upsala, when he showed me his cathedral, begged me to keep my hat on, a sanction of which however I did not avail myself.

The grave senators of the Diet have since justified the ardour of the youthful patriots, by nominating a deputation to bestow, on the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, like honour on the memory of that illustrious champion of their faith. But the project was abandoned on the score of being too romantic.

The students testified their veneration for their own Linnæus by a more substantial tribute, a statue executed in Italy, thoroughly characteristic, as it was considered, of the acuteness, frankness, and amenity of the celebrated naturalist.

Any reminiscence of Linnæus is religiously preserved. His house has not been altered since his death. The approach to it is lined on each side by trees adjoining his garden and lecture-room, planted by his own hand. I found the present occupant, a venerable man, seventy years of age,

the principal musical composer of Sweden, who had been employed in improving the national melodies now in use, sitting on a sofa, which occupied the place of the bed in which Linnæus died, and selecting the exact spot where his head lay, as if to draw thence inspiration in behalf of the important task imposed on him, of preparing the music for the coming celebration of two of the chief events in Swedish history, the anniversary of the 1000th year of Christianity and the 300th of the Reformation. Linnæus's daughter, in her eighty-second year, showed us, when we visited her, various memorials of her father. Of his scholars the only survivor was Professor Afzelius. The Archbishop of Upsala remembered receiving, as a child, much kindness from him, and dwelt gratefully on his having watched the dying hours of his father. Vanity requiring to be humoured was, he observed, the principal defect of Linnæus's character.

To mysticism and spiritualism, as the product of imaginative pursuits too freely indulged, I will refer hereafter.

The discipline of the University, with which the laxity allowed to studies might seem incompatible, is committed chiefly to the students themselves. The system adopted partakes of the old clannish submission to their chiefs, which influenced materially the subordinates of the Highland regiments, and more especially of the practice of Rugby, and other of our public schools, in committing the duty of supervision to the upper boys. The students are divided into *nations*, comprising those sent from the same district. An *esprit de corps* and a spirit of rivalry in maintaining the credit of their respective communities are thus invoked to support the senior, who is charged with especial responsibility for their good conduct, under the general superintendence of a Professor. Further, a preliminary security for the respectability of the student is provided for by their being required to produce a certificate from the school or gymnasium, if any,

at which they have been brought up, a test the validity of which is however much questioned.

The general result is favourably reported of. The students are, on the whole, orderly, and their manners are gentlemanly. They dress well, but not foppishly; there is little drinking or fighting amongst them. In other respects the contrast between the students of Upsala and those of Heidelberg, which I had previously visited, was much in favour of the former. Nor did I observe the affectation of wearing spectacles as at Christiania. I met at one of the Professor's at dinner twenty-two of these, gentlemanly in appearance, and all attired in black.

The Professors do not wear gowns, but are distinguished by embroidered collars, having the device of the harp. In a University procession, the Archbishop walked without robes, but decorated by his civil orders, of the possession of which the clergy generally, and the Archbishop in particular, are reputedly ambitious.

The advocates of the Hazelwood system of education, which has been lately introduced into Sweden, chiefly by Count Frölich, professedly for the purpose of raising the standard and reforming the practice of the national system, especially that of the Universities, agreed in condemning *seniority* as the exclusive qualification for authority. They held that the due exercise of discipline depends mainly on the character and abilities of the individual to whom it is intrusted; that, as was the case at Upsala, a student often derived his seniority simply from his inability to pass his examination, lingering on at a post for which he might be totally unfit, a standing example of idleness, and even of profligacy. Moreover, to the system of examination itself they objected as slight, and easily got through, especially as the students were previously apprised of the questions to be proposed.

Any account of the state of education in Sweden would be imperfect without some notice of the incipient Hazelwood system, for my information respecting which I am chiefly indebted to Count Frölich, and the Principal, Mr. Lewin, a young Englishman, of very respectable family, under whose auspices it has been introduced. The school contains eighty students, divided into ten circles. The moral discipline is placed under the supervision of an accredited senior, whose authority is strengthened by the *esprit de corps*, which induces each student to identify the reputation of his circle with his own. The course of instruction harmonises, as far as possible, with English notion and practice. It embraces ancient and modern languages, arithmetic, mathematics, drawing, and physical development by means of athletic exercises and games. The retaining the student longer than at the preparatory schools or gymnasia, the quickening by means of emulation and other more active stimulants, the slow pace of ordinary Swedish progress, the counteracting instead of humouring the native indolence, the eliciting instead of checking the growth of native intelligence, and eliminating from the school regulations, nominally as well as effectually, the favourite exculpatory plea "if possible," are parts of the system prominently kept in view.

The expression of the boys sometimes indicates amiability and intelligence, but more phlegm than that of the English.

The Hazelwood system having originated with members of the Opposition, is regarded with some disfavour, and has been more particularly suspected of being inimical to religion, and of inculcating Unitarian tenets, notwithstanding the direct provision made for religious instruction.

The general education of the people is practically compulsory, but the large size of the parishes constitutes a difficulty in carrying it out.

The state of *Religion* in Sweden affords proof of the

advantages and disadvantages of an Established Church. If it is little infected by dissent, schism, heresy, and infidelity, it has suffered much from the disease of apathy. The Lutheran Reformation, for the establishment of which Sweden is greatly indebted to the heroic and persevering efforts of Gustavus Vasa, is the grand event on which concentrates the attention of the students of ecclesiastical history. The necessity of excluding a Roman Catholic from the throne induced the ordinary excesses of intolerance; but a milder system was introduced by Gustavus III., from the benefits of which, however, the Jews were exempted, not being allowed to reside in towns, or to possess property, except with the King's consent. But still subscription to and personal knowledge of the Articles of Faith and Catechism of the Swedish Church are required as a needful qualification for marriage, public employment, and the profession of arms. The test is, however, very leniently enforced, partly because public feeling is gradually becoming more enlightened, and partly almost to universal acquiescence rendering it superfluous.

Dissent, however, prevails, although the Reformed Swedish Church has not been disturbed by those conflicts and convulsions which, arising whether from political or religious motives, or from both, have elsewhere produced discord and secession. Dissent in Sweden has been adopted compatibly with professed allegiance to the Established Church. The Läsars or Readers have been zealous in the northern and western provinces, but have not made much impression. The Moravians, a sect whose Episcopalian constitution is recognised by our Church, have a congregation at Gottenburg. The Wesleyans have found little encouragement. The services of the Church of England are performed by a seceder from the Scottish Presbyterian Church, and are attended by most of the English and American residents.

The Universities are free from indigenous neology; and as very few Swedes repair to Germany for education, little is imported. Infidelity, for a while, fruit of French propagandism, passed through the upper strata of society into the lower, among whom it still lingers in town. Dissent, therefore, is confined within small compass.

Bishop Burgess, who regarded the influence of dissent in our Church as equivalent to that of opposition to a ministry, operating as check and stimulant, would probably have ascribed the notorious apathy of the Church in Sweden in part to the want of such wholesome aid from without. It prevailed generally during the last and commencement of the present century. Count Rosenblad, Prime Minister, observed to me that thirty years previously, *i.e.* just at the latter period, the name of our Saviour was never uttered in a Swedish pulpit; but that the awful lessons inculcated by the French Revolution had yielded their fruit, and that not a few zealous and eloquent ministers had retrieved the character of the National Church.

The estimation of the Bible in Sweden affords encouraging hope of the advancement of religion. Its circulation has been more or less general, previously to the operation of the Bible Society, which has still found an extensive and undisputed field open to its agency, one single prelate, now deceased, having been its professed adversary. The Prime Minister is the zealous President of the Swedish Society, and the Prince-Royal attends its meetings. A collection was made in all the churches in behalf of its funds on the occasion of the late commemoration.[1]

[1] The British and Foreign Bible Society has been very successful in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures throughout Scandinavia, but its agents complain of the apathy of the Swede and the growth of infidelity in Denmark.

To the results of its labours in Norway the following testimony was borne in one of his last letters by the late Sir J. R. Crowe, K.C.B., well

Besides the Bible, the Swedish lower classes are supplied with religious books, and, as might be supposed where little difference of opinion exists, or is indeed tolerated, as far as I could ascertain, uncontroversial. The Läsars were accused of having disturbed the minds of the people by works of a different description, reviving the old discussions of the age of Luther.

I had no opportunity of judging of the attendance at the Swedish churches, but heard that in respect of the upper classes it was improving, but was still very defective, especially at Stockholm, among the middle and lower. The shops were generally shut at Stockholm, but were open at Sundsval, on the Gulf of Bothnia. One obstacle to the progress of religion in Sweden was, as elsewhere, the unfortunate conformity of its Church to the lax surrender by the Romish Church professedly of half the Sabbath to secular employments and amusements; but practically of part, if not of the whole, of the earlier portion of the day to preparation for the coming entertainments. Baron Fleming of the Swedish Guards, a bosom friend of the Crown Prince, complained much that the military parade and arrangements for the evening gatherings occupied officially his Sunday mornings.

Characteristic enough of the Swedish moral temperament

known throughout the country as our much respected consular representative at Christiania :—

"It cannot but be highly gratifying to your subscribers to know that the benevolent and untiring labours of your honoured Society in this country are sure, and are bearing the wished-for fruits. The Norwegian is naturally of an apathetic character, but what is thoroughly inculcated he retains.

"The progress may, in some instances, not appear as universal as we could desire, but when the Word does take root, the result is unmistakable ; and I am happy to say that what with the widespread diffusion of the Scriptures among the lower classes, with the aid of several earnest labourers, the evidence here is strikingly given in the great increase of the church-going people."

has been its readiness to receive the impression of Mysticism or Spiritualism. Swedenborg and his followers, dupes as well as deceivers, turned to account, when propagating in Sweden the system which bears his name, the indolent indulgence of the imaginative faculties and fanatical dreaminess to which the people are so prone.

My enlightened host, the apothecary of Östersund, expressed his belief that its influence in Sweden had been overrated, particularly, as far as he could judge, by our press. But there is no doubt that many are their disciples among the noble or learned. Count Löwenhiem, President of the Temperance Society, Professor Afzelius, and M. Siöberg may be mentioned. Of the opinions of the latter I fortunately received an exact account from Baron Fleming, himself a believer, who kindly interpreted to me the statements made by the eminent antiquary in a long conversation which took place between them when we visited him. The following notes of it occur in my Diary:—He (M. Siöberg) much followed Young of Germany: believed that we are surrounded by good and evil spirits, who are capable of assuming a visible shape, their own substance being that of a vapour, thus evidently speaking of spirits as material; that the spirits of the departed are employed in ministering to the living, and may be sent on errands even to planets, as they can transfer themselves in an instant to any distance; that it is possible to call up the spirits of the departed, especially at midnight, but that such exorcism is dangerous, as unprovided with any security against the devil himself assuming the shape of the person invoked; that some individuals have been from their birth endowed with such faculty, *e.g.* Swedenborg and Young, who enjoyed considerable intercommunion with the world of spirits, but that very few have been so gifted, and that in general those who consulted spirits were wicked persons. He also held that

at death we go to Hades, an upper region of hell, where the penal fire is felt, but in a less degree than in the lower, sufficiently however to fulfil its purpose of purifying the spirit (in fact, a species of purgatory). He attributed to the Swedes the prophetical powers long claimed by the Scotch. He had collected much information respecting the practice of magic in Finland, for which that region is renowned, and its celebrated witches, instancing the certainty with which one could insure, by supernatural appliances, the death of an enemy, however distant, by seeing his face reflected in a pail of water and firing a pistol at the same time, or the instantaneous fixing of a thief to the spot where he was standing.

Baron Fleming's own experience in this instance confirmed the statements of his Mentor, as he had seen a Russian soldier so handled. He had, moreover, stopped the bleeding of his own nose by letting fall two or three drops on a knife-blade and repeating some mystic words, and by a similar process had saved the life of a brother officer in the palace, who would otherwise have bled to death. When the Baron was conversing on the previous Sunday morning with M. Siöberg he heard knocking on the table, which the antiquary could not account for, though he often listened to it. M. Siöberg was also a believer in animal magnetism, and availed himself of the aid of that science in the pursuit of his mystical speculations. He held that the electricity of the body impregnated the surrounding atmosphere, and that it affected that of another body if brought into its vicinity; that it produced sleep and talking in sleep; and that if the operation were repeated for several days at the same hour such conversation would bear reference to another world. But he laid much stress on the danger of the practice, as sleep, if thus prolonged, might induce waking in convulsions, and that none should venture to incur it unless specially trained to wake at the right time.

He could not predicate beforehand whether magnetism would take effect, but females were most susceptible. Craniology, which follows in the wake of eccentric science, had also a follower in M. Siöberg.

Mysticism has infected deeply the Freemasons of Sweden. Baron Fleming, a member of the Order, and regular attendant at its meetings, regarded the speculations of the occult science a legitimate object of the attention of the Institution, and spoke of several of the fraternity as being well versed in its mysteries. He did not consider the studies which it encouraged as fostering melancholy or cynicism, uncongenial to the Swedish temperament. The tone of Young's *Night Thoughts*, which had been translated into the Swedish language, was deemed too gloomy to suit the popular taste.

But religious differences were now merged in the universal desire which actuated the Swedes, of giving effect to a ceremonial unprecedented in the national annals.

CHAPTER IV.

1831.

UPSALA CELEBRATIONS—CHURCH LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS —CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—CASTE—BERNADOTTE—ROYAL FAMILY—LORD BLOOMFIELD AND DIPLOMATIC CORPS—COUNT ROSENBLAD, PRIME MINISTER—FIELD-MARSHAL STEDINCK—NOBLES, BURGHERS, LOWER CLASSES —NATIONAL CHARACTER—TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES—IMMORALITY—FUTURE.

The Reformation, with which the Swedes identified the memory of their civil and religious privileges, stood in their view as distinctly and gloriously forth from the background of history as if it had occurred yesterday. But largely loomed on their vision, in far remoter distance, a yet more important event,—the rescue of Sweden from the yoke of heathenism. The commemoration of these two eras, of the tercentenary of the Reformation, and of the millenary of the introduction of Christianity, now took place there.

As the ceremonial would be nowhere celebrated with so much solemnity as in the Cathedral, by the Metropolitan Archbishop of Upsala, I gladly availed myself of an invitation to accompany thither two Swedish friends, a nephew and namesake of Count Rosenblad, a young man who was devoting himself with great success to the Chancellery, and his cousin, Baron Rosenblad.

The high festival was ushered in at daybreak by a dis-

charge of artillery from the Castle, so effectual as to break every unclosed window. We met the Governor and a large assemblage of persons at the door of the Cathedral, and proceeding to his palace, were received by the Archbishop, decorated by all his orders, and surrounded by civil and military officers. A procession was marshalled, in which the schools took the lead, followed by the students of the University, 700 in number, according to their *nations*,—the Governor, the civil and military officers, the Archbishop and his household, and lastly the burgesses, extending to the western door of the Cathedral, lined on each side by a crowd exhibiting manifold varieties of the national costume. The solemn tones of the most magnificent of bells heralded our approach, and as we entered the church we were greeted by the mingled harmony of the organ, a military band, and an orchestra of performers. The entire area of the building and galleries was completely filled. Divine service was commenced by two clergymen, gorgeously apparelled, standing on each side of the altar, singing alternately and advancing to the rail, kneeling and praying. Then was sung the noble hymn identified with one of the most memorable passages of Luther's life—the battle-song, as it has been called, of Gustavus Adolphus, and by a Frenchman the Marseillese of the Reformation, the hymn sung by Luther himself when he went up to the Diet of Worms. The Archbishop then ascended the pulpit, and preached during a quarter of an hour, when his pause was interjected by the whole congregation joining in the chanting of Luther's own hymn. Echoed from every recess of the spacious minster, the sudden outburst of this glorious anthem from the lips of so large a multitude was very striking. The Archbishop resumed his discourse, but exactly at twelve o'clock his voice was drowned by the loud tolling of the Cathedral bell announcing at that hour, irre-

spectively of any service proceeding, for such is the invariable custom, any death which may recently have occurred. That of a student on the preceding day supplied the actual occasion. When the knell ceased, the Archbishop read a brief memoir of the life and death of the deceased, and offered up prayers for his soul, and for the consolation of his relatives.

This solemnising episode was followed by the Archbishop's perusal of a printed narrative of the establishment of Christianity and of the Reformation in Sweden, especially referring to the fact that on the very first centenary of the Confession of Augsburg the army of Gustavus Adolphus landed in Germany, and, kneeling, prayed for the success of its enterprise. Mitred, full-robed, and bearing a crosier, the Archbishop, supported on either side by a clergyman, praying or singing in unison with the orchestra, concluded the service by the celebration of the Mass.

Divine service was performed again in the Cathedral in the evening. The interior was brilliantly lighted up. The lustre of a bright cross reaching from the altar-piece to the roof, and of the illuminated columns of the nave, was appropriately eclipsed by a flood of light, which, as if emblematically representing that of the Gospel, streamed forth over the altar from the tomb sepulchring the remains of Gustavus Vasa, illustrious champion of the Swedish Reformation, deposited between two of his three wives.

Soon as the prevailing passion for invading the sanctuary of the dead reached Sweden, the coffins of both Gustavus and Charles XII., who was interred elsewhere, were opened: that of the latter with a view to ascertain the cause of his death; that of the former to gratify curiosity, which was rewarded by the discovery that the likeness preserved by the statue of the King at Stockholm bore an exact resemblance to the original, according to the testimony of dis-

tinguished witnesses who saw the body ere it crumbled into dust.

The Cathedral of Upsala, as the burial-place of eminent men, may claim to be regarded as the Westminster of Sweden. Among these may be mentioned St. Eric, John III., whose body had lain two hundred years in the sea, Linnæus, etc. Nor are memorials wanting, within or without the walls of the ancient church, of the heathenism whose annals, fabulous or authentic, form an important prelude to those of Christian Scandinavia. Odin's name is retained in the nomenclature of woods and other localities, once probably consecrated to his worship, in the immediate neighbourhood. But respect to antiquity has so far prevailed as to secure to the statue of Thor a niche in the Cathedral itself, for the purpose, however, if the conjecture of some antiquarians—fully supported by the Archbishop, that it was the work, not of earnest devotees, but of waggish monks—be correct, of bringing ridicule on heathenism.

On the following day, the Archbishop entertained, at two P.M., about sixty guests at dinner. It was served up in very handsome but expressly Swedish style, every dish being more or less sweetened. The actual income of the See is small, but it is supplemented, as is that of the other bishops, by sundry allowances, such as fees on Royal marriages and christenings, and by the tithes or dismes on livings which they may hold, the vicar in charge receiving the smaller fees, and other perquisites. The Archbishop placed me on his right hand, and conversed very pleasantly, his principal topic being Swedish history. He also interested me by a brief autobiographic sketch, informing me that he was a native of Upsala, left it in a common country car, and returned twenty-five years afterwards in a carriage. He earned a chaplainry to a regiment by his successful career at the University, and was subsequently promoted to the Bishopric of Linköping,

and thence, like many of his predecessors in that See, to the Archbishopric of Upsala. After dinner large bowls, two feet in diameter, filled with punch and bishop, were brought in, when the Archbishop proposed a series of toasts: "The memory of Ascanius, founder of the University," of "Luther," and of "Gustavus Adolphus," followed by "The Bible Society and its President, Lord Teignmouth," commending that institution in high terms. Responding to this toast, I commenced my address in French, but recollecting that our host was a very good English scholar, paid him the compliment of substituting my own language, requesting him to act as my interpreter, which he did, standing up, repeating sentence by sentence in Swedish. The health of the Governor and other toasts followed. But to my surprise no notice was taken of the King or Royal Family, nor even of the Crown Prince, Chancellor, and for some time student, of the University.[1]

[1] The selection and appointment of the clergy afford some curious anomalies. The only qualification required of a curate is knowledge of the Greek Testament. But the advantages of learning are such as to induce the candidates for the Church to pursue the course of study, physical and metaphysical, requisite for the degree of M.A. or Doctor in Philosophy, which they cannot complete before the age of twenty-five, and to adopt other equally effective means of attaining their object. Teaching in schools or gymnasia counts as double service. Some eke out their incomes by teaching pupils whilst prosecuting their College studies. Besides, the Consistory, when nominating the candidates to be presented to the King or the parish, is bound to regard merit, whether arising from seniority in the Church or superior learning.

The bishops are usually elected by the curates of the diocese to which they are appointed. The curates propose three candidates to the King, sometimes nominating two men of straw, that the King may have no alternative but to select the third. In the instance of the Bishopric of Abo they nominated two superannuated candidates, but the King proved a match for these wily Churchmen—how far for the benefit of the Church may be a question—by appointing these very men to the next successive vacancies, and reserving the virtual object of their choice for the third opportunity.

The following further facts relative to the nomination to bishopries

The deficiencies of the University system of education, except in the case of the clergy, as a factor in the formation of the national character, are insufficiently supplemented by subsequent opportunities of cultivating the arts and sciences and other branches of knowledge. The Royal Society does not fill the void, being chiefly concerned, it is said, in pronouncing panegyrics on the deceased. The chair of Natural History found in Thornberg a worthy successor to Linnæus. And Neilsen delivers lectures on the subject, but without apparent fruit, as no Transactions are published. Only within few years has Stockholm boasted of a museum, Linnæus's at Upsala being the only one previously formed. In justice to the Swedes it must be admitted that a Society, so-called, of sportsmen, has elicited much information on subjects connected with natural his-

may illustrate the method pursued. The recently appointed Bishop of Calmar formerly held the office of Secretary of State for Ecclesiastical Affairs. When the efforts of the "Jacobins" to deprive the primary schools of the superintendence of the curates by supplanting Christianity as the basis of education, this prelate was found so deficient in the discharge of business, oratorical power, and other qualifications for the contest which ensued, that he was honourably disposed of by being removed to his present See. On this occasion, one of the candidates proposed by the curates was a layman, Councillor of Justice. The whole arrangement was the work of the Government.

How laymen became eligible to bishoprics is thus explained: The ecclesiastical law prohibits any person becoming a curate, *i.e.* having a cure, who has not been ordained priest, the only office recognised in the Lutheran Church, simply assuming that no one, unless so qualified, could be appointed to a bishopric, a guarantee for which no special security was provided by the enactments, instance of the occasional blundering in ecclesiastical legislature attributed by Churchmen to laymen, of which our own recent history has afforded proof. Gustavus III., perceiving the omission, nominated a layman to the see of Linköping, from which he was afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Upsala. If the laity usurp the functions of the clergy the encroachment is reciprocal, for the clergy, being compelled to take their share of the entire proceedings of the Diet, become, it is generally remarked, secularised and ambitious. Nor are they invested solely with legislative functions,—a clergyman, a Count, is director of the Bank of Stockholm.

tory by circulating queries; whilst for a large and costly work the country is indebted to the public-spirited munificence of Count Bodin. There is a museum of antiquities, but not comparable to that arranged by Professor Thomson at Copenhagen. Siöberg has found in the native disposition to dwell on the past a favourable reception of his work on Scandinavian Antiquities, in three volumes, illustrated by many engravings.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the cultivation of the arts of sculpture and painting has derived no small encouragement from the zealous patronage of Gustavus III., and, it may be added, of the present King, and notwithstanding the general poverty of the nobles, from the readiness of the few who are able and willing to bestow it, from the remuneration which the artists have received for their works. No doubt the brilliant success of Thorwaldsen, the honour of whose birth, as it occurred on the high seas between Denmark and Iceland, has been disputed by those two countries, has afforded a powerful incentive to youthful students, and encouragement to seek, like himself, in the academies and galleries of Rome, those opportunities of instruction denied to him at home. Of the Swedish sculptors the late Sergel enjoys the highest reputation. A nobleman showed me a beautiful group from his hand for which he was paid £600. Byström was engaged in preparing a colossal group, the subject of which was Charity, for Linköping Cathedral. He had completed his three colossal statues of Charles X., XI., XII. The attitude of the first is dignified; that of the second, though possessing the legislative character of the monarch, too Antinous-like, expressive of languor, and apparently of inability to support the weight of his drapery. The artist seems to have been inspired by the national enthusiasm in behalf of the twelfth Charles,

when he imparted unmistakable expression to the "frame of adamant and soul of fire."

A goodly list of painters, Södsmark, Contstein, Falcrantz, and others, have obtained remunerative prices for their pictures.

Literature lags behind. To the expectations of Geyer's historical success I have alluded. Of poetry, although the native turn for imaginative pursuits is decided, and the popular taste is sufficiently proved by the warmth and persistency of the controversy between the Romantic and Classical schools, none perhaps have been remarkable except Bishop Tegner.[1]

It is creditable to Sweden that Forsell's large map of the country is superior to any which, as Mr. Arrowsmith himself confessed, he could have produced, and his statistics are no less valuable.

But scant indeed is the encouragement to literature and fine arts by the comparatively small and scattered population of Scandinavia. Literature has no rallying-point. Public life offers little scope for oratorical distinction; and seldom do the Diet's proceedings afford any for the display of statesmanship.

The charitable institutions of Sweden, excepting those of Stockholm, are all under the supervision of the order of the Seraphim.

I will notice but one, the Lunatic Asylum, the management of which, like that of the prison, indicates the enlightened views of the managers. No fetters or straitwaistcoats are used, unless patients are very violent. I did not find one subject to this treatment. Much freedom is allowed. The tastes of the patients are consulted, and they are provided with amusements. They attend divine service

[1] His Frithiof's Saga has been lately well translated by a British military officer.

at church, and are uniformly well-behaved and seemingly interested. Love and ambition are the chief causes of madness; and it is noticed that when it may be assigned to religion it is very apt to take the turn of ambition.

I saw no country workhouses, but inspected that of Clair, one of the last four of the parishes of Stockholm. It contained 176 inmates, of whom only 20 were males: all aged; the oldest a Finland woman, said to have attained her 103d year, in full possession of her faculties. The establishment consisted of a great number of small apartments, containing from five to ten paupers, each having a bed apart, and, strangely enough, considering the consequent facilities of separation, men and women sleeping indiscriminately in the same apartments. The temperature was hot and close, not more so, however, than many of the apartments in which the upper classes hibernate. With some exceptions, there was a due attention to cleanliness. There was a good supply of books and occupation. Each pauper had a monthly allowance.

From the preceding brief survey of the government and social institutions of Sweden, we may infer the predominance of one influential characteristic, caste. Each order of society takes its distinct share in the functions of government, enjoys its separate rights and privileges, and moves apart in its own limited sphere, nor is its exclusiveness modified by the intermixture of ranks, provided for by our clubs, inasmuch as each has its own. The nobles engross the civil and military employments and emoluments. The burgesses are "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and the very corporate privileges which secure to them the monopoly of their various trades, but not exemption from severance into sections, are scrupulously tenacious throughout of their graduated rights. The clergy are mainly engaged by their parochial duties, seldom mix in the society of Stockholm, and never

appear at balls. The Professors remain at their posts in the Universities. The votaries of literature or science, and the lawyers and physicians, are absorbed by their own respective pursuits; whilst the peasants do not avail themselves of the importance derived from their legislative position to affect to mingle socially with their superiors. Intermarriage between the nobles and those beneath them has not been till recently permitted, and still only between the nobles and the daughters of burgesses, the daughter of a noble family regarding marriage with a burgess as a *mésalliance*. The policy of kings, whether bent on elevating or on depressing the nobles, has still persistently kept them as a class apart. The powerful influence of caste explains many of the peculiarities of Swedish society in general, and more especially of the various classes of which it is composed.

Foremost no less in point of personal distinction than of social rank, Charles XIV. has accomplished the very important but difficult undertaking of conciliating both his own subjects and foreign States. That the great king-maker of our age should have assigned one of his conquered thrones to one of his ablest and most successful lieutenants, linked to him, moreover, by the ties of family relationship, was far more probable than that his royal nominee should have retained his sovereignty unimpaired by the shock of revolutions which not only discrowned his imperial master and all his sceptred compeers, but convulsed the thrones of several of the ancient European dynasties. He had enjoyed the advantage realised by few who have acceded to royal authority, of acquiring, step by step, the cumulative experience afforded by rising progressively from the lowest to the highest employment; and further, the especial opportunity of profiting by the transcendent successes and failures of the mighty civil administrator and soldier whose career he had participated, and whose martial success he had in some

instances rivalled. The stability of Bernadotte's reign must be attributed to a fortuitous combination of circumstances; the enthusiastic appreciation of military prestige characteristic of the Swedes; and yet more to his wisdom, prudence, and indomitable energy, as well as civil and military administrative ability.

In person the King is just above middle height, and stout. His complexion is sombre: his forehead is middle-sized. His expression is mild and benevolent, though his large dark and piercing eye, prominent nose, and receding chin, suggest the idea of an eagle in repose. His manners are perfectly simple and unaffected. His conversation is marked by clearness of view and precision of language. That the King should be suspected of finesse is not surprising, when we consider how skilfully he has managed his subjects, profiting no doubt in this respect, as otherwise, by the reminiscences of imperial sway. Mindful of the imposing effect of "the theatrical grandeur which surrounded the throne of Buonaparte," he lavished profusely, not only on nobles, but on burgesses and others, titles, chamberlains' keys, and decorations. Prudently did the King, then Crown Prince, withhold his Swedish troops from contact with the French during the war of 1813, with the single exception of Leipzig, and also abstain from commanding them in person in the subjugation of the Norwegians. Such forbearance has tested his moral courage as a statesman and a soldier, for on both counts he has been blamed and ridiculed. A caricature represented him as saying, on his return from Germany, "There are your children: I have brought them back safe!" whilst his alleged shrinking from the odium of civil war was contrasted with his imputed undue eagerness to ratify the proposed Norwegian Constitution.

No less sagaciously, and perhaps actuated by genuine appreciation of the patriotic and heroic achievements of

some of his royal predecessors, has Bernadotte, though conscious of the disadvantages of an upstart, testified his sympathy with the national feeling. Converting the Ridderholm into a Pantheon, he brought thither the captured cannon and standards from the arsenal. He purchased the houses on the island on which the royal stables were built with a view to providing on the site a suitable receptacle for Byström's statues of the Kings, a project which however failed from want of money. He introduced the custom, which has become hereditary in his family, of nursing the royal children in Charles XII.'s cradle. On festal occasions, when the suite of show apartments at the palace is lighted up, that in which Gustavus III. breathed his last after his assassination is darkened.

The King is skilful in the management of his Diet, though his measures have exposed him to some rebuffs, and works well with his Council, of which he is notwithstanding said to be jealous. The liberal use of his patronage has attracted to the King, by more substantial inducements than external decoration, the grateful attachment of many needy nobles, as well as clergy and others, whilst he has enlisted in his service functionaries not confined to the higher ranks, but such comparatively self-made men as I have alluded to. Mr. Laing, "Norwegian Laing," as Lord Cockburn calls him, has, I think, compromised his usual good sense by actually suggesting that Bernadotte should have erected a palace as his residence out of Stockholm, and detached from its associations, and otherwise have exerted his utmost efforts to sever instead of strengthening the links which bound him to the ancient dynasty: a course diametrically opposite to that pursued by the sagacious monarch and his successors. He selects, as the constant sharer of his labours, Count Brahe, who in point of lineage heads the roll of Swedish nobility, whose fine old castle, near Upsala, rich in antiquities, is well

worth visiting. The excellent character and personal popularity of this nobleman shield him from the envy which might otherwise dog the steps of a favourite. Indefatigable in business, the King transacts it with the Count till two A.M. Count Lowenmheim, his aide-de-camp at Leipzig, is another of his selected associates.

The King's ignorance of the native language, and inability to mix freely with his subjects, has proved a drawback to his influence and popularity. Hence mutual suspicion. It manifested itself on the King's part by his refusal to sanction the institution of a well-regulated club for the lower classes at Stockholm, on the presumption that there were enough of revolutions going on in the world. Of his own obnoxious measures, his people, favourably disposed towards him, cast the blame on his ministers.[1] Nor are the King's personal habits calculated to promote his popularity. He neither walks nor rides, is seldom seen outside of his palace, and then ensconced in a carriage drawn by six horses. He has never been induced to venture on the ice, a usual winter sport. His income amounts to £50,000.

I was presented to the King and Queen in the royal apartments by our minister, Lord Bloomfield. His Majesty, after accosting me graciously, and expressing regret that his continued illness had prevented him seeing me sooner, adverted to his age, and, in reference to a remark of Lord Bloomfield's, spoke of his strength. On my alluding to his military toils as having especially tested it, he observed that a military life was often favourable to health, as requiring great sobriety, of which in fact he had afforded a high example, to insure success. He questioned me as to my tour in Sweden, and particularly as to the route from Trondhiem to Jemteland,

[1] Mr. Laing observes (1838) that the favourable feeling towards the King had been diminished by some prosecutions of the press and other occurrences.

whether it was passable. And on my replying that in the last stage on the Swedish side of the frontier it was full of holes, he thanked me for the information, and added that he would communicate it to the Governor of the latter province. He spoke with interest of its capital, Östersund, justly remarking that it was a small and poor place. On my observing that it might prove important on account of the rapid increase of the province, he said, "Yes, Jemteland is as extensive as the kingdom of Würtemburg and some other German States, and every peasant possesses on an average so many arpents, equal to so many English acres, as he added, having questioned Count de Gardie as to the relative value. On my mentioning the population as now amounting to 40,000, he remarked with satisfaction that in ten years it had increased from 33,000. And he predicted that that of Eastern Sweden, if well governed, would in forty years amount to 4½ millions.[1]

The King then conducted me to the Queen. Her Majesty is stout and plain. She conversed most unaffectedly and good-humouredly, and chiefly about Norway, expressing great admiration of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Christiania, Drammen, and Ringe Rigis, and adding that she had been promised a sight of Bergen, making particular inquiries as to the route, of which I could give no favourable report. She also interrogated me respecting Scotland, especially as to its dearth of trees; nor was Paris forgotten.

The various members of the Royal Family make a point of attending a ball which takes place annually on New Year's Day at the Royal Exchange, in compliance with a custom introduced by Gustavus III., with a view, as he had quarrelled with his nobles, to court the acquaintance and good-will of the burgesses. The price of admission is pur-

[1] The King's prediction has probably been verified: in 1865, the census year, 4,114,140, an increase of 42,540 in ten years.—Murray's *Handbook for* 1871. 4,429,713 in 1876.—Whitacre's *Almanac.*

posely low. About 800 persons were present. The King, Queen, and the Prince and Princess Royal were placed in the upper range of seats, those in front being occupied by the ladies of the nobles, and those behind by the ladies of the burgesses. The latter, I was told by a noble lady, excelled their superiors in beauty, of which there was little enough in this large assemblage. An English country dance, in which the Princess-Royal selected M. Arfswedsen, the banker, as her partner, opened the ball, the Prince following with the daughter of M. Schworin, a remarkable man, lately deceased. He had held the offices of Orator of the Chamber of Peasants and Councillor of State, and had refused the rank of nobility, not choosing to desert the order in which he had gained both wealth and honour.

The King entering an anteroom, where I was conversing with Count Rosenblad, addressed to me the question, "Is there not fraternity here?" adding that the ball was an old institution. On my replying that there was probably more than in any other country, a fact explicable enough by the general acquiescence in the existing state of things, as yet little disturbed by the incipient movement party, he observed: "Mais il faut l'espérer pourtant." He then spoke to some ladies who passed, kissing them on both cheeks, and resumed his conversation with us for some time, speaking chiefly on changes of climate, adverting particularly to Iceland, and the predictions of Hanstein, who had investigated the polarity of the needle. The Queen, Prince, and Princess-Royal addressed me. The Prince questioned me about Jemteland—spoke with satisfaction of some "roughing it" he had enjoyed in Norway, and expressed his intention of marching at the head of his Jemteland chasseurs to Trondhiem. He spoke with marked interest of the operations of the Bible Society, and to his having attended the last anniversary meeting, and in reference to my allusion to the

peculiar stability of the institution in Sweden, he attributed its success chiefly to the general diffusion of education, partially obstructed by the great extent of the districts diminishing the availableness of schools. The Royal Family then walked about according to custom, conversing with the burgesses. The King enters warmly into this plan of fraternisation, even venturing to invite burgesses to the palace, though not so far offending the deeply-rooted prejudice he has to overcome as to extend his reception to their ladies. The unusual strict observance of ceremonious etiquette on this occasion might provoke the criticism that such a gathering, by its ostensible distinction of ranks, might excite discontent, a "commemoratio quasi exprobatio."

On the 28th January 1831 the Prince-Royal celebrated the King's completion of his sixty-seventh year by a ball at the palace, a very brilliant affair. The suite of apartments lighted up would not be unsuitable to the most powerful European Sovereign.

Oscar, heir to the throne, is good-looking. His complexion is dark, and the form and expression of his countenance are rather Jewish. He seems diffident in public, but very affable and unaffected. His intellectual powers and talents for business are well known and acknowledged. He has a taste for the fine arts, painting, it is said, very well in oils. He inherits military predilections, but has little opportunity of indulging them, except by close attention to the drill and uniform of the troops. He takes a warm interest in the moral and religious welfare of the people, and cordially sanctions the philanthropic schemes proposed to him.

It is to his credit that the Crown Prince has selected as an intimate companion one so worthy of his confidence as the enlightened young Guardsman to whom I have introduced my reader, Baron Fleming. It was perhaps conscious-

ness of Oscar's merit that the King is said to have predicted that his son would inherit his throne, but that he could not venture further in his expectations of the permanence of his dynasty.

The Princess-Royal is good-looking and pleasing. The Prince, when I was formally presented to himself and the Princess-Royal, sent for their two children, observing that, like himself, they had both been nursed in Charles XII.'s cradle.

Amidst a galaxy of decorated personages who surrounded the throne, "bright particular stars" were conspicuous by their absence. The ministers of foreign Courts were prominent in Court ceremonials, in the higher circles of society, and in the exercise of hospitality, when their salaries admitted of the expense. Those appointed to Sweden were usually diplomatists whose talents and experience would not qualify them for more important spheres. But no one acquainted with Stockholm during the residence of Lord Bloomfield would be unwilling to admit that an individual better fitted for his post could not have been easily found. A hearty Irishman, a soldier who had served in the artillery with credit during the first American war and the Irish Rebellion, a well-trained and not less well-seasoned courtier, who could bear testimony to service still harder than that of his campaigns, which had fallen to his lot during the twenty years of his sojourn at Court, as private secretary to George IV., and sharer of Royal conviviality, a kindly, cordial, and true-hearted Christian gentleman, our minister's merits were duly appreciated by the Swedes. And nowise was his popularity compromised by his son, who, exchanging his military duties as a Guardsman for those of diplomacy, acted as his private secretary, or by a near relative who filled the office of Secretary of Legation.[1]

[1] The former, the present Lord Bloomfield, who, having represented his country ably at several foreign Courts, has been raised to a British

Among the *dramatis personæ* who figured in Swedish society, and more especially as a hanger-on of the British Embassy, must not be forgotten an elderly gentleman, Lord Bloomfield's brother-in-law, Mr. Douglas. He was well known in the sporting circles by the sobriquet of "Split-post Douglas," bestowed on him in commemoration of a fall from his horse, when riding a race, which brought his head in contact with a post, fortunately more to the detriment of the post than to himself. His sporting celebrity obtained due credit with the Swedes. One of the Ministers of State was lost in admiration, as at dinner he pointed out to me Mr. Douglas engaged in animated conversation at table with a couple of his fellow-countrymen. "Look at Mr. D.," he exclaimed in French; "what energy! what eloquence! What is he talking about? is it about a dog or a fish?" But Mr. Douglas had his peculiarities, suggesting more than once the question frequently put to me whether he was a specimen of a class or a genuine unique.

Mr. Douglas was very popular, and enjoyed the reputation of being better acquainted with Stockholm than any one else. He had, notwithstanding, a trifling feud or two. A temporary breach disturbed his friendly intercourse with the Scotch Presbyterian seceder who performed divine service on Sunday. The minister, in the course of a sermon, gave a painful account of the deathbed of an English sportsman, citing his authority for the statement. Mr. Douglas walked out of church declaring that he had known every sportsman in England, and that the story was apocryphal. Mr. Douglas, who now had taken up his abode in Sweden, invited Mr. Lloyd, the author of a very interesting work, *Scandinavian Field Sports*, to his country residence. This gentleman,

peerage; the latter, General Sir John Bloomfield, G.C.B., who served creditably in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and for some time as Inspector-General of Artillery.

observing that covers were laid for three persons on the dinner-table, asked his host who might be the third guest. "My servant," was the reply, whereupon Mr. Lloyd took his leave. Mr. Douglas observed this curious practice when he dined at the Nobles' Club at Stockholm, taking the precaution of fixing a late hour for dinner, after the Swedes had long finished theirs, and no one was present but one or two Englishmen. As Mr. Lloyd was not at Stockholm this winter, I had no opportunity of seeing this lion, who had just been appointed to the high post of Grand Huntsman, previously filled by a principal nobleman, a compliment grateful no less to his country than to himself.

Mr. Douglas shared with other eminent men a turn for witnessing executions, and was apt to draw his illustrations from the scenes he had frequently witnessed. The *montagne Russe* he christened the "*New Drop.*"

Cordial intimacy subsisted between Lord Bloomfield and the American minister, Mr. Hughes. This gentleman, in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, was better versed in the study of men than of books. He was exceedingly good-humoured and pleasant, proverbially skilful in repartee, and was never but once, it was said, at a loss for the last word. Dining with the other members of the Diplomatic Corps, at an entertainment given to them by Lord Bloomfield, on their host proposing as a toast, "Our respective masters," Mr. Hughes asked how he could drink to it, inasmuch as he had ten millions of masters. "Do you include the slaves?" exclaimed the shrill-voiced M. Tarack, the Prussian minister. Contrasted with the American minister's disregard of books was the bibliomania of the Russian General Suchtelein, a courteous octogenarian, who had employed the *otium cum dignitate* of his residence at the Swedish Court in accumulating a vast library.

An amusing adventure, of which the somewhat pompous

Portuguese minister was victim, seemed like a burlesque on the monotonous complications of Stockholm diplomacy. His coachman, conveying him in full Court dress to the palace, being intoxicated, could not find his way out of the principal square through which he passed; and, becoming perplexed, heedless of his terrified master's vociferations, drove at an accelerated pace repeatedly round and round the statue of Gustavus Vasa erected in its centre, a large crowd having meanwhile assembled to witness this exhibition of unvoluntary homage to Sweden's great deliverer.

Of the respectable individuals who filled the higher offices of State, none could be singled out as prominent. Count Rosenblad, the Premier, had won by his abilities and long experience the respect of his King and countrymen; and the more especially on account of his known piety and excellent character, as well as affable and kindly deportment.

And as an admirable specimen of the Chancellery, or aspirants to office, I cannot forget the Chancellor's nephew and namesake, who devoted himself ably and diligently to the acquisition of knowledge of all kinds which might qualify himself for the discharge of his duties. He had served in the army for a short time during the Norwegian campaign, but had since transferred all his zeal and energy to civil pursuits. He had mastered the Currency question, was consulted by the Minister for Foreign Affairs on foreign relations, and was likely to prove a valuable functionary.

Of the diplomatic Swedes, one had represented his Court at the Treaty of Vienna. But of those best known the greater part were on service abroad.

Few Swedes have enjoyed opportunities of military service. Some had engaged in the Finland and Norwegian campaigns. One, as we have seen, acted as aide-de-camp

to the King at Leipzig. But none could dispute prominence, in point of years, of service, of distinction, and of strange adventures, with Field-Marshal Stedinck. He had attained the age of eighty-four years, retaining his faculties, and still able to walk vigorously. Yet he had served in the French army during the American war, and had commanded a regiment—Dutch, I understood—under Napoleon. It was reported that the King had stood sentry at his door. He commanded the Swedish army under the King in the campaign of 1813, and during the war with Russia in Finland. His hair exhibited the phenomenon, of which there are several instances, of having turned white in a single night. It was attributed to more than one cause. But the real one was stated to me by his granddaughter, next to whom I was sitting at dinner, and opposite to the Field-Marshal: the intense anxiety which he had undergone during a severe frost when surrounded by the Russians in the war in Finland.

Nearly all the Swedish naval officers had been trained in our service, and had had even less scope for distinction than the military. Admiral Södrestrom remembered with natural pride his having served and conversed with Nelson and Collingwood.

The literary, scientific, and artistic natives who had reflected lustre on their country must be sought for in their libraries, their laboratories, or their studios.

Were external badges of distinction evidences of merit, there would be no lack of it at Stockholm. Decorations of all kinds are lavished on the large body of undistinguished nobles, who form the mass of society, although many of them live in poverty and obscurity, unknowing and unknown. Their incomes, derived chiefly from land, have materially suffered from the depreciation of its value. That of the wealthiest, Count Leier, does not exceed £12,000. Some are

encumbered by the multiplicity of their country seats, Count Bondi being possessed of no less than seven. Some have wisely availed themselves of the relaxation of law and custom in respect of marrying the daughters of wealthy burgesses, and some have realised the emoluments of the bar, whilst the whole order is enriched by the civil and military patronage at the disposal of the Crown.

The education of the nobles is very insufficient. Seldom, as we have seen, undergoing the previous training of schools or gymnasia, they proceed to a University at thirteen, where, if their parents can afford the expense, they enjoy the advantage of private in aid of public tuition, and as much as can be learned in two or three years they doubtless acquire, if not destitute of capacity or diligence. Their course concludes about the time when boys at our public schools enter the sixth form. Very seldom do they subsequently persevere in their studies, or travel in pursuit of knowledge. Finding the value of foreign languages, they are exceptionably diligent in the acquisition of French, and latterly even more of English. But it is observed that useful information is little valued in general society at Stockholm. They live during part of the year secluded, when they cannot afford the expense of a residence in Stockholm, at their country seats, practising strict economy, contenting themselves with three dishes at dinner, and a moderate allowance of wine and spirits, being much indebted for the beneficial exercise of their thriftiness to the management of their wives. From no duties, judicial or the like, do they derive the advantage of employment and responsibility. Nor do field sports incite them to action. Happily for themselves and their families, they do not, like our country squires of former generations, fill up the void by intemperance.

Those nobles who can afford to pass their winters in

Stockholm or other towns live more expensively, paying high rents for the flats or stories which they occupy, and rarely giving entertainments, such hospitality being almost exclusively confined to Ministers of State or the representatives of foreign Courts. Excepting very few nobles—such, for instance, as had in some way attained eminence,—I never met any at the ample round of dinners at which I was present. They usually dine at their own club, to which foreigners are freely admitted—a valuable privilege. The rooms they occupy are well warmed by stoves, and hermetically sealed against draughts. A Swedish officer of the Guards, said Bishop Heber, would sooner face the mouth of a cannon than a draught. Their clothing is the same throughout the year within doors, but is regulated without by the temperature. Their exercise consists in sledge-driving after Christmas, and in dancing till four A.M.

The *montagne Russe* is an object of great interest at Stockholm. The preparation of the ice requires several weeks' close attention. The slope down which the performer drops in a suitable sledge is almost precipitous. The sensation which I experienced by being obligingly allowed by a Swedish friend to share his adventure was just such as one would probably realise on falling over the edge of a precipice. Accidents are however very rare. The ice and the snow-banks which fence it in are so admirably finished off, that I have seen more than one unfortunate charioteer dislodged from his seat, gradually reaching his resting-place without a shock. The sledge, impelled by its acquired momentum, glides rapidly round on the smoothest possible surface through its entire circuit to the foot of the starting-point.

It may be concluded that the habits of the upper classes are not healthy, producing want of appetite and indigestion. The "sup" or glass of spirits, and perhaps some highly

seasoned condiment, is an essential preparation for dinner. Rheumatic complaints, gout, and other disorders, are common. But the practice of temperance is very advantageous to the upper classes. In respect of morality in general they are perhaps on a par with those of other countries.

I made acquaintance with some few burgesses and their ladies, through the introduction of an excellent English family, who associated principally with them, but enjoyed less opportunity than I could have wished of seeing more of a class possessed of its own distinct merits, but stickling for its corporate and social privileges as scrupulously as the most punctilious nobles for theirs.

The Swedish tradespeople are aspiring and ostentatiously extravagant beyond their means, and are much in debt. The consequences of such liability are aggravated by the high legal rate of interest—six per cent.,—and though, when the security is good, money may be borrowed at five per cent., usurious loans, though illegal, are common.

If character, individual or national, takes much of its shape from the mould in which it is cast, is it surprising that the combination of influences affecting the Swedes, produced by climate, isolation, institutions jealously guarded against reform as implying innovation, defective landed tenures, corporate privileges precluding competition, checking enterprise, and paralysing industry, caste restricting intercourse, the acquisition of social distinction independently of desert, and consequent discouragement of real merit, and further the prevailing baneful reliance on ancestral as an equivalent for personal renown,—should foster among all classes that indolence which, avowed and deplored, but indulged, proves a canker preying on the heart's core of one of the most highly-gifted European communities ?

Whether we listen to Berzelius or Siöberg or others deploring the shortcomings of individuals and of public

bodies ; or Thorwaldsen regretting that Sergel, whose genius he considered quite equal to his own, was not free from the national infirmity ; or else the bitter complaints of employers of manual labour, skilled or otherwise,—Owen, who had charge of the Swedish iron-foundry for steam-vessels, or the chief tailor of Stockholm, an alumnus of Stultz, maintaining that no dependence could be placed on his workmen unless paid by the piece ; or the American minister, compelled by the dilatoriness of the natives to import the furniture of his house from Hamburg ; or the hourly lamentations of the victims of delay ;—one longs to see Sweden put forth one of those mighty efforts of which she has proved herself capable, to grapple with the lion which has stood so long in the way of her advancement, and to shake off a more oppressive bondage than any from which she has been emancipated by her heroic deliverers.

That the Swedish lower classes should be grievously addicted to intemperance, the natural offspring of indolence, might be expected. I may mention as instances of the prevalence of the epidemic that the soldiers of the Swedish Guards suffer such loss of appetite from their excessive potations of brandy that they are very apt to exchange their rations for brandy, or to throw them into the gutters. Mr. Owen observed similar practices among his numerous workmen. A State may, through vicious legislation, become indirectly chargeable with crime, but the responsibility for the actual instigation of it unfortunately devolved on Sweden when Gustavus III. set up a spirit-shop over-against every church. Teetotalism could not obtain a footing in Sweden unless the upper classes would surrender their preprandial dram. And as unsuccessful has been a more moderate scheme of temperance.[1]

[1] Bishop Stanley, whose chivalrous character was well known, earnestly proposed to me, shortly after my return from Sweden, a tour in that

Profligacy abounds in Sweden. To the law legitimatising children born after wedlock, as in Scotland, may be partly attributed like pernicious results. Outward decency is however carefully maintained. Women are not permitted to parade their shame in the streets, but no restriction is imposed on disreputable houses. Matrimonial infidelity is said to be rare. Separation *a mensâ et toro* requires the sanction of the Consistory. This Court exercises its authority

country in behalf of temperance, expressing his readiness to undertake it at once, if I would accompany him, which I was not able to do. The improbability of the success of a rational scheme in Sweden may be inferred from the fate of our British and Foreign Temperance Society. This Institute, professing abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, and temperance as regarded that of other liquors, commenced its operations under the most favourable auspices, although the teetotalers violently opposed its advance. The Bishop, as a good Christian, exhausted every propitiatory effort to allay the strife, so far as to profess willingness to fraternise with the advocates of temperance of every conceivable description, and as a necessary consequence to find himself at issue with a considerable portion of them. And his most pacific overtures were sometimes conveyed in such unguarded language as to be interpreted as declaratory of war, so that no uncommon heading of a newspaper report of a turbulent temperance meeting was "The Bishop of Norwich and the Teetotalers." The final crisis occurred at the Music Hall in London, where the Society held its last meeting, when it was my fortune to preside, the kindly Bishop at my right hand. The teetotalers, resolved on mischief, had nearly preoccupied the entire space. And no sooner had the report been read, embodying, by the bye, an extract from the report of the American Temperance Society which sorely tested the Bishop's scheme of comprehension, inasmuch as it attributed the slow progress of the good cause in the United States "to the increase of religion and of religious institutions," than the champion of our adversaries, the notorious "Boatswain Smith," mounted the rostrum and insisted on addressing the meeting in lieu of the appointed speaker. The Bishop instantly sprung up, fearlessly held his fist in the face of his tall and powerful antagonist, and accosting him as "You, sir," encountered him with such a volume of rebuke as for a while apparently overcame him, as he backed to the wall, while some of his own people cheered the plucky prelate. But this momentary triumph proved to be the last flickering of an already half-extinguished flame. A general rush to the platform ensued, which I anticipated by directing an instantaneous extinction of the gas, and a safe retreat with our friends through a back-door, bequeathing to the teetotalers their battle with the tumbling benches.

considerately, directing the curate of the parties applying for it to admonish them, thrice if necessary, and, in case of the failure of this preliminary proceeding, grants a divorce on account of adultery, but not till after a year of grace. It is singularly at variance with our own practice, that a husband scarcely ever sues in the instance of his wife's guilt, but allows her to take the initiative, himself pleading guilty to submit to divorce. Thus by a fiction of law he obviates the (so regarded) superior disgrace attached to his wife's guilt.

The Swedes, notwithstanding their too extensive demoralisation, exercise in some respects a laudable characteristic self-control. Their phlegm, natural or assumed, is sometimes mistaken for indolence. Gustavus III., bent on making Stockholm the Paris of the North, reconciled the upper classes of his people to the familiar use of the French language; but to substitute French vivacity and demonstrativeness for the self-command and reserve of the Swede, and the French habit of trifling about matters of serious moment for the importance which the Swedes attach to trifles, was an enterprise beyond his reach. Contrasted with the French, the Swedish temperament is unimpressible, and therefore proves proportionally susceptible of self-control. It is remarked how quickly, on the one hand, seemingly stoical apathy or constrained self-respect conceals and perhaps subdues their grief, and on the other what constraint is put on the display of pleasurable feelings.

The honeymoon monopoly of each other's society is denied to the bridal couple, as their marriage is celebrated by an incessant round of festivities, of which they are bound to partake. The criminal on his way to execution makes a point of appearing well dressed, and at Stockholm stops at a certain public-house to refresh his spirits. Women, under similar circumstances, are known to borrow smart habiliments from their neighbours for the occasion.

If the Swedes thus maintain their due or undue self-respect, it is not surprising that they should be actuated by a high sense of honour and disdain of meanness. Their extreme ceremoniousness, burlesqued by the droll imitation of the very children, serves not in their case as a substitute for, but as a guarantee of their value of the thrice highly-prized national and caste privileges. It arises, no doubt, in part from the influence of the predominance of the Court and its manners in a small community. But its stage effect does not in the least degree detract from the unaffected dignity of the Swedish deportment. No one admitted to the society of Swedish gentlemen can fail to confirm the testimony of all foreign diplomatists at the Court of Stockholm to their finely-formed physique and their high-bred manners, wholly free from stiff self-assertion, effect not of mere superficial polish, effaceable by the wear and tear of life, but of their self-command, uprightness, amiableness, and geniality, and no less of the consciousness, which underlies their indolent and unaspiring hero-worship, of capacity of thought and action, should the occasion be sufficient to arouse them from the moral torpor induced by the round of frivolous pursuits and amusements which wastes their energies and lowers them in the scale of social existence. It would be superfluous to specify, even were it in our power to do so, the Swedes who, either in the past or present ages, and in many different departments, have taken rank among the most celebrated men of other nations.

For the prestige of the past operates diversely. If there be truth in the remark made to me by the wife of one of the ministers, reputedly the cleverest woman in Sweden, that the great misfortune of her country has been a glorious history, or in the saying of a Frenchman, that the ancient has crushed the modern Sweden; on the other hand, even

the dreaminess induced by the narcotic draught of sentimentalism fosters a spirit which, though at present manifesting itself in externals, may some day convince the world that Sweden, even in her present comparatively dormant condition, forms no exception to the truth of the aphorism that history repeats itself.

But assuredly it would be well that the statesmen, the clergy, and leading laity of the country should recollect that an emergency requiring the intensest energy, physical and moral, of her people may possibly be at hand, and that the public mind cannot be trained too soon to meet it. With this view the Swedish representative institutions should be so reconstructed as to expedite instead of retarding the transaction of business, and to awaken rather than impair the native capacity for legislative action. And from the data supplied by the preceding pages, we may deduce some amongst other obvious suggestions. The various orders of the community should be relieved from leading-strings better fitted for the infancy than for the maturity of a State. Landed tenures should be so modified as to encourage rather than obstruct improvement, and due assignment of public duties, and consequent responsibility to the landlord, should elicit instead of restraining the exercise of public spirit; whilst a glorious task awaits the clergy, of urging and disciplining the people committed to their charge to redeem their past inglorious hibernation by Christian and patriotic conduct better calculated to promote their welfare than the splendour of costly and perhaps unprofitable achievements.

Symptoms of such reformation have already manifested themselves. The unfettering of foreign trade, though at first viewed with alarm, has now been regarded as beneficial, and will lead to the extinction of other noxious privileges. And the successful movement in favour of the

reform of the constitution of the Diet, and other like measures, though originating with a small and somewhat decried party, must follow. A proposal for forming an association for the discussion of questions to be submitted to the Diet was resisted by Government.

Rarely has the progress of political and social reform been so steadily accelerated by the happy contingency of the rule of a dynasty as able and enlightened as that inaugurated by the accession of Bernadotte; his son Oscar I., and grandsons Charles XV. and Oscar II., present King, proving worthy of their illustrious progenitor. And the recent presentation of the Duke of Vermeland, heir to the throne, to the Norwegian Storthing, on his approaching majority, is auspicious of the durability and, we may hope, of the hereditary patriotism of Scandinavia's adopted line.

CHAPTER V.

1831.

DENMARK—THE BELTS—HAMBURG—HOLLAND.

I LEFT Stockholm in company with an English friend on the 1st February, and reached Helsingburg on the 10th, passing through the populous town of Norköping. Open country alternating with well-timbered forests and extensive lakes, which we crossed on ice, skirting shores and islands shrouded by snow-laden trees, afforded little variety of landscape. The great severity of the frost enabled us to proceed on sledges till within a few miles of our ultimate destination, our wheels and frozen provisions following us on a car. The commencement of the thaw delayed our progress, and as we betook ourselves to our vehicles we had hard work tracking through the mud. And our starting was then deferred by the reluctance of our driver, whose nerves had been shaken by the sight of the body of a man who had fallen from his cart frozen to death, and at another time by the misadventure of our forebud, the messenger sent forward to get horses ready for the travellers' arrival, who, losing his way on a lake, had passed a bitterly cold night in wandering about in quest of an outlet. We were struck by the hardiness of our half-starved horses, neither shivering nor cough-

ing, but enjoying the delight of rolling in the snow to cool themselves at the end of their journey.

We sat down to breakfast at Helsingburg, doubtful whether we might not be detained a fortnight ere the state of the ice would admit of our passage of the Sound; but were unexpectedly cheered by the announcement that there was an opening, of which we must instantly avail ourselves. And leaving our unfinished repast we hastened into an open boat, manned by seven rowers, and working our way through broken fragments of floating ice, landed safely on a solid rampart of the same substance which begirt the beach beneath the Castle of Elsinore. The continuance of ice in the Sound varies much, disappearing last year in February, and in the preceding not till April. Another impediment to free navigation arises from the want of sea-room, and consequent uncertainty of the passage. Of two vessels bound for Havre-de-Grace, one, by getting a few hours' start, had been enabled to reach their common destination seven weeks before the other, having had the luck to round the Cattegat before change of wind.

We were hospitably received by a relation of my fellow-traveller, and met at dinner the Governor of Kronburg Castle, who showed us that fortress next morning.

Copenhagen should be seen in summer. The dulness of the streets was enhanced by the frost. The ten days I passed there happened not to be uneventful. The Queen's brother, Duke of Augustenburg, had just died, leaving a family of ten children. The opportunity of reflecting on the possible contingencies of the succession to the throne was solemnised by a six months' Court mourning, the Queen keeping up the ancient ceremonial by requiring her maids of honour to wear widow's weeds. Should neither the King's cousin, Prince Christian, nor his son, Prince Frederick, who married one of the King's daughters, bear a son, Holstein, not being bound

like Denmark by the Salic code, would be detached from that kingdom.[1]

The King especially was now mourning, and sincerely, the death of Count Schimmelman, at the advanced age of eighty-five, his Prime Minister, and best of his friends in his estimation, who had discharged the duties of his high post during half a century. The funeral was attended by a hundred carriages, including those of the Royal Family. A discourse was delivered on the occasion in the German Church, and I saw his coffin laid between those of his two wives. Regard, almost superstitious, was bestowed on a dream, in which the dying statesman imagined the appearance of his first wife presenting him with a garland. This anticipation of posthumous renown may have probably been suggested by the vision which animated Christian IV. during the sea-fight in which he lost an eye. For with the representation of the scene, by a picture hanging on the wall of the apartments of the Rosenborg Palace, in which that monarch breathed his last, cheered by the sound of heavenly music and the sight of the crown of victory held out to him, Count Schimmelman must have been familiar.

But notwithstanding the outward pageantry of woe which followed Princes and Prime Ministers to their final resting-place, the Danes seem to have retained somewhat of the old Scandinavian feeling which prompted the celebration of death by rejoicing and of marriage by lamentation. Whilst the Prince of Augustenburg and Count Schimmelman lay still unburied, the city was illuminated in grateful recognition of a Constitution granted to his subjects by the King,—

[1] The succession to the throne was destined to revert in 1863—in consequence of both the above Princes, Christian VIII., and his son, Frederick VII., dying without male issue, and the Princes of Augustenburg being deprived, in 1852, of their right, as the penalty of their share in the rebellion of the provinces in 1848—to Christian IX., the present King, descendant of Christian III., and father of the Princess of Wales.

limited, as it proved, to Holstein, but auspicious of that accorded to Denmark by his successor in 1848,—constituting a Parliament composed of two Houses: the Folkthing, the members of which are eligible by universal suffrage, and the Landthing by the holders of property amounting to £120 per annum.

A ball given by Madame Billé, wife of the eminent Admiral who had during many years superintended the Danish navy, was attended by the heir to the throne, Prince Christian, and also by Prince William of Hesse and his pretty daughters. Prince Christian, to whom I was presented, conversed affably and pleasantly. His talents were considerably superior to those of the King, but he was little respected. As Madame Billé was the only lady in Copenhagen who now held receptions, I availed myself of the opportunity of observing the appearance of the upper classes, who mustered numerously. In stature and deportment they were certainly inferior to the Swedes, but their manners were less formal. Fashion was spreading northward. The hour of dinner being four, and of evening parties eight, were one hour later than at Stockholm. The custom of wearing uniforms on these occasions had nearly gone out.

The King and Queen were secluded during the mourning season from the public eye during my stay. The King had acceded to the throne under inauspicuous circumstances, and the sequel of his reign had not belied the evil augury of its commencement. Wielding for a while the sceptre of an idiot father, himself discredited by twenty years' cohabitation with a mistress, who had borne him a large family, his dominion shaken or dismembered by the destruction of his fleet, the subsequent bombardment of his capital and surrender of a second fleet, and the severance of Norway, or embarrassed by financial difficulties induced by unprosperous warfare, and what was considered by his people as needless

expenditure lavished on his fleet, and by way of pensions to secure the allegiance of his impoverished nobles, the relations of Frederick VI. with his subjects were ill calculated to diminish the odium attached to the irresponsibilty of his authority, to which they attributed the retention of certain feudal privileges, and the withholding from public scrutiny the balance-sheet of national income and expenditure. Keenly, moreover, must he have been aware of the discontent with which the Danes contrasted their own depressed condition with the comparative liberty of other countries; nor could he regard without alarm the approach of the revolutionary wave which had swept over Europe.

Nevertheless, there clave to this ill-fated Sovereign the prestige of a reign of forty-two years, of devotion, early and late, to public business, for he rose at six A.M., and assigned its special employment to every hour, his accessibility, the kindliness of his personal deportment, his attention to petitions, and strict regard to justice.[1] His grateful subjects never forgot that he had inherited absolute authority as an alternative superseding the tyranny of the nobles; that he had availed himself of it to abolish the serf system, thus enabling the peasants, who had been previously looked upon as *ascripti*

[1] The thorough sifting of every cause is insured, as in Sweden, by the instrumentality of appellate jurisdiction, whilst the cumbrousness of further procedure is often stopped *in limine* by the intervention of a Court of Reconciliation presided over by a judge, a city magistrate, a district judge in the provinces, and one member of a body of thirty-two councillors. The parties appearing before this tribunal are recommended to make up their differences, and either of them refusing its jurisdiction, and preferring that of the ordinary courts, if unsuccessful, is held liable to the costs.

The country causes pass successively through provincial and then the inferior and superior city courts. The King opens the proceedings of the Supreme Court, and decides one cause; and as his presence is always supposed, is addressed accordingly.

The professional practice of the law requires previous examination. The lawyers are considered learned and talented.

glebæ, to purchase property; that he had conceded to them the important privilege of freedom of the press, for the State censorship applied only to publications under twenty pages; and that he had for some time past anxiously deliberated on the conferring on them the blessing of a Constitution. Due regard to the circumstances thus alluded to accounts for the fact that such was the King's personal popularity that he could walk about the streets of Stockholm unattended and unimperilled.

The King has nothing to apprehend from the nobles. Politically they have never recovered from their downfall in 1660, and socially they have been impoverished by the burdens of war expenditure. The richest among them, Count Platen, has an annual income of £10,000. Of the penury of their equipages Count Schimmelman's funeral afforded sufficient proof. In the transaction of business they take little part.[1] They mingle little in society, probably on account of their poverty, pass much of their time in idleness and dissipation, and playing for small stakes. Their large hotels in Copenhagen were built in their halcyon days. The King has never slighted or discouraged the nobles, but, on the contrary, attaches them to his person by pensions, by transferring to them the Royal privilege of chasing the deer, and by the prodigal distribution of decorations, thus reconciling them to the substitution of the shadow for the substance of authority. None of them seem capable or even desirous of awakening in their order a manly sense of its demoralised condition. But though satisfied with their relations to the King, they are jealous of the burghers.

The burghers, for their part, acquiesce no less contentedly in their powerless position. The very corporate privileges

[1] Mr. Laing states that half Denmark belongs to the nobles, and that at the commencement of this century they undertook the management of their own farms, but subsequently let them to tenants, and thus deprived themselves of their only regular occupation.

for which they stickle only tend to promote their prosperity, inasmuch as whilst securing to those within the pale such advantages as monopoly and exclusion of unqualified practitioners from every branch of trade, they prevent competition, and thus cripple energy and enterprise. Copenhagen has consequently no foreign trade. The principal shops are in the hands of Jews. The halcyon condition of this ill-used race in Denmark is most creditably contrasted with the treatment they meet with elsewhere, as in Norway, where the door of admission is absolutely, and in Sweden partially, closed against them. It seems as if the tide of Israelite migration had been dammed up in its northward progress only to overflow its prescribed boundaries. My hotel was taken by storm on the occasion of the grand marriage of a wealthy Jew to an heiress of the same persuasion, the entire suite of sitting-rooms being engaged during two days. On the first 300 persons sat down to dinner, and on the next a more select party of 120, after the nuptial ceremonial, lasting from two till five, had been performed by a Rabbi. Strangers ranged the apartments *ad libitum*, satisfying their curiosity by gazing at the bride and bridegroom, who occupied conspicuous seats at the head table. The guests sang vociferously, intent on music-books set on stands before them. No wonder that a people ordinarily regarded with jealousy should be especially obnoxious to that feeling when, as in Denmark, they are exempt from despotic interference, engross the market, and on occasions exhibit an enviable display of wealth. Even so enlightened a man as Professor Thomson, to whom the world is indebted for the celebrated museum of antiquities at Copenhagen, and his contributions to antiquarian lore, could not reconcile himself to the unwelcome fact that the Jews secured the wealth which slipped through the fingers of his fellow-countrymen. "Nevertheless," he exclaimed, when we had done them some justice in speculat-

ing on the causes of their success, "when the Jews are up the country is down: and when they are down, the country is up." True enough, for the financial deficiencies of the State afforded these moneyed people opportunity to advance profitable loans.

Denmark does not supply the means of expressing opinion and declaring grievances provided for by the Swedish and Norwegian Constitutions, and consequently no scope is allowed for political agitation. Naturally contented, the Danes, in general, highly valuing their urban and rural privileges, though intellectual and well informed, are insensible of the oppression of misgovernment, so long as they are not deprived of their social enjoyment. And few people realise more thoroughly opportunities of rational improvement and recreation. As education is compulsory, reading is general. Literature can be much more extensively circulated than in Sweden, where there is not the same facility of public communication, whilst access is accorded to various public institutions, amongst which may be particularly mentioned the Royal and University Libraries in Copenhagen, entitled to a copy of every book published. These are open to readers, who are chiefly of the middle classes, lending books to respectable persons; as also the Museum of National Antiquities, which has rescued from destruction a large amount of Scandinavian relics. The Academy of Arts supplies 500 students with instruction and all the means and appurtenances of proficiency, incited by the example and brilliant success of Thorwaldsen, one of their number. A Society for the promotion of literature, which publishes its Transactions, has fared better than one for the encouragement of poetry, which had but an ephemeral existence. And Copenhagen boasts of its palaces and other accessible objects of interest. The citizens are especially fond of excursions into the country. But such innocent occupations do not supersede

the dissipation, vice, and crippling extravagance which the Danish capital shares with other cities.

National calamities which might have roused the spirit of a people more energetic and favourably circumstanced, have rather tended to paralyse that of the Danes, more especially the ill-fated collision with a State naturally allied to their own, as indicated no less by the modern structures, including the University, which replaced those destroyed, than by the yet visible effects of the rockets which broke into the vaults of churches and dislodged the dead from their coffins.

It was on a fine summer evening in 1807 that I saw the fleet bearing Lord Gambier—to use Wilberforce's words, "the mildest of men sent on the sternest of errands,"—rounding the North Foreland in pairs, a stately procession. A few weeks afterwards the same ships were seen by my family, who remained at Broadstairs, returning from their successful enterprise, followed by 300 captured Danish vessels. The justification of the proceeding, since fully transpired, was then but imperfectly made public. The Danes could scarcely be expected to regard it in any other light than a terrible visitation. And heavy taxation ensued, which but for the high credit of the Danish Government would have been more oppressive.

The result of national depression has been the discouragement of the home market, whilst manufactures can scarcely be taken into account, there being only two, both woollen, in the hands of the King, whilst foreign trade is neglected. Elsinore, as the Russian Consul observed to me, might be wealthy, had the merchants capital to insure certain opportunities of profit. As 13,000 ships passed the Sound yearly, a little enterprise might warehouse articles of various kinds required for their use, the sale of which might be advantageous, whilst the merchants, instead of drinking over the payment of dues with the captain, who must land to effect

it, might negotiate with them to their mutual enrichment. The net revenue derived by Denmark from the dues amounts to one and a half million of dollars, to which must be added 15,000 dollars to defray the expenses of custom-house officers, hospitals, and a few lighthouses. The dues are collected in virtue of an old treaty. Mr. Canning held that they should be abolished, each State paying a fixed equivalent.[1]

The two Danish Universities, viz. of Copenhagen, containing 800 students, and Kiel, excel in the theological and medical departments. As a University education is required as a qualification for orders, the clergy enjoy the advantage of no less than four theological courses, under different Professors, viz. of history, languages, and two of philology. They are examined by Münter, senior Professor of Theology, and his three colleagues, and are classified under the quaint designations of *laudabiles, haud illaudabiles,* and *non contemnendi,* corresponding perhaps with the threefold divisions of our Cambridge tripos. But the comparison fails, when we find that nomination to livings is regulated by their so ascertained proficiency, those of the first class to livings of the first class, and so downwards. The nobles present three candidates to the King, among whom he makes the selection. The exclusive nomination of Bishops is vested in the King. Strange as it may seem, it is not inconsistent with the general character and habits of the nobles that from their own order they should have produced but a single clergyman. I dined in company with this individual at Elsinore. The senior Professor of Theology usually succeeds to the Bishopric of Seland. I met the prelate of that See, nominally Primate of the Danish Church, at dinner at Professor Münter's. He took orders solely with a view to this elevated post. If we may apply the test of results, the low state of

[1] The abolition has since taken place.

the morality of the people does not augur favourably of the ministrations of the Danish Church. The deplorable example exhibited to the predecessors of the now reigning King, some of whom, it must be admitted, exercised their sovereignty beneficially, his own flagrant irregularities, and the notorious dissipation of his heirs, Prince, afterwards King Christian VIII., whose son Frederick[1] pursues unscrupulously the beaten track of the family, must be taken into account as operating as a direct encouragement to the profligacy of the upper and remotely to the lower classes.

The army, which in most countries affords healthful employment, discipline, and opportunities of distinction, has proved but a poor resource in Denmark. The recent war with Sweden manifested the inferiority of the Danish troops to their antagonists, whilst inability to take part in continental struggles has deprived them of the means of recovering from their discouragement. The officers are ill paid, and little able to mix in society. The men are cloddish, slouching, and not unfrequently bandy-legged. Excepting some brilliant instances of success on their part, the Danes have generally been defeated on land by the Swedes. But they have been ever distinguished by their courage. No troops behaved better in the service of Marlborough and Eugene. In the recent wars, opposed to the rebellious provincials and to the Prussians, they maintain in this respect their high character.

But the Danish navy has been much more auspiciously circumstanced. Denmark derives a prestige from its geographical position, its former victories, and even from defeats, which have elicited like manful dealing with overwhelming force, and from the consciousness of being able to cope on equal

[1] The subsequent career of Prince Frederick, afterwards seventh King of that name, did not belie the promise of his youth. Divorced by two wives, he contracted a morganatic marriage with a quondam milliner of Copenhagen.

terms with Sweden, though her inferior on land. The officers have served in the British, Russian, and French fleets, chiefly in the latter, and are often well-informed men of the world. At Niöberg the sailors form a naval colony, their officers living with them till posted. They are well fed, their wives receive half-pay when their husbands are at sea, and their children are educated at the public expense. The health of the sailors, when in the West Indies, is provided for by a daily allowance, to which our temperance societies might object, of half a pint of Madeira in addition to their usual allowance of grog,—being forced to drink it in the presence of their officers to prevent them selling it. The discipline is effectual, though not severe. There is very little corporal punishment. One is reminded of the substitution of moral influence for more stringent control which prevailed in the old Highland regiments, when we are told that Danish sailors, when misbehaving themselves, are asked, by way of remonstrance, what would be thought of their conduct at Niöberg. The Danish naval complement depends on the liability of every man within four miles of the coast to serve four years, and, in the event of war, every regular seaman becomes a petty officer, whilst crews of merchantmen, fishermen, and other seafaring men may be pressed into the service.[1]

The gunboats proved very serviceable during the war. Everything is in the most perfect order. The whole scene of Nelson's action was pointed out to me; the position occupied by Admiral (then Commodore) Billé, and the monu-

[1] I was very fortunate in seeing the dockyard, nominally closed to strangers. Recently Admiral Deans Dundas and some naval friends could not get admission. A distinguished officer, Captain Bilderoff, who had been our prisoner at Reading during two years, and had there married an English lady, accompanied me. The armament now consisted of six line-of-battle ships, and two more building, four large and four small frigates, four corvettes, eight brigs, and seventy gunboats.

ment to a Commodore who fell, raised on the spot where he took leave of the King to succeed the commander of a vessel who had been killed.

The King, though indifferent to the army, is partial to the navy, whilst Prince Christian is indifferent to both. But the individual to whose indomitable energy and perseverance the steady growth and potential efficiency of that branch of the service is attributable is Admiral Billé, whose acquaintance I made at his lady's ball. Had his earnest advice been complied with by the King, when, as Commodore, he urged the continuance of the fight with Nelson, it would have fared ill, if we may rely on Danish naval authorities, with our great commander's fleet. Failing in the attainment of this ultimatum, he adopted and has since steadfastly carried out the resolution of restoring the fleet to the status which it had attained previously to its destruction. Nor has he been deterred from the prosecution of his purpose by the plea of national poverty, the uselessness of building ships in opposition to the Swedes, when the navies of both would assuredly become the prey of more powerful States, the forewarning of past historical precedents, the greater suitableness of gunboats to the protection of the coasts, and the difficulty of manning the fleet. During thirty years the heroic sailor has succeeded in nearing the goal of his patriotic ambition; and whatever may be the ultimate result of his life-long task, his motives and his corresponding action will command the entire sympathies, not only of his fellow-countrymen, but of foreign nations capable of appreciating so noble an effort to retrieve the prestige and redeem the disasters of a navy whose former achievements redounded to the glory of European annals.

On the 22d I left Copenhagen in company with four gentlemen, a Dane, a Swede, a Russian, and a Siberian, of whom the two last were deputed by the Russian Government

to inspect the mines of different countries. We passed the first night at Rœskild. I took a solitary journey through deep snow to the Cathedral, as my fellow-travellers, as I understood, from superstitious feeling, would not visit it by night. The building is not in any way remarkable, but the altar-piece is magnificent, and the monuments of marble or alabaster are very costly. Solemnising enough was the descent to the sepulchral vaults of the Royal Family under the conduct of an aged verger, tottering on the brink of the grave, and holding in his trembling hand the taper, whose extinction would have consigned us to the utter darkness of the tomb. The coffins lay on the floor. Those of the reigning King's children occupied the first of the series of the apartments through which we passed. The chief object of interest was that of the great King Christian IV., on the lid of which was deposited the sword borne by him in the memorable sea-fight already alluded to.

We reached next day Corsoir, in the hope of crossing the Great Belt.

Our anxiety as to effecting our passage was not diminished by observing that seaward the bright moonlight discovered an unbroken surface of ice, and by hearing that the harbour of Copenhagen, which had been so free from ice as to admit a vessel, the first this year, had just become completely choked up by an easterly wind. Next morning, crossing a small river, we reached a promontory, our starting-point, and embarked in a middle-sized open ice-boat, provided, like sledges, with three iron keels. The length of the passage is about sixteen English miles. It lasted three hours and a half. It would have seemed a hopeless attempt to penetrate the seemingly unbroken mass of ice obstructing our progress, but for our confidence in the surprising skill of the boatmen availing themselves of any practicable openings. We had no occasion to land midway on the small island of

Sorö, on which voyagers frequently take refuge, only to endure sometimes protracted and uncomfortable detention, but left it far southward. The atmosphere was enlivened by vast flocks of eider-fowl; and at length a favourable breeze facilitated our reaching our destination, Nyeborg, our boat, rigging, and selves shrouded with snow and sleet, which had fallen heavily, contributing to heighten the picturesque effect of the scene, and to afford a pleasurable sample of arctic navigation. The north-west wind is the most favourable to the passage of the Belt, as it drives the ice southward; but the south is best adapted to clearing the Baltic. Large ships often prefer the Belt to the Sound.[1]

The abundance of wood on the Funen shore of the Belt is agreeably contrasted with the desolate aspect of Zealand. At the small town of Niöberg, our fellow-traveller the Dane having left us, we engaged for the rest of our journey to Hamburg the usual post-waggon, a long uncovered vehicle, furnished with wicker-work sides, and with two seats with backs on springs, so that we were more comfortable than on the outside of a stage-coach. The severity of the frost continued.

The quaint old town of Odensee, with its painted roofs and its church—the oldest in Denmark—has little noticeable. We reached the Lesser Belt at Middlefahrt: the roads very good. Funen reminds one of England, the surface of the country being prettily undulated, and in parts hilly, variegated by hedges, wood, and copses, whilst the multitude of cottages, surmounted by high turf roofs, and surrounded by gardens and clumps of trees, enclosed by fences, bespeaks a well-to-do peasantry, whether proprietors or renters, and exempt from the oppression for which till within not many

[1] The British and French fleets during the last Russian war, and in 1871 our flying squadron, availed themselves by preference of the Great Belt.

years they suffered. The churches, usually supplied with a thick square tower, and near the east end by a small spire, are no less indicative of costly national provision for their spiritual benefit.

At Middlefahrt we crossed the Lesser Belt. Snow and sleet were driven along by a strong wind, and large blocks of ice floated down the channel, which is a mile in breadth. We were happily freed from the usual annoying uncertainty of effecting our passage by the sound of a horn announcing its practicability during a sufficient interval, of which we instantly availed ourselves.

The town of Kolding, which we soon reached, is commanded by a spacious and lofty castle on an elevated position, a site reminding me of that of Linlithgow Palace. It suffered during the war from fire, attributed to the Spaniards under Romana, after their deserting the French cause. We were told a strange tale of Bernadotte escaping thence from pursuit by contriving to descend some way or another from a third story. Our Russian was delighted by the sight of an old castle, as his travels in his own country had never afforded him such gratification. Hadersleben, our next stage, well built of brick, and rich in avenues of trees, is inhabited almost exclusively by Moravians. The church is crammed with massy altar-pieces, monuments, sculptured figures, and other works of art, ill-suited to its pointed lancet windows. A pretty descent brought us to the commodious harbour of Apenrade.

My three companions, having heard me express an objection to travelling on Sunday, of their own accord kindly proposed a halt at a small town. The good-humoured Siberian presented himself to me in the morning in an entire white suit, observing that it was the dress he wore when he took physic, his usual practice when he had an opportunity of so doing on the journey.

We reached Sleswig, a considerable town situated on a bay of the sea, and commanded by the moat-girt castle of Gottorp, in mourning. There lay the unburied body of the Prince of Holstein-Beck, as he was called, Duke of Augustenburg. The funeral was fixed for the morrow. On this Prince had devolved the command of the Danish contingent, if required. He left ten children, his eldest son being nineteen. Should the present royal male line fail, Holstein would be detached from Denmark, as not bound by the Salic law.[1]

The road from Sleswig to Hamburg is execrable,—sandy, sometimes extending two hundred yards in breadth, and, excepting a few intervals of chaussée, cut up by deep ruts. Passing over dreary moors, we were cheered by the sight of Rendsberg, begirt with its avenues of trees, a strongly fortified town on the bank of a river which brings ships within its walls. A fair afforded us the opportunity of admiring the richly ornamented costumes of the women, to which their gilded caps contributed their share, and observing a much less agreeable exhibition, a free fight—happily, as a considerable number of combatants took part in it, using fists and clubs,—separated from us by a canal. One man was felled by a tremendous blow, from which he could scarcely have recovered. The little notice it attracted was perhaps owing to the apparent suddenness of the conflict. But such indifference, supposing it existed, was by no means participated by our Siberian fellow-traveller, whose immoderate laughter shook our rickety vehicle. Our Russian,

[1] It was the son of the Prince whose obsequies were being performed who, in 1848, availed himself of the continental turmoil which spread to the Duchies to attempt shaking off the Danish yoke. And it was his grandson who renewed the insurrectionary movement in 1864, only to find the territories which he claimed annexed to Prussia. And thus this ill-fated family became in no small degree answerable for the blood which deluged the kingdom.

a refined gentleman, offered the best excuse he could for his friend's unseemly mirth, by informing us that he had never witnessed such a spectacle in his own country, as in Russia a fight between two persons would insure their being locked up by the police, whilst a more general fray would be dispersed by a water-engine, a legal and effectual remedy, for which the country was indebted to Catherine II.

As we approached Hamburg the country was flat and well cultivated. We approached the city by the gate of Altona, a suburb originally built by a king of Denmark in rivalry of Hamburg, and now depending on the exchange of its neighbour for its commercial business. The new town of Hamburg is handsome, and its ramparts afford a pleasant promenade to its inhabitants. And though its streets are narrow and dark, abundantly varied and picturesque is the general effect of the spires of its two churches, its public edifices, though individually not remarkable, its ancient and lofty houses, its many-wheeled water-mills for grinding corn, the value of which would be tested in case of siege, depriving the burghers of the use of the windmills outside the walls, of the vistas opened out by the termination of numerous canals, and of its ramparts, much strengthened by the French, too plainly indicative of the possible need of such defence. Yet the small military force in the pay of Hamburg, consisting of two battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and another of artillery, would be insufficient to man the fortifications.

Napoleon, bearing in mind the position of England as possessed of Heligoland, which commands the entrance of the Elbe, and on other accounts, remarked that Hamburg might be considered as a suburb of England. The recollection of the French was even now fresh, of Davoust execrated, and of Bernadotte popular on account of his sociable habits and frank converse. Bernadotte, acting as

Governor, was enjoying the society of the neighbourhood when Romana landed, taking Napoleon so much by surprise that the suspicious Emperor withdrew from that time his confidence from his lieutenant. A burgomaster well acquainted with Romana informed me that the adventurous Spaniard courted the society of the scientific and learned, but affected the semblance of foolishness in the presence of the French officers, who consequently regarded him with suspicion.

Hamburg trades chiefly with England and America, deriving much profit from corn, coffee, and sugar. The Senate, after much opposition, succeeded in lowering the duty on imports, adopting its free-trade policy in consequence of the transfer of much of its commercial transactions to Bremen. Hamburg communicates by means of a macadamised road with Berlin, and a military road with Bremen.

The government of the town is democratic. The four burgomasters propose laws to the Senate, and the Senate refers them to the parishes, represented by aldermen, whose ratification is decisive; but the effect of the summary supremacy invested in these tribunes of the people is neutralised by the singular proviso that the Senate may defer the operation of the edict so promulgated during six years.

The censorship of the press is strictly enforced by the jealous interposition of the ministers of the principal European States. The religion professed at Hamburg is chiefly Lutheran, and exercised with such intolerance that till within two years Calvinists, chiefly refugees from the south of France, were debarred by law, as they are still in fact, from all civil offices. It is lamentable to find the religion of Lutherans used as a pretext for employing the civil government, whether monarchical or responsible, in the

Scandinavian States which I had just quitted, and a city separated from our own shores only by the ocean, as an instrument of practical persecution. A ray of light has happily just broken in on the darkness of such a system. The Jews have been lately released from the restriction which limited their residence to a single quarter of the city.

The habits of society at Hamburg are almost exclusively mercantile, and the hours are early. Unfortunately there is much gambling, and among the lower classes profligacy, for which the free granting of dancing licenses is partly answerable. During my short stay I had the gratification of enjoying the hospitality of a merchant prince.

The climate is foggy and rainy, and consequently not healthy.

To Osnabrück in Hanover. The palace a large pile. Over very bad roads, crossing the Ems to Rheine, and soon after, leaving Prussia, re-entered Hanover, and ascended a ridge at Bentheim, to see a fine castle, with square keep, ramparts, and round towers, based on one side on a rock commanding extensive views. Entered Holland near Oldenzaal, where commences the *chaussée* to Amsterdam, narrow and made of pantile brick, and consequently unfit for the transit of goods, which go by the canal. From Delden, by a comfortable and fast diligence, crossing at Deventer the broad channel of the Yssel to Utrecht. Struck by the peculiar nature of the houses, built of small and good brick, and green blinds. Visited the fortifications, cathedral, and University. But the absence of the male sex from the streets was curiously perceptible, all unmarried men, including the students of the University, enrolled under their Professors, having marched to the frontier on account of the war. Taxes are doubled, private contributions to the expense of war munificent, and the utmost enthusiasm

prevails. The population chiefly Roman Catholic. Holland was earnestly desirous of being separated from Belgium.

Passed through a succession of villas, varied only by a vast grass plain, to Amsterdam. The canals which encircle the town might remind one of the nine-fold girding of the Styx, but for the navigation of vessels by means of draw-bridges. The uniformity of the houses, such as I have already described, is agreeably diversified by gardens and rows of trees. March 5th I went by packet to Harburg, a fortified place, and thence by the tardy conveyance of a *voiturier* over uncultivated moors interspersed with woods, over a *chaussée* to Bremen. The north aisle of its Norman Cathedral is fine. Owing to the insufficient depth of water in the harbour its trade is carried on in lighters. From its precincts Jews are absolutely excluded. The Oldenburg palace is an object of attraction.

My route to Rotterdam passed through Amsterdam, Leyden, and Haarlem. On the 13th I embarked in a steamer. Two converging branches of the Maas form a broad channel just before reaching the fortified town of Brielle. The bar, a few miles farther down, is passable only at high-water, and by small vessels. We put to sea, but a heavy gale drove us back to our moorings at the Brille, where we remained twenty hours. But at noon on the 14th we effected our passage in the teeth of a strong wind from the west or south-west, and neared the English coast on the following evening. Our quota of passengers consisted of three Christians and three Jews, not one of whom could appear at table except a sea-captain, who did ample justice to his three daily meals. At eight P.M. the captain entered our cabin, and replied to the inquiry as to our whereabouts, that he knew nothing more than that we were off the Goodwin Sands, in a gale of wind and thick fog,—no very comforting announcement. At eleven P.M. he re-

appeared, exclaiming, "Thank God! we have got sight of the North Foreland and Margate lights." Still, our situation was critical, for he was apprehensive lest our coal should not suffice for the rest of our voyage. But happily it enabled us to reach Gravesend. And I felt grateful for the continued protection of a gracious Providence.

CHAPTER VI.

1834.

OXFORD—INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS CHANCELLOR.

In 1834 I witnessed the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The honorary degree of D.C.L. being conferred on me, I was affiliated to my old friend Philip Duncan, and most agreeably located and hospitably entertained at his rooms in Exeter College by the eminent Professor Sewell. The elevation of the Duke to such a post by a University which had discarded as its Parliamentary representative his distinguished colleague, Sir Robert Peel, who had played a less prominent, but not less important part in the so-called Judas-like transaction on which these illustrious men had staked their country's weal and their personal reputation, afforded remarkable proof of the versatility of popular favour. But the great Duke's position was unquestionably exceptional.

The Duke entered Oxford in an open carriage, accompanied only by Mr. Croker, who informed us at the Exeter College dinner that the Duke on approaching Magdalen College asked its name. "That is Magdalen," he added, "was the reply, against which King James II. broke his head,

and should any one venture to infringe on the rights and liberties of the University he would find a Hough in every college;"—a sentiment which it might be supposed was cordially responded to.

When the Duke made his appearance on the floor of the theatre the tumult of applause was rapturous. His white head shook visibly with emotion, and whilst there was a simultaneous inclination of the heads of the vast assembly towards the object of their homage, the scene reminded me of some of the pictorial representations of the stoning of Stephen. The most brilliant star in the constellation of ladies who were gathered around the illustrious hero, too soon in her case destined to suffer eclipse, was the unfortunate Lady Lincoln, who sat next him, and to whom on public occasions he paid due attention. By his side sat or stood the Duke of Cumberland, to whom, notwithstanding his staunch Toryism and impassioned opposition to Catholic Emancipation, the University refused a degree, looking, whilst his martial figure was set off by a splendid hussar uniform, grimly defiant. The individuals who received degrees were cheered by the good-humoured assemblage, and none more heartily than Lord Winchelsea, who, whilst the public orator, Phillimore, pronounced his eulogy, stood forth, massive and erect, face to face with the Duke, by the friendly grasp of whose hand he was about to be welcomed to the honour of civil knighthood, that of the *preux chevalier* who had done his best, in conformity to his usual but in this instance perverted sense of duty, to despatch him summarily into the presence of his Maker. These eminent duellists, fronting each other at somewhat of the distance which had probably separated them on a less auspicious occasion, might seem to be rehearsing for the edification of undergraduates the affair of Battersea-fields. And vehemently did the gallery testify their applause, which might

have been prompted also by the public evidence supplied of reconciliation. The license of the day became wearisome. The incessant vociferation and cries of "Waterloo" were better suited to a preparatory school than to an University.

One spectator, conspicuous as he sat alone in a gallery opposite to the Duke, and bearing no slight resemblance to him, yielding to none in display of enthusiasm, attracted much attention. It was the Duke's brother, Dr. Wellesley, the good-humoured Canon of Durham, whom his brother, it was said, had pronounced unqualified for a bishopric.

The Duke got through his first list of the names of the new doctors successfully, but was unfortunate in his reading the supplemental list, of which the Vice-Chancellor had not previously secured the rehearsal. He consequently failed somewhat in his accentuation, transforming Carolus Jacobus into Carōlus Jacŏbus.

At the levee the Duke received me in a very friendly way, observing that he had known me when I was very young, eliciting from me the reply: "Before I was two years old I had the honour of being known to your Grace." The Duke never forgot my father's attention to him when his constant guest at Calcutta, and was wont to ask Lord Hill after his health, and that of his old friend Charlotte, my eldest sister, then a child, his playfellow, whom he used to employ in intercepting the billets-doux which passed between a gallant Baronet, aide-de-camp to my father, and the lady to whom he was affianced, and of whom the Duke was enamoured, whilst he remained faithful to his own engagement with his future Duchess. Of my father's opinion of the Duke, then Colonel Wesley, that he combined strong sense and boyish playfulness in a degree which he had never seen equalled, and his prediction, immediately on the Duke's retiring after their first interview, that if he ever had the opportunity of distinguishing himself he would do

so highly, is mentioned in my Memoir. The correspondence between the Duke and my father relative to the Manilla Expedition, the command of which my father had assigned to him, and to other public transactions, inserted in the same work, has been since republished by the present Duke, who could not find copies of the original documents amongst his father's papers.[1]

[1] These references to the Duke's early association with my father are corroborated by the following kind letter addressed to me (*Memoir*, vol. i. page 426 :—

"LONDON, *June* 25, 1836.

"MY LORD,—I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter. I will look among my papers for any letters that I may have from the late Lord Teignmouth. Although his Lordship received and always treated me with great kindness and condescension, I was not in any official situation to occasion any correspondence with him. I do not recollect having had such a one, but I will look among my papers, and if I should find any letters from his Lordship you shall have them.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant, WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER VII.

1835.

COPIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN FROM THE CONTINENT IN 1835—KALISCH—RUSSIAN AND PRUSSIAN REVIEWS—SILESIA.

My summer rambles of 1835 included Dresden, Silesia, and Bohemia, and, in consequence of a fortunate visit to my old friend Admiral Fanshawe, who supplied me with a letter of introduction to his brother, General in the Russian service, the great reviews of the Russian and Prussian armies at Kalisch, in Russian Poland.

The Fanshawe family had become naturalised in Russia, not excepting the eldest brother of the General, then Admiral, whose heart was in Russia and with the Russians, though he resided in England. Their father, an Englishman, served, I believe, in both the Russian navy and army. He commanded a regiment under Suwarrow, and took his eldest son, when only ten years old, into action,—an early seasoning. The boy was wounded, and never forgot the rough old General patting him on the back after the action. He rose to the rank of Admiral in our navy, having been engaged in the landing of the troops at Alexandria, and after other service, captured near the mouth of the Helder, and imprisoned till the close of the war, by the French when, in command of his ship, he escaped the wreck and destruction which befell some of our line-of-battle ships. Fanshawe just missed Trafalgar, having been within hearing of the guns during the fight. An amusing incident

befell him in reference to this circumstance. He had been inspecting the model of the battle exhibited in London, in company with the showman, to whom he had mentioned the fact of his proximity to it. Their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the presence of two gentlemen, one much taller than the other. Fanshawe, who was short in stature, was standing close to him, when the showman thus accosted him:—"Well, Admiral, you must feel very sorry that you were not in the action." "I am not the fool you take me for," was the reply; "had I been there I might have lost an arm, or have been hobbling about ever since on one leg." His taller neighbour looked on him with astonishment, proving to be Lord Anglesea, with whose person he was unacquainted.

Fanshawe was a most kind, friendly, and religious man, married to one of the most amiable and excellent of wives, a Luttrell. They rented Tilbuster Lodge, a delightful residence near Godstone, in the parish of Archdeacon Hoare. He was excitable, rough, and outspoken: his devotion to Russia, the land of his nativity, and hostility to the Poles, exasperated by their murder of one of his brothers, were intensified when the Crimean War broke out, and his neighbours were obliged to request his silence on a topic on which he fairly compromised his loyalty. Woe to his old and intimate friend Sir Deans Dundas, then naval commander, if they crossed each other's path! Most unseasonably at times would his warlike sympathies find vent in loud sallies, addressed occasionally to those whose sex or age were incapable of response, such as, "A sharp sword, a clear conscience, and hurrah!"

The General had become known to the Russian family by the circumstance of Constantine passing him as he lay wounded on the field of battle near Töplitz, serving in the Russian Guards. The Grand-Duke, speaking to him, was

so pleased with his address that he thenceforth patronised him, insuring his rise, by which he had now become general aide-de-camp for the Emperor, and was intrusted with important duties. According to the singular practice in Russia, he retired after some years' military service on being appointed to the lucrative post of judge at Warsaw. He was a man of courteous and pleasing manner, in this respect contrasting with his excellent brother.

The unfortunate brother already alluded to was a lawyer at Warsaw, and had been incarcerated by the Poles. On the prison-doors being opened, as his own house was not ready for his reception, he preferred remaining in the cell till the morning, and during the night was one of other victims of the irruption of the populace.

Kalisch, Sept. 12, 1835.—I left Berlin on the afternoon of my arrival, and travelled till next evening, when I found a comfortable inn. The road through Prussia is admirable; macadamised, and lined with trees successively varying—birches, limes, poplars, etc., but its straightness and the little variety of scenery render it uninteresting. Towards Breslau it becomes more picturesque. The general character is open plain, interspersed with forests of fir, with little fine timber. The posting is capital; the horses always ready, and the postillions driving steadily and well. We had no adventures, except the courier at the first stage leaving Hamburg flooring a postillion, who had attempted to impose and then laid violent hands on him, and my portmanteau being cut off from behind the carriage between Berlin and Breslau in the night, happily empty, as its contents had been transferred to the boxes of the carriage. I should like to have seen the thief's face when he opened it. We twice crossed the Oder this night, once at Frankfort, a respectable town. A solitary sentinel was standing in the

market-place presenting arms to the moon, and after he had gazed on me for some time, pursued his evolutions with the most undisturbed composure—a young recruit, I suppose. At Breslau, which I reached on Wednesday morning, I found the King of Prussia. The manœuvres of the Prussian army had just concluded. I saw the Prussian Minister of War, to whom Sir George Rose gave me an introduction, and who told me that I could not pass the Russian frontier without writing forward for permission from the Emperor. Breslau is a fine old town, and affords some curious architecture. It is the capital of Silesia, and there is a fine statue of Blücher in the market-place. As the King of Prussia was to leave next day for Kalisch, and an immense multitude of persons, I thought better to steal a march, and get on twenty miles that night to be in advance, and by this I was enabled to reach the frontier town next day. At Ostrovnia, on the frontier, I found the press had begun, and one hundred and twenty horses had been already applied for. It was a curious sight to see officers covered with orders, dragged through the sandy woods of the forest, and carriage on carriage accumulating at this place. The whole country poured in its cavalry, and every description of horse, down to ponies and two-years-old, were pressed into the service, and, in due time, off I started with my four again. At the frontier, some English miles from Kalisch, I expected to be stopped and to be obliged to pass the night. Arriving there about ten o'clock, whilst my letter to Count Beckendorff, the Prussian Minister of War, was sent forward, my passport was presented, and after near a quarter of an hour's scrutiny it was returned, and the postillions were ordered to drive on, to my great satisfaction. So particular has the Russian Government been, that I was stopped at five different stations in as many miles, sometimes no less than six or seven officers taking down my

name and examining me. Nothing, however, could be more civil than they were. The next point was one of no little uncertainty,—how to get quarters in Kalisch. But at the gate, on asking if General Fanshawe was in the place, an answer was, to my gratification, in the affirmative, and one of the officers ordered another to mount his horse and conduct me to his hotel. There I found that he lodged, but that this and every other hotel in the place was filled, and now was starting on a general search to avoid sleeping in my carriage, when the landlord came and offered me a room till next day, and another for my servant. Next morning I found General Fanshawe, very like his brother, but much stouter, with a very pleasing expression of countenance and address. It turned out that he had secured part of this hotel for the Duke of Gordon, and that he thought I might safely retain these rooms, being more than the Duke required; and here I am, thank God, snugly lodged. Yesterday nothing was done. The King of Prussia entered, and the Emperor of Russia went to the gate and brought him to the palace in his carriage, and the town was illuminated in the evening. The military proceedings were to begin this day with the entrance of the Prussian army of ten thousand men; and before I describe this splendid scene, I will detain you with a little more of my own business, as illustrative of the state of things here. General Fanshawe has the entire command here of the quarters, etc., and the provision for strangers, and has been so occupied that he has not slept for nights. He told me that Count Beckendorff wished to see me, and indeed that nothing could be done for me here till this interview had been arranged. I made several attempts to see the Count, and in the evening, fortunately, after waiting and returning again and again, got a very civil officer to bear my card on his awaking from his slumber, and was rather startled by being asked how I had managed to

pass the frontier, and who I was, and of what family, and whether I was entitled to wear a uniform, as persons who had not permission would be treated merely as travellers, and admitted to no privileged place, and pushed about with the crowd. To all these questions I made satisfactory replies. My friend came back from the Count with a very smiling face, and said that what I must do would be to write a letter to him stating particulars, and also that it was my intention to have sent forward for leave at the frontier, but that I was suffered to pass. It was written and taken to the Count, who returned answer that he would endeavour to see the Emperor that evening, and that I must call for an answer the next morning. The grand show was to take place at ten, and I was anxious to witness it, and went early to the Count, who received me, was extremely civil, said that the Emperor would be very happy to see me at all the public proceedings, and that I should be presented to him, and added that if General Fanshawe should not be able to mount me, he should be very happy to do so. He told me he had known my corps, and had seen it in England. The difficulty was thus got over, and I was not aware till this afternoon how considerable it had been. Colonel Greenwood told me that it was perfectly inexplicable how I had crossed the frontier without special permission ; so particular was the Government that upwards of two hundred Englishmen had applied for it from Berlin and elsewhere and had been refused, and that Count Beckendorff had told him that one of the causes of their vigilance was the suspicion that Polish refugees were entering the country in the guise of couriers. In short, there are not above a dozen Englishmen here—the Duke of Gordon, Lord Douro, and six or seven officers. I fear, as Count Beckendorff said to me, that as the blame did not rest on me, but on others, that Russian discipline will come into play on some unfortunate head.

General Fanshawe, on my bringing this answer from Count B., immediately offered me a horse. It came too late, and I hired a carriage and proceeded to the scene of interest, which I shall minutely describe, as I wish to carry you over the whole of it.

My first sight of the camp was on entering Kalisch at night, when the long line of white tents glittering in the moonlight, and the twinkling lights on the opposite hills, indicated the presence of a considerable army. Yesterday I strolled out to the camp, and entered many of the tents. Nothing could exceed the neatness of arrangement; turf in slips enclosing the squares in which the tents were placed, and forming pyramids on which the arms were piled. The Russians were variously employed. In one tent I heard singing, and found it completely filled with soldiers, sitting singing with all their heart, whilst one was giving out the song from a manuscript. The songs were, I understand, in praise of the King of Prussia. In another tent stood an enormous cask, out of which the men were slaking their thirst. They offered me some; it was slightly acid, but what it consisted of was inexplicable.[1] The line of tents on the south side of Kalisch extends four or five deep for several miles, and on the other crests a ridge of hills, which appear in the distance as if they were covered with snow. The following is a plan of the operations of to-day, and I will now take you over the ground. As soon as I reached the stand, I got a full and sudden view of the whole spectacle,—sixty thousand Russians drawn up according to the plan, the sun shining brightly on the long array of tents and glittering arms. There was time to see the cavalry regiments in detail, and, my uniform being a pass, I walked along the line. Nothing could be more various or magnificent on the whole. Besides the cuirassiers, lancers, etc.,

[1] Quass, a Russian beverage.

there was a regiment of Cossacks from the Caucasus, wearing their peculiar garb, a very rugged and picturesque set of fellows. The colonel, a very portly man, with a long beard, rode up to me, seeing me ask a question of one of his officers, who answered in the Caucasian, and addressed me with great politeness in very good French. I was told afterwards that he was a Russian, to whom was given the command of these wild mountaineers. The Cossacks of the Don have all fallen to pieces since the death of Platoff. Next to these were the Mussulmans from Mount Ararat, several hundreds strong, in five lines; they wore long flowing robes, of different and of all colours, sheepskin caps, matchlocks, pistols, daggers; in short, all the endless appendages of Eastern accoutrement, and were mounted on beautiful thoroughbred horses, the admiration of all the Europeans. They have their own discipline. They have dark complexions, and wore beards or mustachios. The colonel had as fine a beard as the old Persian ambassador. They formed a most splendid masquerade. They had been five months on their march, General Fanshawe told me, when they had reached Warsaw, and had not had a man sick. But as they drank nothing but water, one hundred of them became ill from the waters of the Vistula disagreeing with them. There were some few from the same country[1] clad in mail armour. On returning to the stand I saw a large cloud of horsemen, the Emperor and Empress and cortége riding up the line at a canter, and taking up their position opposite the stand. Another soon after appeared. This was the King of Prussia, who inspected the whole line amidst the shouting of the Russian troops, guns, and bands, etc. The Emperor then took up his position, admirably chosen, to see the Prussian army pass. Its leading column was soon seen on the brow,

[1] This is incorrect; they were Georgians, forming part of the Emperor's body-guard.

headed by the King, and it moved onward to the encampment, but in the first instance displacing the Russian cavalry, which moved round, and then the Russian army passed over the same ground, led by the Emperor of Russia, the Grand-Duke Michael, and Prince Paskéwitch. Their flags were tattered, bearing marks of Turkish, Polish, and Persian campaigns, and the officers were much decorated from these wars. Prince Paskéwitch's son, a boy of twelve years old, marched with his father's regiment, and the Emperor's younger of nine with another. When the cavalry advanced the Empress cantered past, attended by a single officer, and, as some Russian officers told me, to join her regiment; and soon she appeared, not at the head, but on the flank of the leading squadron,—her delicate features, and particularly soft expression, contrasting strangely with the grim looks of the rugged hussars, bearded like pards, who were riding at her side. After the show the royal party dined at the stand, which had been fitted up superbly with martial decorations, and those foreigners who had been presented dined with them. As this was not my case, I mounted my Russian charger, which had followed me, and galloped about the encampment, seeing the different regiments filing on the plain and up the hills to their tents. At the *table-d'hôte* here I fell in with a party of English officers, one of whom was Colonel Greenwood of the Life Guards, to whom Edward begged me to introduce myself, and he introduced me to the others, Colonel Vyse and his son, who is in the Blues, and another a Scotch baronet, who arrived from Persia in twenty-five days, having had the command of the Persian army, a very tall, stout, weather-beaten man.[1] These friends will

[1] Sir Henry Bethune. Sir John Macneill told me that he ascertained Sir Henry's height by desiring one of his staff to measure him when asleep on a bench: it was six feet eight inches. His son has just claimed successively the Earldom of Lindsay and an ancient barony.

be of great use in the military proceedings of the next fortnight. Our campaign begins next Monday, and will last fifteen days: the town is building for the firework storming.

Sunday.—As the post does not go till to-morrow morning, I will add a few lines. This morning the royal party attended service at the camp, and afterwards the Cossacks and Mussulmans performed their evolutions, to the utter wonder of our officers. The whole of this I of course lost. At two o'clock I had the honour of dining with their Majesties; it was a dinner given to the foreigners, and the English were at the head table. The hall, a very spacious one, had been raised from the ground and finished in three weeks. The Empress and King of Prussia stood close to me, talking to different people, for a long time, and I had full opportunity of studying the countenances of all the great people. The party broke up at half-past three, and I have since taken a walk in the neighbouring fields, belted by the tents in which troops from the Rhine to the Euphrates, the German Sea to the Caspian, were reposing from their long marches.

On Sunday I told you I dined with their Imperial Majesties. The Emperor, in person, is the tallest man here; his forehead is high, his countenance open, mild, and amiable, yet full of energy: the enthusiasm of the Russians in his praise is beyond all bounds, and certainly he must be one of the most extraordinary characters in Europe, conducting the business of his vast empire in person, with ease and ability, and adored by the people and the army. His great gallantry in the Turkish war has made him especially the idol of the latter. The Empress is very slight, but elegant in form, too thin; her expression is very pleasing, but she is by no means as pretty as Dawes's picture represents her; her nose is *retroussé*, and her lips too much compressed. The King of Prussia is grown much older since I saw him in England, but he retains his sombre dignity, and

seems what he is, very amiable. He is much beloved; the melancholy of his countenance yet calls to remembrance Jena and the loss of his Queen. No place was ever better calculated for the passing occurrences than this. Kalisch is the second town of Poland, situated in a long green valley watered by a small river, and on each side are the elevated plains on which the camp is placed. On Monday there was a splendid exhibition, and that day I got a very good horse, which I have secured for the whole time by the following circumstance:—I mentioned to you a Scotchman who had been commanding the Persian army arriving here, Sir Henry Bethune. He wore a green uniform and different medals, a very tall, fine-looking man; he endeavoured to get here from Warsaw without asking leave, and on Sunday morning at four o'clock he received a visit from a commissary of police, and was instantly packed off. But for my letter to General Fanshawe it is not impossible that a similar fate might have befallen me, unless the opportunity of explanation had been afforded me. I should have been much vexed to have been dismissed in this unceremonious way, and my impressions of Russian government would probably have been tinctured by the remembrance of the circumstance for life. The fact is that not a dozen Englishmen[1] are here, and that the smallness of the number is caused by the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of our coming here. I hear from Austrians and Prussians, whose authority is good, that England is now looked upon by Russia as politically opposed to her, and no one believes that we are here without political motives; however, we are personally well treated. Sir George Rose told me before I came here that we are all looked upon on

[1] The English at Kalisch were the Duke of Cumberland, who wore a Prussian uniform, and accompanied the King of Prussia; the Duke and Duchess of Gordon; Lord Douro; Colonels Fox, Greenwood, Mitchell, and Vyse; Captain Rose, 15th Hussars; Mr. Fleming, Greuadier Guards; Mr. Vyse, R.G.H.; Mr. Jones, and myself.

the Continent as spies and revolutionists. I take care on fitting occasions to avow my politics.

On Monday the scene of exhibition was an elevated plain some way from Kalisch, on which the whole army, Russians and Prussians, was drawn up in three lines. When the Emperor and Empress rode up to the front line, followed by an immense cortége of officers, the effect was very imposing. All the drums and bands struck up at once, and the shouts of the men mingled with the music. As they passed along the line the carriages containing the ladies of the Court drove close along the front of the troops, the bands playing the national air, and the men shouting. The army then marched past twice, the second time in column; and at one movement there was a very striking interval. The infantry had passed; the cavalry appeared all in column on the high ground on the left, when the Emperor rode by, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, and followed by Prince Paskéwitch, the Field-Marshal, and ordered the cavalry to advance with a magnificent voice, and the whole swept by, and the plain was completely cleared of the many thousand men who before covered it. Yesterday morning was quiet. I have hitherto dined at the *table-d'hôte* at this hotel, at which about two hundred officers dine daily, but shall today and henceforth dine with the Marshal at the Palace, where the English have ascertained that they have the privilege of dining. The dinner is in the great hall. The Princes are present, but not the Emperor. Yesterday morning the Cossacks and Mussulmans gave an entertainment near their quarters a few miles from Kalisch, and I went to it with a young Prussian nobleman of Silesia. Our becoming acquainted was very singular. I had taken his place at the *table-d'hôte*, and on giving it up to him, he said he could make room for me next to him, and spoke in such good English that I most gladly accepted his offer. He then told me he was glad of every opportunity of showing his regard

to Englishmen, as he had met with so much kindness in our country, where he had spent two years as a traveller. His name was Baron Bissing; we had a great deal of conversation; he knew us, our country, and our great people; a very intelligent young man. And it so happened that he lived in the Silesian Switzerland, or near it, whither I purposed going from hence; his invitation to his house I gladly accepted, and he tells me he will receive me one day in the dress of an English mariner and another in complete Highland costume. He has written a very ample journal, which he has been strongly urged to publish. He mentioned having had an English party with him for six weeks, who were delighted with the scenery: a Mrs. Cox who resides at Dresden. This was the very lady, I believe, and told him so, for whom I got a letter of introduction from J. Morier at Robert's request. He said she had friends at Brighton of the name of Anderson.[1] He then added that to this lady he owed his greatest happiness, for at her house he met the Polish lady whom he married, and that the match was made at Mrs. Cox's house. Well, Baron Bissing and I have grown very thick, and I hope to visit him in Silesia. We rode together at a very swinging pace; my companions were Prussians, and we were late, and on reaching the spot came up just as the Cossacks and Mussulmans were making their wild charges, and spent the evening in witnessing their extraordinary feats, which I had lost on Sunday. Their horsemanship is wonderful. One of their usual feats was to throw themselves to the ground in full gallop, hanging to the saddle only by the calf of the leg, and lifting up their hands and shaking their fists at their pursuers. A bonfire was then lighted, and the horses charged through the flame. A cap was thrown into it, and the men in full gallop threw themselves down, hanging by the calf of one

[1] Mrs. Cox was Rev. R. Anderson's aunt.

leg, and picked it up, throwing it into the air. The Cossacks and Mussulmans entertained us also with songs and dances, firing pistols in the latter; and as the scene chosen was in front of a picturesque wood with glades, the effect was quite that of a scene in a play. The Emperor was present, and towards the latter part of the evening, when he had retired, the Colonel of the Cossacks went about administering champagne, and it was poured forth in great profusion. Toasts were then proposed; the Cossacks formed an entire circle round us, firing over our heads, and all within doffed their caps and shouted. Two of the young Princes of Prussia were amongst us, and when their health was given the Russian officers seized one and literally tossed him up and down in their arms, he waving his cap; they then dragged Prince Albert off his horse and served him in the same fashion. Can you conceive so strange a scene? These young Prussian Princes are particularly fine gentlemanlike young men. I was much struck by their appearance and manner before I knew who they were. Baron Bissing was on very friendly terms with them. He introduced me to M. Suwarrow, grandson of the famous Russian General, a great favourite of the Emperor.

To-day we were entertained with a battle. The ground chosen was some miles off, where the army mustered before, and because the Prince of Würtemberg, whose cousins were present, had gained a battle here in 1812 over the French. The engagement lasted three hours: only part of the army in action. The Cossacks and Mussulmans began the attack, and the skirmishers advanced and retreated, etc. The whole line of infantry and guns then advanced. I rode to an eminence on the flank to get a complete view of the whole, when the Empress and her ladies came to the spot in their carriages, and scarcely had they taken up their position when a catastrophe occurred, which for a moment gave to the sham-fight

the horror of reality. A loud explosion took place, and a volume of smoke arose. I was not soldier enough to know what had happened, but soon perceived by the galloping of horsemen to the spot that something was wrong, and on approaching found fragments of a gun-carriage strewing the ground and smoking; a tumbril had burst, and a poor fellow was lying on the ground, his head and arm blown off, and the fragments of his clothes in a blaze, and another sitting up dreadfully scorched and hurt and in the hands of the surgeons, who hoped he would do well. This scene, whilst the guns were playing close by and the infantry were advancing, made one almost imagine what a real fight must be. It was most providential that a tumbril laden with howitzers, which was close to the gun, did not take fire, or the destruction of life would have been terrible. The animation of this scene of sham-fight was kept up in the most spirited manner, and it was heightened by the personages who were riding about in all directions. At one moment we met the Emperor and his cortége, at another the King of Prussia, etc., at another the Austrian Princes, etc. etc. When the cavalry, who were in the rear, advanced through the infantry columns, through a dense atmosphere of smoke, the effect was particularly striking: at length the army, victorious of course, reached a more elevated plain, when the Empress's carriages were seen crossing it at a gallop, and presently the army; and as soon as they reached the brow of the ridge which overlooked Kalisch they gave a general shout. The Emperor and King of Prussia had placed themselves at the head of their respective corps. I happened to be close in front of the Prussian infantry when the King came up for the purpose, and his troops shouted and struck up the national air. The troops then descended on the town: the guns firing, the infantry in column, and the cavalry on the brow or wheeling along it. The Emperor

then left the leading column, and, accompanied by his cortége, cantered into the town through a long avenue which leads to the palace, which he entered in triumph. Our officers criticised the movements of the Russian troops as too slow; but, for my part, I thought it all exceedingly fine, and, but for the fate of the unfortunate gunners, was delighted at this splendid image of war. We had as much riding almost as at a fox-chase. To-day I dined at the Marshal's at the palace; we sat down about three hundred; and this evening rode again to the camp to see the light cavalry go through their manœuvres. The weather has been most propitious. The Prussian reviews were buried in dust, but for some days before and about the commencement of those at Kalisch the rain fell heavily and laid the sand, which would almost have prevented the manœuvres being visible, and since the days have been brilliant. The evenings are given to the play, where I have two places assigned me, box and pit, gratis; but you know that this is out of my beat, and after the bustle two or three quiet hours for reading and writing are very pleasant. All will be over probably this week or Monday next. My old Light Horse Volunteer uniform has proved most serviceable; no admittance anywhere, not even to dinner, without it. The Duke and Duchess of Gordon, my courier tells me, were disappointed of the review to-day; they went in a carriage, and found that no ladies or carriages were admitted: the Duchess was with the Royal party at the review, but the order of this day was different. This week will supply a quite sufficient dose of military dissipation; it is a week, however, unique in modern history, and full of various and important interest.

Sept. 17.—I have just returned from a much grander warlike exhibition than that of yesterday. Yesterday only the army of reserve was engaged, to-day the whole. The

advances and retreatings of this body during several miles from the position which they at first occupied to the heights above Kalisch, which they stormed at the point of the bayonet, supplied an infinitely diversified magnificence of effect. The Prussians began the attack by taking a very picturesque village. Lord Douro, who is minutely observant of all the manœuvres, entered with the victorious column. The King of Prussia and the Duke of Cumberland superintended. His Royal Highness came up to me and spoke to me, asking me civil questions, etc. The next obstacle was a long line of wood, half fir, half birch, an interval between. The infantry formed a mass within it, whilst it rang with their firing, and the great guns filled up the interval; it required no great effort of imagination to suppose an enemy in front. The Prussians were driven back into this wood. I remained with them for some time in the wood, and then rode out in front, when the effect was most striking: the whole front of the wood lined with skirmishers firing, the guns playing; and as soon as I got clear of the smoke, I perceived the whole Russian army advancing towards the plain from the left. The Prussians were on the right, whilst their columns were brought up from the right, and then the whole army advanced, and after three hours won this day by taking the windmills above Kalisch. The line sometimes occupied four miles in the advance, and the day was very fine, the sun lighting up the whole scene gloriously. At one time I had ridden from the right of the line after the Prussians' storming to see the charges of the Russian cavalry on the left, and wondered where the troops were which filled up the interval, when I perceived a black line along the ridge, and found it to be the Russian skirmishers lying down, and all of a sudden I came on the Russian army covering the plain, the Emperor giving orders with the Empress at his side. It will be long before I shall

see such another kaleidoscope. To-morrow I believe the battle will assume a new form. The town[1] destined to be stormed already rears its bastions, towers, and spires over the plain, though when I arrived here not a stone of it had been laid. The troops will be pretty well fagged; yesterday many of the infantry fainted on the field.

P.M.—I am just going to the camp with Baron Bissing to see some of his Prussian friends in their tents. The fireworks, of which so much has been said, will take place to-morrow evening, and the Emperor will dine with us at the Marshal's. The great battle and the storming the town next day, Saturday, and then the winds will whistle again over the silent plains of Kalisch, unburthened with the roar of cannon and the trampling of steeds and the clang of arms. But yesterday, and this very country was deluged with blood; and Paskéwitch, who is commanding here, lost twenty thousand men against the Poles in one battle of two days, and was himself wounded, and then marched into Warsaw.

It is near midnight, and to-morrow the post goes out. I will just add a few lines descriptive of our adventures at the camp. We rode there just before dark, and hearing a band and singing and shouting in one quarter, repaired to it, and found, on mixing with the crowd of officers and men, that a Russian regiment (the King of Prussia's) was employed in entertaining the officers of the Prussian regiments combined in the same division with it. They immediately welcomed us most cordially, and explained all that was passing. The singers were Prussian, and formed the chief attraction. We then saw the Russian Colonel tossed in triumph, as I told you the Prussian Princes were served. This is considered a great honour, and little did I think I should come in for it. But they seized me, and dragging me into the midst in an instant had me aloft, all armed and

[1] The wooden town for the firework exhibition.

accoutred, till I was almost breathless, and then I received the usual salutations from Russian and Prussian officers. They were not satisfied with this, but after a loud burst of national enthusiasm rushed to me once more and gave me a second shaking. Many of the officers, both Russians and Prussians, spoke French well, and some English, and were very gentlemanlike men. The regiment is three thousand strong, and the men formed the entire circle. Champagne then went round, and then they invited us to supper. The Emperor erected a grand building, which I have mentioned, and here the officers of this combined corps are privileged to dine and sup, about two hundred in number. The walls are decorated with arms, and inscribed with all the names of the battles in which the Russians and Prussians served together. Nothing can exceed the enthusiastic affection of the Russian and Prussian officers for each other.[1] After dinner we adjourned to a tent for punch and smoking; the latter I never partake of, and we remained here till past eleven. The Russian officers would not allow that their men were fatigued to-day, though they marched and manœuvred from three in the morning till three in the afternoon without any refreshment. The men who fainted yesterday were Prussians; an English officer was with them and saw

[1] I ascertained afterwards, and indeed it became universally known, that the object of the Emperor in bringing the Russian and Prussian troops together, that of producing attachment between them, failed; the Prussian officers were disgusted with the comparative severity of the Russian discipline (not a cane or a blow being permitted to the Prussian officers, whereas the Russian soldiers receive a liberal allowance of corporal punishment), and with the coarseness of the fare of the Russian troops. The mutual civility of the Russian and Prussian officers, and cordiality at entertainments, were quite compatible with this feeling. A formidable row broke out between the Russian and Prussian soldiers, which was just quelled in time.

The Russian soldiers sought the help of the Prussians owing to the partial failure of their commissariat, which was visited on two of the officers of that department, who were sent in consequence to Siberia.

them fall out; so that I must not raise Fanshawe's wrath by insinuating that they were Russians.

Fürstentein, in Silesia, Sept. 23, 1835.—I left Kalisch yesterday, returning to Breslau, and arrived here to-day, exchanging the bustle of that place for the sequestered recesses of the Silesian Switzerland. This house is a good inn, with a handsome portico, the appendage to a most beautiful place belonging to Count Holberg. It resembles Blaise Castle, but on a far grander scale, and in parts exceedingly Hawkstone, having a red castle[1] frowning over a deep ravine, and a walk just like that under the terrace. The old castle is an extensive pile, and the house a huge mass of building. A small river runs through it. This country is called from its beauty by the name which I have given to it, and will occupy me a week probably, including my visit to Baron Bissing and a friend to whom he has introduced me. I brought my proceedings in my last to Thursday: next day the English all received notice that they were to be presented, and we all, the Duke of Gordon, etc., took our post where we were instructed to be, in the covered passage leading from the palace to the dinner-hall. The Emperor and Empress passed us, bowing[2] to all, but

[1] This I discovered afterwards to be a sham castle, the best imitation possible when seen at a distance. The interior of it is fitted up in admirable conformity to ancient style, and the approach to it is by a drawbridge.

[2] The Duke of Gordon, to whom and to the Duchess the Emperor was personally very civil, said afterwards that the Emperor and Empress did not even bow on this occasion.

May 1856.—General Fox told me that the slight was in consequence of his having been ascertained to have joined the Polish Association, and that the Emperor included all the English present to avoid more decided personality. General Fox added, that having been officially appointed to ride by the side of the Emperor's carriage when he visited England, he took the opportunity of avenging the offence by taking no notice of his Imperial Majesty, and by omitting the expected ceremony of leaving his name at his door. Had Mr. Greville been aware of the real circumstances of this affair, he would not have cast an unmerited imputation on the Duke of Wellington.

speaking to none. And this we were afterwards assured was a presentation, the Emperor disliking form and ceremony. They dined with us, and after dinner their Imperial Majesties spoke to several persons, several of the Austrians, but noticed not one of us. Lord Douro and the other English were rather disgusted at this apparent slight. I have been assured the Emperor meant nothing, and that on the contrary he is fond of the English. However, taking all things into consideration, and especially what I have been told by Austrians and Prussians, I can scarcely avoid supposing that his Imperial Majesty was not at all anxious to show that he was glad to see us. This I must however acknowledge, that he provided for us a magnificent spectacle, horses, if we chose to avail ourselves of them, a dinner daily, and the best company, places at the theatre for those who chose to go there, and a billet, of which unluckily I knew nothing till after my lodgings were secured at a heavy price. And I have come away from Russia as much impressed with the power, imperial bearing, and amiable, unaffected manners of the Emperor as once a certain friend of ours was with the wisdom of our King. In the evening we had the exhibition of fireworks, which has been so long the talk of Europe. I told you before that the Emperor had erected a grand hall with towers, etc., commanding a view of the whole camp. This, the theatre, the dining-hall, etc., have all sprung up at his decree. From hence the spectacle was displayed to all possible advantage. The destruction of the mushroom town was certainly a most splendid affair, and realised more completely the wild magnificence of one of Martin's pictures than anything of the kind which I ever saw. As soon as the uproar and conflagration ceased, the whole camp appeared illuminated with Bengal fires. But one of the most striking parts of the whole of this exhibition was on the appearance of the initials of the King of Prussia, when the exquisite

hymn, which the soldiers are never tired of singing, was sung by a vast multitude of them, the guns keeping time; the effect of this was really beyond description. When the crowd had departed, Baron Bissing and I remained to sup with our friends of the combined corps, who had taken charge of our horses, and we sat down with a hundred of them. The tossing which these gentlemen honoured me with was confined to the Russians, and I find was really intended as the very highest compliment,[1] which, as they knew nothing of me but my name, may be fairly considered as intended for the English army. The Prussian newspapers spoke of the similar distinction conferred on their Princes, which I mention to you. At five next morning Kalisch was roused by the bands of the Prussian cavalry and artillery passing through to another scene of action, and about nine we were all hotly engaged a few miles from the town. The manœuvres of this day were more interesting, as the ground was much more broken, ravines to be passed, and a small river, height, etc., and lastly Kalisch itself taken by storm, and not a hair of the head or chin of one of the four thousand Jews who inhabit it singed or hurt! I formed this day the acquaintance of one of the most remarkable men here, Sir James Wylie, an old Scotchman, head of the medical staff of the Russian army, who has been forty-six years in the Russian service, has been rewarded by five Emperors, seven Kings, etc., and is a perfect treasury of information; he has served in all the Russian campaigns, and dressed the wounds or attended the death of most of the distinguished men who have suffered in war: he was with Alexander in his dying hours. My first sight of him was

[1] This is an honour conferred by the Russian officers almost solely on royal and very distinguished personages. The German papers resounded its having been paid to the Prussian Princes over Europe. It proved decisively, what I found everywhere, the very great regard of the Russian officers to the English.

in chase; whilst the army was popping away on its unseen foe, an unfortunate hare appeared making for the line, pursued by an old officer covered with orders, and his orderly, a Don Cossack. The hare sought refuge under some guns, but instantly doubled at a discharge from the said pieces, and at length fell a victim to his persecutors. The old doctor caught a brace. This was an exemplification of the Archbishop of Dublin's observation, which I heard from him lately, "A Scotchman is like a robin: the robin is found everywhere, and no sooner do you turn up a worm in your garden, than down comes a robin upon it." Little did I think at the memorable hare hunt at Worthing that the next which I should see would be in Poland. Sir James and I scraped acquaintance soon after, and we rode together for a long time, during which he conversed very pleasantly, talking broad Scotch, and unfortunately thinking it necessary to show that he had not forgotten his native oaths. His principal business was to pick up the soldiers who fainted—an occurrence, when seventy thousand men were manœuvring for many hours, which could not be avoided. The Emperor rode by, and called to him in a loud voice in English whether all was right,—any accident? Happily, except the explosion which I before mentioned to you, nothing has gone wrong. This, however, proved more fatal than I was at the time aware of, one poor fellow having been literally blown to atoms, as not a vestige of him has been discovered. The storming of the heights of Scavange was confided to poor Marshal Diebitsch's regiment. He was the hero of the Turkish war, but failing in the Polish died of vexation and cholera, and then Paskéwitch's star became lord of the ascendant. He is the idol of the army; a man of middle stature, a fine countenance, but the expression is impaired by his mouth being always open. He is very studious, so much so that it was thought in his younger

days that he would never be fit for active service, so absorbed was he in his studies: these were, however, military. He has commissioned Baron Bissing to procure for him at any price, for the work is very rare, the *Reveries* of Marshal Saxe. At the top of the heights just mentioned, which I ascended with the troops,[1] I found the Duke of Cumberland, who renewed his conversation with me, and discovering that I was on the right side in politics, opened on this topic. He spoke much of Lord Roden, from whom, by the bye, he had heard, he told me, of my coming to Kalisch, and that Lord Roden had returned to the Continent, imagining that he was losing the use of his legs; this I trust will prove but an imagination, for certainly Lord Roden's legs are public property.

The closing scene of this day was animating beyond description, as it was got up most admirably. The several divisions of the army converged to Kalisch, and judging from the firing approaching the town that the troops were about to enter, I hastened to the avenue before mentioned, and found the column of guards just on the point of advancing. The Emperor was there, and, waving to the officers about him to withdraw to a recess by the roadside, placed himself at the head of the guards, and advanced *pas de charge, i.e.* at a running pace, shouting: the view from the bridge of this column pressing forward, the river flowing through wooded banks, and the guns playing above, produced a splendid scene. Regiment after regiment entered, till the whole square before the palace, and the streets leading to it, exhibited one dense mass of troops cheering the Emperor, who presented himself

[1] General Fanshawe had the command of the storming party, consisting of Diebitsch's regiment, 3000 strong. The General beckoned to me and invited me to accompany him. We mounted a very steep height, followed chiefly by the charging Russians, and found at the top our prisoners, the Emperor and Empress, and a brilliant royal and other staff. The Duke of Cumberland came up to me and rode about with me, conversing very affably.

at the balcony. In the evening Sir James Wylie showed me his hospital, and I drank tea with him. Next day, Sunday, there was a ball after the play at the palace, and Monday some partial manœuvres were to take place, but most of the officers had gone. On Sunday at the Marshal's there was a very small party, and all the English left that or the preceding day. I must not forget an instance of Russian civilisation. Sir James at the hospital found a poor soldier reading a book; he begged to see it; it turned out to be a Russian prose translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.* I wished much to be able to ask the learned soldier his opinion of it. The number of sick is considerable: two thousand out of sixty thousand Russians—one in thirty. I saw at the hospital the poor fellow who was wounded by the bursting of the tumbril. He was just beginning to see, and there was good hope of his recovery. . .

Sept. 26, *Warmbrunnen.*—On my way here from Fürstenstein, which occupied nearly two days, the only remarkable object was the rocks of Adersbach in Bohemia, within the Austrian territory. The mountains are at this place literally broken by the action of the water into fragments and clusters of rock, and a pass affords an inlet into the extraordinary and stupendous scenery which they exhibit. I never saw any inland scenery resembling it. On the coast we see similar effects of a much less various and extensive description produced by the sea. From this place, Warmbrunnen, much resorted to for its sulphur baths and the scenery in its neighbourhood, the highest parts of the Silesian mountain rise in full display, much overtopped by Snaekoppen. On the evening of my arrival I made my first excursion to them, ascending to the castle of Kienast, a very striking ruin, with a romantic tale attached to it. You will find it in Russell's *Letters on Germany,* which have much interested me, and would gratify you much if you have not read them. Lord Aberdeen told me they contained the best

account of Vienna which he had seen. Yesterday and to-day have been pretty well occupied in a laborious expedition over the mountains. We ascended the river Sacken through exquisite scenery, and crossed over the range to a wild moor to visit the source of the Elbe, of which I made a sketch. We saw several waterfalls, one of the Elbe included; but the sublime is sadly desecrated by the practice which they have here of damming them up to increase the water. A man who resides at a châlet near the fall of the Elbe is employed in thus imprisoning the giant river almost on his starting from his cradle. A long walk of eleven hours, including much climbing, at least thirty miles, brought us to a small farm-house near the base of the highest summit of Snaekoppen, where we passed the night on hay. It is gratifying, and should be a subject of thankfulness, to find that I can on a pinch make such journeys and eat a very hearty dinner afterwards. Bouchillon, who began as a Swiss by holding the Silesian mountaineers very cheap, was quite knocked up, though he had nothing to carry, and could not eat a morsel; but on my recommendation he swallowed a tumbler of hot wine, and was quite fresh this morning. We were off soon after daybreak to-day, and saw nearly all that could be seen from Snaekoppen, a map. Seldom have I seen a mountain less worth ascending, though there is one fine chasm of rocks. I stay here on Sunday. Count Schaffgotsch, the lord of all this country, was absent when first I came, but was to return yesterday.

Sept. 29.—This is not a post-town, and therefore having kept the letter I will add a few lines. Yesterday and to-day I have spent with Count Schaffgotsch, and found him a very amiable, pleasing young man. His Countess I have not had the good fortune to see, as she is laid up with a severe contusion of the ankle. She is daughter of General Ziethen, nephew of Frederick the Great's famous cavalry officer. Her father the Emperor of Russia has just invited to accom-

pany him on a tour of inspection in Russia to see the military colonies—two thousand seven hundred miles. The Counts Holberg of Fürstentein and Schaffgotsch, and a third, are the three most ancient families of Silesia, having been established since the thirteenth century. The third has gone to decay. Count Schaffgotsch has immense possessions, all the range of mountains opposite, several towns, castles, etc., and yet such was his grandfather's taste that he chose to build the château in which he lives in the street of Warmbrunnen, a huge pile of building. Yesterday, after dinner, he took me a drive, and to-day was at my door at six A.M. to convey me to Fischbach, the seat of Prince William, brother of the King of Prussia, placed in a hole surrounded with water in the midst of splendid scenery, and the approach to it through a common farm-yard. I met at dinner at the Count's to-day a very pleasant Baron, who remembered Frederick the Great. The Count is a Catholic. In this part of Silesia the Catholics and Protestants are about equal, the latter rather more numerous; in every village there are two churches, and as there is no establishment the ministers are very poor. The Count says the profligacy of Berlin exceeds that of the other German capitals, which are all very bad. He says the same of Breslau, his capital, where he spends the winter, having a house there, and which is more frequented than Berlin.

Dresden, Oct. 12, 1835.—You have had my journal regularly if the post has been faithful: my last brought you to Warmbrunnen, which I was leaving. And next day I proceeded to Baron Bissing's at Beerberg, travelling thirty miles in a direct line over a fertile country on Count Schaffgotsch's property. Providence disposes kindly for us: I was by no means well, having got a severe cold, lost my appetite, shiverings, etc., and some appearance of a fever, and found it necessary to stay for a day or two, and instead of a wretched bed at a comfortless inn, which might have been my fate, found myself at once in a most agreeable quarter,

where everything that I wanted was supplied. My friend Baron Adolphus Bissing was still absent, but his family most kindly received me, and during the week which I spent with them they really seemed to make it their business to contribute in every possible way to my comfort and pleasure; and now you shall make their acquaintance. The old Baron, the father, received me at the door; he is a fine old man, six feet two inches, of a dignified countenance, but most amiable expression and disposition. The Baroness is a most lively person, full of animation, but what we should consider somewhat vulgar. The young Baroness Adolphe, my friend's wife, and whom it was his great ambition to show me, is really all that he described her: she is a very pretty little person, elegant, unaffected and accomplished—a Pole; and her father and mother, the former a Catholic, since the Polish revolution have resided altogether here. We had two pretty young Silesian ladies, and some others, and a younger son of the Baron's in the army; nor must I forget an old lady with a beard, the sister of the Baron's, of a most humorous countenance, and the friend of everybody, who took me under her immediate patronage on my entering the house, and made it her incessant study to watch and discover, by observation the most vigilant and minute, and by cross-questioning the most indefatigable, every possible taste which I had brought from England; my room was no security against my kind tormentress, and no degree of déshabille deterred her from her duty. The first night I had warm water for my feet, and the consequence was a storm from the old lady, and indeed from the whole house, as such an application for a cold is considered in Silesia as almost fatal. Next day the Baroness arrived and sent me an ointment, with which I was to encase my stomach and then place flannel upon it. And, though I could touch nothing, every dish was sent in and passed under my nose, the old lady insisting upon it, and having previously enumerated

the bill of fare. A day or two set me up. The habits of the family were regular: no regular breakfast, every one breakfasting in his own room; at two, after walking or reading, etc., we dined, and had tea in the evening, and supper. The ladies worked much and in different kinds. The society of the neighbourhood is numerous, and the people simple in their habits; excepting members of the old families, some go to Breslau in the winter, and of the Silesians some to Berlin. They visit one another without ceremony, and sometimes vary their social amusements and employments with music and occasional dancing. The country about is picturesque, and young Baron Adolphus has opened the scenery of a river by walks, which is beautiful, though the wretched taste of the country has marred it, as he has inscribed the names of the valley, etc., in gilded letters on the rocks, and dedicated the river to his young wife, in whose honour rocks were blown up, etc.

The old Baron and Baroness have visited England, and her account of her travels was not a little amusing. The Baron is beloved in the country; he acts as a magistrate, and seems the father of his people. I will give you a trait of him. He suffered much from the French; they destroyed ten thousand pounds worth of his property after the battle of Jena; they ransacked one of his seats, and in 1812 another, and in this last despoiled him of three services of plate, all his old valuable china, some thousands of bottles of wine, broke his pier-glasses and all his furniture that was worth destroying. My old tormentress was sole occupant of the house at the time, and being a woman of great courage, witnessed the whole desolation, and afterwards entertained Marshal Marmont at dinner and showed him the grounds. The old Baron for seven years commanded a regiment of Landwehr (militia of his own neighbourhood), and fought his way from Russia to Paris, and when he entered France he was commanding the advanced guard of his division; yet, though

plunder was the order of the day, as I can testify from my recollection of the Prussian march through France, he would not, as I formerly mentioned, suffer his men to take anything which they did not pay for. He felt no vengeance; he told me that he considered the depredations of the French as a judgment of God on the nation for its sins, and on entering their country his object was the discharge of his duty. From the Poles I heard much melancholy narration of the revolution and its consequences. A Polish lady of Warsaw knew Count Krasinski very well, and said that he was of a very good family, and always lived in the best society at Warsaw; that he was as much esteemed for the goodness of his disposition and the respectability of his character as for his learning; that there was not a fragment of his character (to use her own expression) that was not perfectly respectable, and that his only fault was that he brought on a premature old age by excessive study.[1]

On Sunday there was a grand fête some miles off, a harvest-home of the peasants, which the better classes joined, and urgent were the efforts to get me to it on the plea that it was a religious ceremony. Well, at two o'clock, after hearing a very impressive sermon, all the party met at dinner, and immediately afterwards, save the Baron, his old sister, and myself, departed in high glee, and spent the whole evening in dancing; and at two next morning, when five miles from home, their coachman, who had not been behind-hand in desecrating the Sabbath, turned the carriage containing the two Baronesses, the two pretty young Silesians, and a wizen old Saxon lady into a ditch, happily without injuring any of them much; but they had five miles to walk home. Next morning the old Baroness, when she saw me, broke out vehemently, and declared that the

[1] Author of the History of the Polish Reformation, etc. He ended his days at Edinburgh, having been much esteemed. Lord Murray erected a monument over his grave.

accident had been a judgment on them, and that they never would do the like again. The inconsistency of spending the morning of Sunday at church and the evening dancing these people seem aware of, and the young officer blamed the ladies for going to church, observing that when he went to balls on Sunday he did not go to church. But amongst the Lutherans the Sunday evening is as much desecrated as amongst the Catholics, and the little religion amongst them may be fully explained by this practice. Leaving my very kind and hospitable friends at Beerberg, I crossed the mountains again, visiting the old castle of Friedland (Schiller's Wallenstein's) to Prague, reaching it in two days: some fine scenery on the road. On approaching Prague I saw some sign of troops, and leaving my carriage found an Austrian regiment of cuirassiers drawn up, and immediately afterwards the Emperors of Austria and Russia passed me close in carriages to review them. Prague was in imperial bustle. A noble city it is; nothing in Europe to compare with it; Dresden is a mere toy to it; ancient, majestic, a city of palaces, and picturesque in every possible form of conception, the Moldau rolling through it. We had a review of artillery next day, at which I saw the old Archduke Charles, whom I had a curiosity to see. Poor ex-King Charles X. and the Duchess of Angoulême had left the castle to make room for more prosperous Princes. From Prague I came hither in twenty-three hours, breakfasting at Töplitz, just deserted by its royal occupants, and here we are a strong body of English: Sir James [1] and Lady Parke and daughter, with whom I have passed this day; Edmund Phipps, whom I found at Prague, and with whom I go to the Saxon Switzerland, and several others, Vivian amongst the rest. The pictures are the chief object here, and it is probable I may remain here a week and reach England probably at the end of the month—the time proposed.

[1] Lord Wensleydale.

CHAPTER VIII.

1836.

DURHAM—BAMBOROUGH.

In 1836 an excursion along the eastern coasts included a visit to Durham, in compliance with a kind invitation which I had received from the Bishop of Chester, Sumner, then a prebendary in residence. His delightfully situated mansion overlooked the river from a lofty eminence. On my arrival I was surprised by finding a considerable gathering, on the occasion of the enthronisation of Bishop Maltby, who succeeded Dr. Van Mildert, the last of his predecessors in the See who had held the office of Count or Prince Palatine of Durham.[1]

Bishop Van Mildert's habits were conventual rather than baronial. It was however his good fortune to sustain the importance of his yet princely See on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott partaking of his

[1] The Episcopate had been thus stripped of what was princely in its revenues as well as dignity. The annual income had been reduced from a comparatively fabulous amount nominally to £8000, but by an improvident bargain on the part of the Church Commissioners, whereby Bishop Maltby, instead of receiving, as he proposed, that sum secured to him, was compelled to raise it from the property settled on the See, paying a certain stipulated amount to the Commissioners, and eventually, in consequence of its increased value, realised in a single year as much as £15,000. Dean Waddington and the prebendaries profited largely by a similar arrangement.

hospitality in the hall of the Castle. Sir Walter, guest of Lord Ravensworth, as they approached the city, in reference to some gloomy prognostications to which his host had given vent, exclaimed, pointing to the Castle, as his ear caught the sound of the bell, "The old cock is still crowing on the hill." As this visit occurred in 1829, and the honour and emoluments of the See remained intact for several years afterwards, whilst the University was not instituted much sooner, it must remain a mystery what "coming events cast their shadows before" the mighty magician's prophetic glance.

The immediate predecessor of the learned and excellent Dr. Van Mildert was Dr. Barrington, of the noble house that bears his name. The official state, of which principal part devolved on him, became well the nobility of his demeanour and character. He kept up, as far as he could compatibly with modern usage, the ancient ceremonial of his Palatinate. It was said, whether truly or not, that at his state banquets the salt continued to distinguish the upper from the lower table. At his dinners at his house in Hanover Square he was scrupulously observant of early hours. As he was on very friendly terms with my father, and his zealous coadjutor in support of the Bible Society, I shared his invitations. Aware of his extreme punctuality, I endeavoured to make a point of arriving in due time on my first dining with him, but most unexpectedly found myself ushered into the dining-room, where all the other guests were assembled standing round the table in their appointed places, waiting till the clock struck five, when we sat down. The Bishop expressed no displeasure. He died at the advanced age of ninety-one, in 1826, fond to the last of imparting to others the secret of his longevity; taking his usual exercise, whether walking or riding, till long after his eightieth year, strictly regular as to hours, always leaving off his meals with an

appetite, and wooing sleep by the soothing tones of a musical snuff-box placed by his bedside.

In proof of his candour may be mentioned the following trait. On my father happening in the course of conversation to allude to the charge brought against Sir Francis Sykes, of having caused the terrible Indian Famine of 1769, of which he himself had been an eye-witness, adding incontestable evidence of its falsity, supplied by the fact of Sir Francis having left India long before the occurrence of the calamity, and the utter impossibility of any purchase of rice, as imputed to him, having conduced to it, the Bishop expressed his surprise, avowed that he had not visited Sir Francis, though his neighbour, under the impression of his guilt, and now, convinced that it was unfounded, would take the earliest opportunity of repairing his neglect. The Bishop was a widower. The lady who sat at the top of his table was adopted by himself and Mrs. Barrington under affecting circumstances, having been the child of the widow of an officer who died after giving birth to it at an inn near to the episcopal residence. She had taken charge of the Bishop's establishment since Mrs. Barrington's death.

The Bishop's bestowment of his patronage was well known to be most exemplary. The recipients of the vast prebendal wealth at his disposal were eminent Churchmen of different schools. The admirable portrait of one of his nominees, the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, in Durham College Hall, does justice to the drollery which beamed from his countenance, ever mingled with his graver thought. He refused a golden stall when first offered to him, but subsequently accepted it in consequence of having sustained a severe pecuniary loss. His habits were retired, but did not interfere with his exercise of genial hospitality at Yoxall Lodge, in Needwood Forest, his constant residence. He had rescued a considerable tract of this ancient domain from

depredation, and had so protected and encouraged the wild growth of the oaks and hollies by which it was overgrown, that it would be impossible to conceive a more happy exemplification of the success of skill without effort of the *ars celare artem*. *A Walk in the Forest*, the title of a volume of his poems which passed through several editions, ere brighter luminaries obscured the lustre of his genius, inspired by the surrounding scenery, revealed his pictorial yet more than his poetical talents, whilst by his ordinary conversation, as he acted as his own cicerone, his companion derived novel and unceasing instruction. A painter in oils of no ordinary power, he could supply hints to Glover on the treatment of reflected light from which the foremost water-colour draughtsman of his day derived, as he avowed, more benefit than from the whole of his own previous study and experience. Mr. Gisborne's manipulation of that portion of the Forest which he had taken in hand was so masterly, that when the Commissioners were sent to report on the general state of the surrounding royal woodlands, with a view to naval requirements, they were directed in the first instance to consult the well-skilled pioneer by whom so much of it had been so successfully redeemed. When questioned by them as to the proposed thinning, he observed in his own quiet way, "My advice is, that before you begin the operation you should cut down every other tree." Most happily did the Chapter of Durham turn his talents to account by giving him a *carte-blanche* to lay out the walks on the richly wooded river-banks opposite the city.

Of Mr. Gisborne's once celebrated prose works, of his eloquence on the platform as well as the pulpit, of the opportune seclusion afforded by Yoxall Lodge to Wilberforce and other eminent guests, when the preparation of some philanthropic scheme required their uninterrupted attention, and

of his own longing for the enjoyment of his rural retreat when occasionally entangled in the labyrinth of cosmopolitan engagements, Sir James Stephen has spoken with his usual felicity.

And no one who had not accompanied Mr. Gisborne in his walks could realise the enjoyment afforded by his conversation, suggested at every turn by his thorough appreciation and well-sketched appropriation of the varied beauties of scenery which he had rescued from neglect or spoliation.

On visiting the Castle I perceived a very good-looking dignitary of the Church ascending the staircase, the Bishop-elect, Dr. Maltby, who must have surveyed the lordly precincts of the principality of his predecessors with other feelings than theirs. His enthronisation followed. The prebendaries received him in the nave of the Cathedral. By a curious coincidence, the foremost in the procession, the Bishop of Chester, wore a wig, whilst the Durham prelate availed himself of the liberty in this respect assumed by others of his order.

During the following festivities Bishop Maltby was Bishop Sumner's guest, friendly and very agreeable. But prebendal hospitality was not confined to the precincts of Durham. The trustees of the magnificent charity of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, had restored the keep of Bamborough Castle, so as to render it a most comfortable residence, whilst the surrounding buildings supplied ample room for servants and horses. It was occupied in turn chiefly by Durham prebendaries and their families. The Bishop of Chester, recollecting that it chanced to be now vacant, suggested my availing myself of the excellent opportunity of seeing the Castle and neighbourhood. During two days I was sole tenant of this ancient stronghold, as my servant's quarters were distant. My apartments were spacious and lofty, the

dining-room on the first floor, and the library on the second containing 5000 volumes. My bedroom was aloft in a turret overlooking the sea. The lustre of a bright moon illuminating the recesses of the staircase, and of the long passage which led to it, harmonised well with the structure of a bygone age and its historical associations. The prebendal boat conveyed me to the Farne Islands. Each of these, it was said, was appropriated as a breeding-place for distinct species of wild-fowl, abstaining from mutual interference. The chief object of interest was the light-house, erected on the farthest of the group; and still greater would have been the pleasure of contemplating the children of the man in charge of it, named Darling, could I have foreseen the destined celebrity of one of them.

The preceding were not, I recollect, the only opportunities of enjoying Bishop Sumner's kindly suggestions and aids in sight-seeing. I found him on one occasion in a railway carriage bound for Crewe on episcopal duty. He intended walking from the station, bag in hand, containing his canonical habiliments, some miles to his destination, and returning the same day to Chester. Much did he commend the facility of diocesan visitations afforded to Bishops by the railway, contrasting with his own trifling expenses the cost to his predecessor Dr. Law, who travelled for the identical purpose proposed by himself, in his carriage, drawn by four horses, the post-boys clad in his livery, and was obliged to pass a night away from home. I have heard Bishop Sumner's comparatively unceremonious mode of proceeding blamed as undignified, and no less censure expended on Archbishop Musgrave, who would "stride" some miles "over the stiles to church," as substitute for an incapacitated incumbent, instead of driving in his carriage and four, as did his more aristocratic predecessor on similar occasions. The Bishop

induced me to accompany him so far as Crewe, whence having introduced me to the noble owner, who gratified me by showing me his beautifully restored mansion and pictures, —alas! afterwards the prey of flames,—he trudged forward on his solitary pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IX.

1837-41.

PARLIAMENT—WILLIAM IV.—GENERAL ELECTION OF 1837—MARYLEBONE ELECTIONS OF 1837 AND 1838—ASPECT OF HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER GENERAL ELECTION—LORD MELBOURNE'S ADMINISTRATION—WEAKNESS—FINANCIAL MISMANAGEMENT—APPROPRIATION CLAUSE—RESIGNATION AND RETURN TO POWER OF MINISTERS—PRIVILEGE QUESTION—VALUE OF PARLIAMENTARY WORK—NEED OF INDEPENDENT ACTION.

My Parliamentary reminiscences were revived or supplied by my becoming a member of the House of Commons in March 1838.

The demise of William IV. in 1837 caused the dissolution of Parliament to which I owed my seat. The King's previous official career had not tended to diminish the prevailing distrust of his fitness for the exercise of Royal authority.[1]

The King's restlessness on his accession to the throne was alarming. Daily a string of Royal carriages conveyed his Majesty on some newly arranged expedition. And he was

[1] His random display of short-lived power on one occasion inflicted much annoyance on my friend Admiral Morier, brother of the well-known diplomatist, who having brought his ship with much credit through a severe storm into the Thames, was severely censured, whilst he was on shore, for its condition, the Lord High Admiral going on board ere he had time to clean and refit. Morier could get no redress.

with difficulty dissuaded from a visit on which he had been bent to the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. Notwithstanding the annoying result of his escapade at Plymouth, when his interference with the dress and drill of a regiment was the immediate occasion of his removal from his high naval post, he evinced a strong predilection for military affairs and minute knowledge of the services of regiments. On presenting colours to one of the regiments of Guards he went so far back in his review as to introduce Julius Cæsar, who was subsequently believed by many of the men to have been the first Colonel. I was present at his inspection of the Blues in the barrack-yard of the regiment. When walking down the line he looked so quaintly into the face of every one of the troopers that they could scarcely help laughing, and more especially when, instead of attending to some manœuvre, he took his own body-guard in hand and gave them orders to advance and retreat in rapid succession, till Colonel Hill ran up and requested to know what his Majesty would wish to have done. He made himself particularly agreeable, it was said, to the officers at the mess lunch. But the Highland regiments would perhaps have resented, as offending their prejudices, a scheme on which he was bent awhile, in opposition to the strenuous remonstrances of the Horse Guards,—the erection of a column in Windsor Park in commemoration of the victory of Culloden!

Time, place, persons, and circumstances exercised little influence on his Majesty's utterances.

At the funeral of the Duke of York, when appearing in the procession as chief mourner, he observed some one in the crowd whom he thought he recognised, and directed the officer of the Blues who walked by his side as a guard of honour to ascertain who he was. It proved to be Alderman Sir Charles Flower, who had had the misfortune to supply bad cheese, by contract, to the navy when his Royal High-

ness was afloat, and who now catching up and repeating the name, exclaimed aloud, "I wish he was as rotten as the cheese he sent to the navy!"

When the King selected Colonel Cornwall of the Coldstream Guards as a suitable travelling companion to Prince George of Cambridge, he understood that the young officer resided with his mother, and thinking that she might feel reluctant to part with her son, considerately repaired to her house to ascertain her feeling on the subject of the proposed plan. Mrs. Cornwall was sitting alone when his Majesty was announced. The dignified daughter of Lord Gardner, an Admiral of the King's early naval standing, was not in the least discomposed by the unexpected royal visit, till her sense of propriety and religious feelings were startled by the first words which he addressed to her, "What a * * * * pretty room you have got!"

The influence of his admirable Queen had a salutary effect in reforming the King's language. To a friend of mine, to whom he was exhibiting the pictures at Windsor, he uttered an oath on coming to a blank space from which a valuable one had been purloined by a foreign artist, who had thus abused permission to copy it, observing at the same time that, had the Queen been present, he would not have used the expression.

It was perhaps owing partly to Queen Adelaide's domestic as well as public virtues that she owed the universal admiration of her worth; I may remark in proof that the long numerously attended dinners of the Metropolitan Licensed Victuallers, at which I was present when in Parliament, loud as were the acclamations attesting the loyalty of the assembled guests on the proposal of the Queen's health, yet more remarkable was the still more cordial enthusiasm which invariably greeted that of the Queen-Dowager.

The King was especially unreserved in his intercourse with or in the presence of foreign ambassadors and other magnates. When speechifying on some military occasion in Hyde Park, he so far forgot the distinguished naval career of our martial neighbours as to designate them as the "cowardly Dutch." And at a dinner at Windsor he excited no little surprise by asking an officer of the Household Cavalry whether he was not looking forward to a brush with the French, assuring him of the probability of one, though we were at that time on very friendly terms with our old antagonists. Foreigners no doubt made considerable allowance for the sailor-King's early and late frank disregard of conventional observances. The American minister at Stockholm assured me that when, as Prince William, the King visited the United States in the capacity of a young naval officer, he was looked upon by the natives as one of the least favourable specimens of our countrymen who had ever landed on their shores.

On the death of George IV., the managers of the Mendicity Society requested me, as Chairman of their Board, to propose to his successor, through the customary channel, his acceptance of the office of Patron, thereby vacant. His Majesty's answer was to this effect, and I believe in the following terms: "That he should have much pleasure in accepting the office of Patron of our Society, but was unable to subscribe to its funds, as he had a large family, and the country would not give him the means of maintaining them."

Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne under auspicious circumstances. The disadvantage of her youth was soon compensated for by her marriage. Her personal popularity was evinced on that occasion, as well as on that of her coronation. In her husband she realised the signal benefit of a sound adviser, in her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, that of a well-informed instructor, and in the Duke of

Wellington the mainstay of a confidential friend. Her retention of the ladies of her household, involving that of her tottering Ministry, reduced her to the disagreeable dilemma of being the main cause of its persistent continuance in office, implicating not only its own credit and stability, but also that of the Constitution.

Some years previously to the general election in 1837, meeting Macaulay, when calling at the house of one of his relatives, I found him on the very eve of making his celebrated speech on the Reform Bill. He was full of his mighty theme, rehearsing some of his most effective arguments. There was none on which he seemed to dwell with so much confidence, reiterating it as he accompanied me downstairs to the door of the house at the conclusion of my visit, as that the due representation of parties would be insured by the return of Conservatives for such burghs as those of the West End of London and Brighton. "Look," he said, "at the squares and main streets as you pass, and you may infer from the stateliness of their dwellings the politics of their Parliamentary representatives." And yet, so far from his anticipation being justified by the event, during forty-three years succeeding the Reform Act, but one Conservative was returned for any newly-created metropolitan burgh, and it chanced to be the individual whom he was addressing.

Notwithstanding the seemingly irretrievable defeats sustained by the Conservative cause in Marylebone, hopes of rescuing the burgh from the thraldom of Radicalism were not relinquished; and with a view to more effectual reorganisation the Loyal and Constitutional Association was instituted. In compliance with a requisition from the electors I became a candidate. As more than two years elapsed ere we had an opportunity of trying our strength, the interval was diligently employed by Conservative committees in our burgh, as well as throughout the kingdom, in reinforc-

ing and inspiriting their partisans, especially in conformity to Sir Robert Peel's advice in making effectual use of the Registration Courts. Meetings were held in the principal cities, whilst in the metropolis the principal theatres resounded with outbursts of enthusiastic loyalty.

The electors of Marylebone were not behind-hand. I attended meetings in every district of the burgh, and again just before each of my two elections.

Our local Radicalism was assailed in its stronghold, the vestry of Marylebone, which had indulged in such legislative freaks as to constitute itself a parochial parliament, fit and encouraging precedent for similar assumption of authority by chambers of agriculture and the like. But the notoriety thus acquired by its orators gave publicity to the pure Cockney into which the greater part of them transformed the mother tongue, much due to the fidelity of the reports of the *Morning Herald*, which sorely exasperated the victims of its unflinching portraiture. The vestry was further rudely handled by the publication of a small octavo volume, entitled "The History of the Marylebone Loyal and Constitutional Association."

Not a single Conservative was returned at the general election in 1837 for any metropolitan burgh, old or new. Sir F. Burdett preferred the quieter representation of Wiltshire to another contest for Westminster, relinquishing the desperate enterprise to the unsuccessful gallantry of the Duke of Wellington's distinguished lieutenant, Sir George Murray. Three of our candidates, all of whom save myself were Liberals, went to the poll,—Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, Sir Samuel Whalley, and Sir William Home, a distinguished lawyer. Lord Nugent and one or two others withdrew. Our agent, W. Scadding, a solicitor in good practice, was a man of mark, energetic and able, and peculiarly qualified for electioneering, had brought to his

task experience dearly acquired in the memorable contest for Westminster, when Captain Maxwell, the Tory candidate, received injuries from which he never recovered, and Scadding himself saved his life by flight. The chairman of our Election Committee was General Sir James Cockburn, who had fought at Seringapatam, head of a distinguished family, the keenness of whose appetite for electioneering contests could scarcely be exceeded.

To injure our cause our adversaries advertised me in all possible ways as Cumberland's ally, thus identifying us with the most obnoxious of our Princes. The nomination day produced, as might be expected, a fair sample of the ancient and, in a great measure, happily exploded saturnalia.

On the nomination day I was not aware of the tactics of our Radical adversaries. Scadding had engaged the services of a considerable number of able-bodied men, under the command of a trustworthy leader, for our protection. But without communicating his intention to any one, a sturdy Conservative, employer of labour on a large scale, despatched an auxiliary reinforcement of 400 of his own operatives, well paid and primed for the service. Our antagonists commenced the free fight which ensued, and at once brought into the field this rough-and-ready phalanx, whose blows were bestowed indiscriminately on friends and foes, who fled bonneted or broken-headed from the conflict. Fortunately few missiles were at hand, but the surging of the turmoil endangered the hustings, reaching its crisis when a sailor, characteristically enough, climbed to the roof of our temporary structure, and hoisted our blue flag against all comers at the risk of a general crash. The earnestness of the combatants was proved next day by a very large number of real or pretended sufferers by the fray, who filled Portland Place opposite my door pleading for compensation, —a disgusting spectacle.

It was significant of the prevailing spirit that a leading Radical of the burgh, very respectable in point of social position, should have intimated to Scadding on the hustings that he should fully consider himself justified in planting a dagger in his side. Scadding deliberately took the words down in his presence, but the matter was hushed up, as it might have proved in this instance as in others "the curse" of the tribunes of the people, as

> "Of kings, to be attended
> By slaves, who take their humours for a warrant
> To break into the bloody house of life."

It was calculated that 400 of our voters had been deterred from voting by the violence of the mob, sufficient ground for a petition, had not the enormous expense of the proceeding rendered it impracticable. But a less costly opportunity of redressing our grievance presented itself. Scadding's keen and well-practised eye perceived that when the four candidates held the New Testament, whilst declaring their qualification on oath, Sir Samuel Whalley turned deadly pale, and complained to him of the heat of the weather. A petition alleging the deficiency of his qualification proved successful, and on the following fresh election I found myself opposed by Mr. William Ewart, a very estimable member of an eminent Liverpool family, whose electioneering expenses must have scarcely fallen short of those of any other in the kingdom, a member of Parliament of some standing, and, though a dry and unpopular speaker, much in request by his party as endowed with many valuable qualifications.

The discouragement of the Conservative public consequent on fresh metropolitan failures was in many quarters signal. I was entreated and warned against proceeding; and some of my best friends gave me credit for chivalrous spirit

and nothing else. Lord Wensleydale assured me after the election that he did not expect me to receive more than 400 votes; and Bishop Blomfield, ever jocose, recommended me trying as a desperate resource a running canvass in the public conveyances plying between the City and the West End. Nay, the Carlton was infected by the prevailing despondency, partly owing to the representations of two worthy Baronets, one of whom, unsuccessful candidate for Middlesex, and the other from being not selected for Marylebone, seemed bent on establishing the conclusion that their disappointments were not owing to any personal disqualification, but to the unshakeable predominance of the adverse party.

But no such misgivings prevailed at our head-quarters. The venerable and plucky chairman of our Election Committee, Sir James Cockburn, who had denounced in no measured terms our declining the expense of a scrutiny, expressed the spirit which animated us, when, on the eve of the polling, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I know not what may be your intention, but mine is not to leave this chair till we are summoned to the hustings;" and he kept his word. The canvass was cheering. Except in one instance, during my entire circuit of the burgh, where we were mobbed and placed on the defensive, the popular feeling was in our favour, and never more so than on the day of election, when the voters swarmed unmolested to the polling-booth, and private carriages were employed without stint in their conveyance, and the Carlton poured forth its myrmidons to promote and share the triumph. The following was the result :—

Teignmouth, . .	4166
Ewart, . . .	3762
Perronet Thompson, .	186

Thus the Conservative majority exceeded the number polled

by both the Liberal candidates, of whom Colonel Thompson, an extreme Radical, appeared late during the canvass.[1]

I declined a procession, notwithstanding the precedent on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett's return for Westminster, and as I understood afterwards with the expressed approval of Sir Robert Peel, but was entertained at eleven public dinners in the burgh, of which one at the Rotunda was central. On my way to the House of Commons, where I was introduced by Sir Rowland Hill and Mr. Hope, I called on Lord Hill, who had taken an earnest interest in my election, insuring by a succession of relays constant returns of the voting, and received the warm congratulations of himself and Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

Public feeling is proverbially transitory; but the passing remark is not suggested by my personal experience, for I never, on any public occasion, met with a more cordial reception than when, thirty years after the cessation of my political connection with Marylebone, I was called on to propose, at a banquet at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Lord John Manners, success to the Conservative cause of the burgh, then, as it proved, on the eve of its later triumph.

The unsettled aspect of the House of Commons after a general election reminds one of the ground-swell of the sea after a storm. Fast in the gripe, not seldom deadly, of Election Committees, sat night after night pale and anxious members, whose return was disputed by petitions, one after another disappearing like ducks plucked from their moorings by the invisible hand of the remorseless fowlers. It is difficult to conceive the bitterness of disappointment of many of these

[1] It was creditable to the Conservatives that the entire expense of the two elections—including £500, the cost of the petition—did not exceed £5400, of which by far the greater part was provided for by subscription, whilst that of a single contest for the same burgh incurred by a Liberal member was officially stated as amounting to £7000.

victims. I met poor Scarlett, afterwards second Lord Abinger, coming down-stairs, after hearing the unfavourable result of the Yarmouth inquiry, in a state of hysterical laughter, leaning on the arm of his more fortunate colleague, Lord Douro, present Duke of Wellington, who was doing his best to console him, followed by the silent and sympathetic outpouring of the contents of the Committee-room.[1]

The smallness of the Commons' majority in favour of Lord Melbourne's Government, and the overweening majority opposed to it in the Lords, augured clearly the approach of its fall. The secession of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham from his party, celebrated by the Conservatives at a Merchant Taylors' Hall banquet, when upwards of three hundred mustered, proved a severe blow to its stability. The triumph of Conservatives at most of the elections which took place during the sitting of Parliament proved the growing change of feeling. And the Government majority was at length so effectually reduced that twice was the Speaker seen pale, under the apprehension that he might have to give a casting vote on some critical if not vital question.

The despair of Ministers manifested itself like drowning men catching at every straw, by concessions of all kinds to secure the support of some self-constituted authority, especially that of the indispensable Irish vote. And in no respect was their weakness more perceptible than in the

[1] Appearances were much against the then existing, and since changed, composition of Election Committees. As it was almost invariably taken for granted that the decision would depend on the political bias of the majority, it was obviously attributed to other motives than a sense of justice. But it often turned on the opposite estimate of the value of a voting qualification entertained by different parties, and not unfrequently the pros and con.s of the questions involved were so nicely balanced that the slightest political prepossession might affect the scale. But it is well that the changed mode of proceeding has assumed the predominance of the judicial element.

financial administration. Whilst no effort, however imperatively called for, was made to reduce the public debt, it was at one time unscrupulously increased by the reduction of the rate of postage. This measure was called for, and has proved very beneficial; but the Ministers were bound to provide a sufficient substitute for the sacrifice of income, instead of acting the part of reckless spendthrifts. I was surprised at the seeming indifference displayed by some Conservatives on this and on some other occasions, on which they could not but disapprove of the conduct of Government; to be accounted for partly by their shrinking from incurring the obloquy of opposition in such cases, and yet more, perhaps, from the persuasion that the Ministers, if allowed to pursue their course, would accelerate their approaching doom. Earl Russell, in his recently published work, candidly avers the mistake of his Government respecting the postage.

The memorable Appropriation Clause, the object of which was to plunder the Established Church of Ireland, under the plea of promoting education, whilst it served as a sop to the Irish Liberals in the House and in Ireland, roused the religious alarm of the English and Scotch public, and proved a mill-stone about the neck of Ministers.

The Ministers took a just view of their failing position by tendering their resignation: but it was their misfortune, for which they were not responsible, to linger on till the final catastrophe, as the result of the general election of 1841, on their own appeal to popular suffrage.

The Queen refused to part with the ladies of her bedchamber, and so prevented Sir R. Peel forming a Government. Lord Melbourne was therefore compelled to resume his post. And thus twice within a few years had the Sovereign, the youthful Queen following in this instance the example of her aged predecessor, retained in office ministers

who did not enjoy the confidence of Parliament or the country: salutary warning to future occupants of the throne.

The most exciting question which engrossed for a while the attention of Parliament referred to the privileges of the House of Commons.[1]

Were the value of Parliamentary work estimated by results, scant would be the remuneration. What amount of abortive labour, of speeches unspoken, of fruitless yet exhaustive exertion! Yet vast is its achievement! and every patriotic member will be ready to contribute his share of personal sacrifice to its accomplishment. A distinguished representative of one of our Universities remarked to me, on the amount of time which he spent in the Committee-rooms, that he had been working like a mole in the dark. And yet those who seek honestly for the products of materials of legislative or other public or private beneficial action will readily indorse the high opinion formed by Dr. Chalmers, amidst the turmoil of Glasgow or the comparative seclusion of St. Andrews, of the worth of what he called Parliamentary literature.

No one who has not shared the labours of the Committee-room can appreciate the importance of guarding public and private interests from being disturbed or imperilled. Selfishness individualised is condemned by public opinion, but in its corporate capacity, however unscrupulously displayed, too often becomes dignified and approved as public spirit. And it would be difficult to overrate the value of the vigilance or resolution occasionally confronted with it.[2]

[1] See Appendix, No. VII.

[2] I may mention two or three instances which fell under my observation. When it was proposed to close public-houses an hour earlier than previously, a highly respectable deputation, consisting of three licensed victuallers, was sent from Liverpool to resist the measure. The principal spokesman, when they called on me, urged that mischief done by persons under the influence of drink was always when they had not been suffi-

ciently dosed, or, to use modern phraseology, had not become "drunk and incapable"! and he pleaded in proof of the benefit of prolonged potations the sagacity of his own wife, who always, if he chanced to return a little exalted from a public dinner, sobered him by a seasonable glass of brandy!

The master chimney-sweepers were no less bent on retaining the practice of employing boys, and a deputation examining my principal chimney assured me of the impossibility of cleaning it in any other way. My ordinary chimney-sweeper performed the operation effectually by his own machinery.

It was proposed to extend the Blackwall Railway to Fenchurch Street, a distance of 450 yards, with a view to public convenience, and especially the conveyance of goods to their final destination, instead of being consigned to the utter confusion of chance transit. The demolition of buildings required to execute it was trifling. Yet it was steadfastly opposed by no less formidable interests than those of the City of London, the St. Katharine Docks Company, the wine-merchants whose stores were deposited in vaults which it was supposed might be shaken by the superimposed traffic, and by the Bishop of London, Blomfield, who had imagined that the services of some of his newly-erected churches might be disturbed by the trains, although the machinery by which the propelling would be effected was noiseless. Not less than fourteen counsel were employed by these parties,—as the Bishop afterwards jocosely observed to me, scarcely finding sitting room on the space contested. The Committee were strongly urged to resist so assumedly gross an innovation, and were threatened, in case of sending up the Bill to the Lords, with the opposition of Lord Shaftesbury and the Duke of Wellington, two not unfrequently selected by unsuccessful parties as bugbears, both indebted for their prominence to personal integrity, and Lord Shaftesbury especially for his special official position. The measure proposed has proved eminently beneficial, and unattended with the evils prognosticated.

Lord Lytton in his *England and the English*, whether as familiar with the too exclusive regard entertained as due by members towards their constituents, or the current estimation of clubs to enjoy peculiar opportunities of ascertaining the *private* motives of public action, or as having studied the defects of human nature in general, plainly indicates that an independent discharge of public duty is scarcely conceived practicable by many who have had long experience of the working of our public institutions.

CHAPTER X.

1805-31.

HOUSE OF LORDS—LORD MELVILLE'S IMPEACHMENT—LORDS HOLLAND, GREY, GRENVILLE—SIDMOUTH, LIVERPOOL, ELDON, —DEBATE ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION—LADIES—REFORM BILL—FALL OF DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

My brief notice of Parliamentary proceedings with which I was more especially familiar may fitly introduce a passing portraiture of the chief features of either House on the great national theatre. My reminiscences of both Houses extend so far back as to comprise a synoptical view of the Estates of the Realm on the occasion of the impeachment of my father's old friend Lord Melville for high crimes and misdemeanours in Westminster Hall. As the only unrobed person, the prisoner at the bar was painfully conspicuous. Lord Erskine presided as Chancellor; Sir Thomas Plumer pleaded. In proof of the good-nature of the Prince of Wales (George IV.),—he was sitting on a central step under the throne, and on my requesting him, not knowing who he was, to allow me to pass for the purpose of joining my father, he replied, supposing me to be a son of a peer of the realm, that it was impossible, but on my pointing out my father to him he rose, took my hand, and forwarded me to my destination.

The debates of the Lords during the long protracted period of Tory ascendency, though sometimes very interesting, and distinguished by eminent ability, were monotonously uniform. On important occasions the same speakers took their turn in regular succession. The weakness of the Opposition was greatly compensated for by oratorical superiority. A phalanx which brought to the front such statesmen as Grey and Grenville, Holland and Lansdowne, might have taxed the strength of any Ministry. But nevertheless the preponderance of argument, backed by consciousness of the popularity of their efforts to arrest the march of revolution at home and abroad, was assignable to Lord Liverpool and his leading colleagues.

On the Opposition side there was no more frequent speaker than Lord Holland. His vehemence seemed to result as much from his asthmatical struggle to recover the breath expended in the delivery of his long sentences, as from political fervour. Strange were his gesticulations as he sometimes confronted his adversaries, or else, turning his back on them, addressed his objurgations to two or three friendly faces who sat behind him. And the contrast between the bitterness of his vituperation and the good-humoured expression of his countenance was amusing.

Earl Grey, as leader, rose last on his side of the House. His fine countenance, tall commanding figure, dignified and graceful delivery, and finished elocution, did justice to training and example which could have fallen to the lot of no apter scholar of the mighty debaters of a preceding generation, amongst whom he had won his golden spurs as a chosen manager of the impeachment of Hastings. He had derived much advantage from early official practice, ample legislatorial experience in both Houses of Parliament, and other requisite qualifications. His style of speaking, though lofty, was practical, chaste, unimaginative, rigorously

free from superfluous ornamentation, and yet sufficiently versatile to be applicable to all the emergencies of discussion. I heard Lord Grenville only once. He looked the personification of gravity, and his oratory did not belie the aspect of the speaker—statesmanlike, powerful, and thoroughly classical, as might be expected from one who from youth to old age was familiar with the language and imbued with the spirit of the Greek and Latin authors.

Of the Ministerial speakers Lord Sidmouth was prominent as chiefly responsible for the peace of the kingdom during the long prevalence of disturbance. He spoke effectively and to the purpose. He could not be charged with apathy or frigidity. If he erred, it was rather by overacting his part and overrating the danger, confessedly great, which he had to encounter. His defects were set off by the pomposity of his manner and mouthiness of his diction. Lord Bathurst looked and spoke sensibly. Lord Westmoreland's precipitate yet rambling effusiveness served as a dinner-bell, disputing this distinction with a speaker of very different caste, Lord Redesdale, whose profound erudition, notwithstanding the ponderousness of his manner, well repaid the attention of those qualified or disposed to profit by it.

Whether as a statesman or a Churchman, Lord Harrowby ranked as one of the most independent members of the House. Whether in Parliament or on the platform, where he rarely appeared, his sentiments, language, bearing, and delivery were expressive of the most refined good taste and enlarged knowledge of men and books. The striking contrast between the measured precision of his style with that of the grotesque waywardness of Lord Holland's, no doubt suggested to the latter nobleman his allusion to the prim proprieties of the noble Earl.

Lord Lyndhurst's grasp of his subject, however vast and complicated its details, was unrivalled. I witnessed one of

his forensic efforts on a subject of no great importance. As counsel for the Mendicity Society when involved in some newspaper warfare, he entered the Court just before he rose. His hand shook much, perhaps owing rather to temporary indisposition than to habitual nervousness, but his utterance was unaffected. The proceedings of the Committee which furnished the materials of his case extended over a year and a half. We might have concluded, had we not been aware of the contrary, that he had been invariably present, as there was not a point raising the question at issue which he did not bring forward and summarise most ably and effectually.

The Episcopal bench furnished its quota of eloquence. Mr. Webster, the American statesman, placed Bishop Blomfield at, or nearly at, the head of British orators. There was no more formidable and provoking adversary than Bishop Phillpotts. Samuel Wilberforce had not yet disputed the palm with his brother. Nor had the ungainly but powerful display of Archbishop Whately amused and instructed the Peers. The Bishop of Winchester, Sumner, described his nasal exertions, owing no doubt to nervousness, before his first rising in the House, as resembling the snorting of a hippopotamus.

The anxious expression of Lord Liverpool's countenance indicated alike his strict conscientiousness and thorough appreciation of the weight of official responsibility. In the discharge of his arduous duties he was encouraged by the confidence reposed, whether by friend or foe, in his integrity and religious principle, the support of a large majority in the House of Lords, and of the general suffrages of the nation. The backbone of his Parliamentary influence was perhaps his eminent financial knowledge and experience. As First Lord of the Treasury, he was unrivalled in his own more especial department. His speeches were characterised, not

by rhetorical display, but by the statesmanlike exposition of plain practical good sense, and the steady grappling with the arguments of his opponents.

But though Lord Liverpool embraced the entire field of Ministerial responsibility more thoroughly than any other Peer, peculiar weight attached to the character, learning, and impressive eloquence of Lord Eldon, no less than to his exalted official position. There was somewhat leonine, or, in other words, majestic in the aspect of the grand old Chancellor as he sat, the very impersonation of judicial solemnity, on the woolsack, or when, rising, he advanced to the table of the House with a rolling gait,

> "Shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod,
> The stamp of fate and sanction of a god"—

for, whilst regarded by his opponents as the very incarnation of bigotry, he was well aware of the implicit confidence in his oracular sagacity reposed by the majority of the Peers. Firmly persuaded that the interests of Church and State were so thoroughly identical, that whatever was detrimental to the one would prove equally so to the other, he staked his political credit, nay existence, on withstanding innovation. No matter what wrong was perpetrated and what abuses remained unreformed, he satisfied his conscience and the conscience of many of his adherents by steadfastly preferring the alternative of tolerating a certain amount of evil to the risk of sacrificing those constitutional rights and privileges which had been handed down to us as a sacred and invaluable trust from our forefathers. When "the eagle eye" of Wellington "the crisis caught of that destiny," of which, characteristically enough, he availed himself to inflict a deathblow on unconstitutional ascendency, neither the disintegration of party nor the prospect of inevitable defeat could shake the resolution of its unflinching champion. If

disqualified in some essential respects for the administration of public affairs, Lord Eldon has bequeathed to posterity an example of conscientiousness and steadfastness no less edifying than that of his unremitting industry, and the devotion of his talents and acquirements to the public service.

Reluctantly did the great Duke concede their rights to the Roman Catholics. He had not coveted the elevated post which supplied the vantage-ground of triumph, nor could it have been conceded to him save as a matter of necessity by his fellow-countrymen. Divine Providence had imposed on him a glorious task, of which he acquitted himself dutifully. But the consequences of his critical position brought into play the incidental defects no less than the transcendent merits of his character. When called upon, soon after entering on his duties, for financial explanations, though he had never neglected the "ways and means" even during the most critical periods of his campaigns, he floundered as he spoke. But when a question arose implicating alike his personal independence and respectful demeanour to his Sovereign, George IV., his self-vindication was prompt, dignified, and convincing, manifesting triumphant superiority on his own behalf, as on that of the King, to the imputations cast upon him, so as to elicit a remarkable eulogium from Lord Brougham. He rose from the cross benches. Very appropriately two of his most distinguished lieutenants, Lord Beresford and Lord Hill, placed themselves immediately behind him, as if to testify their undiminished confidence in their ancient leader.

No one present on the occasion can forget the incidents of the memorable debate on the Duke's motion for the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities. Looks, gestures, and impassioned conversation indicated plainly enough the violent wrench to which public opinion, and especially the deeply-rooted conviction of the majority of the Peers, had been sub-

jected. The prayers were read by the Bishop of Chester (Sumner), junior on the bench, who had left his wife's death-bed to discharge his duty and to support the Minister. No one's equilibrium seemed more strongly unsettled by the "hurricane eclipse" of the star which had so long shone on his political ascendency than that of the good and gentle Lord Kenyon, who fluttered from Bishop to Bishop, flushed and disconsolate, like a disturbed spirit seeking rest and finding none. The last English gentleman, who, as *Galignani* at the time announced to the European world, surrendered that badge of Tory sentiment, if not of actual partisanship, the powdered pigtail, was not likely to yield with a good grace, even to the hero of his age, what he regarded as the stronghold of national orthodoxy.

The Duke entered the House animated and elate, as evidently conscious of the successful discharge of a paramount duty, whilst he betrayed not, though he may possibly have entertained, misgivings as to the validity of the obligation by which he had conceived himself bound to risk his own life, and that of another, and the sacrifice of the public weal, in defiance of laws divine and human, at a most eventful period, in compliance with a custom which he had himself designated as a remnant of barbarism. Shortly before he spoke, he stood in the centre of the House, looking towards the throne, when the Duke of Cumberland approached him, and, if one might judge by the attitude he assumed, folding his arms and shrugging up his shoulders, submissively enduring a royal remonstrance on the course he was pursuing. The Duke stated his case clearly and confidently, but in one respect unsatisfactorily, as each succeeding sentence must have convinced his most ardent admirers that he had ventured upon a far less tenable position than that which he might have taken up had he pleaded the justice of his cause, whilst he urged the necessity of sur-

rendering to agitators,—"one gentleman," to use his own language, heading a mob in one part of Ireland, and another elsewhere. The effect of the address, though, so far as the practical result was involved, under the circumstances, foregone, was melancholy and disheartening, fraught with perilous precedent. What a plea for unlimited concession, for lack of moral courage, supplied to future statesmen by the example of the "Iron Duke" yielding confessedly to the clamour of mobs, instead of constitutionally satisfying the legitimate claims of his aggrieved fellow-countrymen! Loyal Roman Catholics would have earnestly craved, in lieu of such hazardous surrender, the spontaneous unforced action of a conscientious supporter of their cause, of a Pitt, a Castlereagh, or a Canning.

> "O for one hour of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
> And cry, 'St. Andrew and our right!'"

Sir Robert Peel, whose share of the tortuous proceeding must have been more irksome and perplexing than that which devolved on his illustrious leader, looked, as he showed himself for a short time in the Upper House, uncomfortably conscious of the difficulties and prescient of the as yet undeveloped hazards of his destined course.

The debate was spirited, exceptionally distinguished by the veering of political weathercocks, partly rendered inevitable by the sudden change of front on the part of the leaders. Among the most remarkable of the Duke's converts were Bishop Lloyd of Oxford, who had been tutor to Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, and Lord Lyndhurst. A more signal oratorical triumph has been rarely achieved than when Bishop Phillpotts, though labouring under extreme and marked unpopularity, occasioned by the fact of his tergiversation and the sarcastic bitterness which he had manifested in various conflicts at Durham and else-

where, delivered calmly but forcibly his powerful address in support of the Duke of Wellington, the telling effect was visible in the perfect silence of the audience hanging on his lips, broken only by faint whispers of irrepressible approval.

Lord Lyndhurst's memorable recantation was pronounced from the self-same place from which I had heard him denounce the measure he was now supporting in the previous year. Each time, his speech was characterised by like force and perspicuity, and, singularly enough, by his sitting down exactly at the same period of its delivery, apparently from physical exhaustion. As he reached the climax of a well-sustained argument, Lord Eldon, seemingly nettled, exclaimed, "Did you not know that last year?" "No, I did not," was the unhesitating reply.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) opposed the Bill with becoming dignity, and even with eloquence. As is not unusual in the case of nervous people, the irritating circumstances of the crisis rather ministered to than disturbed his habitual composure. On ordinary occasions the speeches of this excellent prelate indicated a perpetual struggle with the fastidiousness of his taste, as he retracted his words as soon as he uttered them, and laboured painfully in his delivery.[1]

He now spoke with no less energy, ability, and fluency than becoming solemnity and characteristic meekness. The actual effect of his address reminded me of the Duke of York's oracular utterance on a former debate on the same question, which, printed in letters of gold, was circulated throughout the kingdom. The Archbishop was less fortunate than the Royal Duke in, at least, one version of his

[1] Of this practice a clerical relation of mine who was present mentioned to me a curious instance. The Archbishop, addressing candidates for confirmation in his neighbourhood, after disposing of the boys, turned to the girls, whom he addressed successively, correcting himself as he proceeded, as "females," "girls," and ultimately as "female girls."

speech. The Duke of Cumberland was so delighted with the Archbishop's performance that when entertaining a small party, of whom one was my informant, at his own table with the repetition of it, he emphasised his sentences by the interlarding of such expressions as at length to elicit from the Duchess the observation, "Why, my dear, the Archbishop did not swear;" when he replied, evidently unwilling to concede his position, "Well, if he did not say that, he said something very much like it."

Of the orators who distinguished themselves in these remarkable debates, the palm of eloquence must be assigned to Lord Grey. A standard-bearer in the cause of civil and religious liberty, he was denied the prospect of the promised land till he had shared with his followers the wayworn weariness of the desert, and the discouragement of repeated defeats. And now the passage of the intervening Jordan devolved on the leadership of one who had not borne the heat and burthen of the day. Yet no invidious reference to past shortcomings, no niggardly grudging of present recompense, sullied the loyalty of the allegiance or the sincerity of the tribute which he tendered to his more fortunate rival. And whether he reminded his brother Peers, as he pointed to the historical tapestry which adorned the walls of their House, of the immortal achievements which rescued them from the threatened thraldom of Spain and its Inquisition, or congratulated the hero of a hundred battles on his crowning vindication of the rights of conscience, the heroic strain of the veteran statesman's eloquence was worthy of the speaker and of the occasion.

The dreaded inroad of the Roman Catholics into senatorial precincts was preceded by that of the ladies, who, being admitted under the throne, gradually displaced the usual occupants, sons of peers and members of the House of Commons. There was somewhat queen-like in the advent

of a lady during the present debate, "the observed of all observers," whom I knew not at the time to be Lady Jersey. As she took her stand next to me, I could not but in courtesy offer her my seat, which she graciously accepted, considerately making room for me next to her. No sooner did she sit down, than, taking out a lorgnette and resting her elbow on my shoulder, she reviewed the whole house *seriatim*, the Peers manifesting all attention. But less respectful homage was paid to them by Lady G., an Irish peeress, who, standing before me, turned to some one at a distance, and just as the enthusiastic cheering which greeted Lord Grey's allusion to the Armada had subsided, remarked aloud that probably few of those who listened to him had ever heard of it. But the usurpation by Almack's of the privileged opportunity enjoyed by present or future senators of profiting by the eloquent statesmanship of the Upper House became intolerable. "Non Cinnæ, non Sullæ longa dominatio." The ladies were relegated to a gallery set apart for their reception, whence they might rain visible but not audible influence on the august assembly.

But a never-failing Nemesis follows ever in the train of public mismanagement. The lofty pedestal which sustained the great Duke's temporary ascendency, rudely shaken by the agitation to which he had honestly yielded, and by which his own ranks had been disordered, tottered to its fall. Rapidly in the wake of the Roman Catholic movement followed that of Reform. Chivalrously did the gallant veteran, like Homer's hero doing battle with the surging torrent, make head against the gathering host of his opponents, only to supply them by his rash defiance with the vantage-ground whence they turned his position and completed his defeat. A trifling episode in the history of the Duke's Premiership would have been deemed in olden times

ominous of the contrasted fate of two foremost men of the age. A review of the household troops took place in Hyde Park in honour of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. The Duke, on the march past, approaching the saluting point at the head of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, fell from his horse. Within not many weeks the British statesman was deprived of his post, whilst the Duke of Orleans was elevated to the French throne.[1]

The aspect of the House of Lords on the final passing of the Reform Bill was just what might be expected from a Senate on the eve of a great national crisis. Resolute indeed was the bearing of the Peers who bore the brunt of the conflict, and consequent loss of property and political influence, men mostly of stalwart physical proportions,—Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Winchelsea, Roden, and others, who, when they spoke, attested by the volume of their voice and earnestness of conviction, rather than by dint of argument or persuasiveness, their estimate of a measure which they regarded as simply revolutionary. The excitement produced by the determination of the Whigs to dissolve Parliament was intense. It culminated in Lord Londonderry declaring, as soon as the Duke of Richmond had spoken from the front Ministerial bench, that the noble Duke should not be the only hero of the revolution. The

[1] Mr. Greville inadvertently substituted Lord Anglesea for the Duke of Wellington as the subject of the misadventure, and even cites the words afterwards supposed to have been addressed to him by George IV. on the occasion. Though an eye-witness of the occurrence, I either did not observe, or had forgotten, that the cause of the Duke's fall was his horse dropping on his knee, which Lord Perth, not long ago, when the circumstance was alluded to at Edinburgh, stated to have been the fact. I particularly noticed Lord Anglesea urging his horse, which had shied at one of the Guards' bands, into the very midst of the musical instruments. The Duke of Cumberland, at this time politically at daggers-drawn with the Duke, rode singly, from the side of the Duke of Orleans, up to him while standing by his horse, after rising from the ground, and expressed the hope that he was not hurt.

dramatic effect of this sally was heightened by the speaker's menacing gesticulation, restrained on either side by a friendly Peer tightly grasping his arm, whilst he struggled desperately, as if to make good by deeds the violence of his language. The indignation of the anti-Reform Peers was raised to its highest pitch when the Chancellor, Lord Brougham, rose from the woolsack, and shouting aloud that the Parliament had been dissolved in consequence of the Commons refusing the supplies, rushed forth from the House. "Abiet, evasit, excessit, erupit," as was said of a conspirator of old.

When the Lords met again the Conservative benches were thronged. Once more Lord Londonderry was in the front haranguing vehemently, but decorously. And a perfect burst of approval responded to his declaration that the reason assigned by the Chancellor, who seemed to wince at the reception of the statement, for the dissolution was not in conformity to plain honest truth.

At King William's coronation the Duke met the House of Commons face to face. On being cheered in the Abbey, after doing homage, he drew himself up, and, fronting their gallery, bade them good-humoured defiance, which they reciprocated with general merriment.

CHAPTER XI.

1812-48.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—SHERIDAN—PERCEVAL—CASTLEREAGH—CANNING—THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF 1837-41—QUEEN'S CORONATION.

My earliest recollection of the House of Commons is of a melancholy spectacle: poor Sheridan, looking, as he was, broken in health, dejected in spirits, and bankrupt in fortune, feebly defending himself against charges affecting his official conduct.

Mr. Perceval I saw, shortly before he was assassinated, standing on the floor of the House, talking for some time close to me, attired as Prime Minister in his Court suit. I heard him deliver what must have been his last speech, on the Roman Catholic question. His short and slender frame was instinct with spirit, and his countenance beaming with animation. And as he proceeded, he seemed, as he leant over the table, looking full at his opponents, to be drawn by the very volubility of his utterance into no very graceful attitudes, of which the rectangular was the most conspicuous.

I heard Lord Castlereagh propose the thanks of the House of Commons to Lord Wellington and his Generals after the battle of Salamanca or Vittoria. He seemed in high spirits, standing for some time conversing with the Speaker previous to entering on the business of the day. His statement was clear and free from his too customary cumbrous phraseology

when his subject was not inspiring, and he had no inducement to subject himself to the imputation of mystifying his meaning by his antagonists.

I heard Canning speak but twice, once in the House of Commons, and once at an East India Company's dinner on the occasion of Lord Amherst being appointed as Governor-General: a perfect contrast in respect of classic beauty of elocution and gracefulness of manner to the preceding statesman. A single passage in each of these addresses impressed itself on my recollection. When at the close of the war he spoke in the House of the "subsidence of the deluge, and of the spires and pinnacles of ancient establishments towering once more above the waters," the responsibility of a Minister might have safely attached to every expression which fell from him. But when, as President of the Board of Control, he incautiously avowed that "had he required the services of a Governor-General to enlarge the boundaries of our empire, instead of spreading the oil of urbanity and kindness over its already amply extended surface, Lord Amherst would not have been the object of his selection," the case was different. Unluckily, no sooner did the pacific proconsul assume the reins than he became involved in a war, and the rhetoric of the orator hung like a mill-stone on his prestige and on his performance.

I may add here one reminiscence of Mr. Canning,—his dining with my father just at the time when stung by the rancorous attack imputed to Hobhouse, of which he declared that the writer wanted only courage to be an assassin, ready enough to resort to the arbitrament too usual on such occasions, had the opportunity offered itself. He seemed in excellent spirits. Among the guests present were Sir William Grant the celebrated Master of the Rolls, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Charles Grant, and his sons Charles and Robert.

The last occasion of my seeing him was just after he had

assumed the thorny crown which cost him his life, in a carriage on his way to Windsor, looking as if the shadow of death had passed over him.

Sir Robert Peel's first speech which I heard, on some civic subject, must have been his début, or nearly such. He spoke from the back bench on the Ministerial side of the House. My father, by whose side I was sitting, was so struck by his able mode of treating it, that he observed that he should not be surprised to see that young man, as he described him, filling some of the highest posts in the kingdom.

Lord John Russell was leader of the House in the Parliament of 1837. In one respect his speeches differed from that of any other individual prominent in debate, except O'Connell, being eminently conversational. He was not habitually fluent, sometimes halting, and seemingly unaspiring to the palm of eloquence. But he was ever calm, courageous, effective, and fully qualified to bring his knowledge of historical principles or details, as well as of Parliamentary precedents and tactics, to bear on the question discussed. And thus, though sometimes overpowered by the phalanx to which he was opposed, and especially by the heavy blows he sustained from the stalwart arm of a Peel or a Stanley, he was ever "ready, aye ready, for the fray," even when his spirits were weighed down by severe domestic affliction, the "rooted sorrow," his subsequent feeling allusion to which engaged the cordial sympathy of the whole House.

Alas for the efficacy of such passing tribute to individual suffering wrung from the strife and turmoil of Parliamentary warfare! I have heard the House spoken of as unfeeling; but in fact the relation of members somewhat resembles that of soldiers on the battle-field, who cannot tarry to tend the wounded or bury the dead. Two other Cabinet Ministers besides Lord John underwent the like ordeal of public widowhood during this Parliament. Our vigilant leader

set an example which found few imitators, that of not sleeping in the House, but I understood that he slept well as soon as his head was laid on its pillow. He looked often cadaverous, and yet his health did not seem to give way.

The most interesting and successful speech which I ever heard delivered by Lord John was on the penal discipline of the hulks. As not above half-a-dozen Conservative members were present on the occasion, Sir Harry Verney and one or two others considerately crossed the House and sat by me on the front Opposition bench to make up an audience. Verney and I walked home together, responding to each other's admiration of the address, not aware that during the delivery Courvoisier was preparing for the murder of Lord John's relative, Lord William, and that the deed must have been perpetrated about the time of our parting.

Lord Palmerston's speaking was laborious. The working of his hands indicated perpetual effort. To oratory, unless on some remarkable occasions, as when he elicited from Peel his remarkable tribute, he could present little claim. But his command of his subject was conspicuous, and still more of his temper, for whether his case were strong or weak he ever assumed a confident and even triumphant tone, incapable of being daunted or depressed by any force of opposition or combination of untoward circumstances. At the bar few juries would have been proof against his such imperturbable reliance on the justice of his cause. Lord Palmerston reminded me of one of our magnificent steam-vessels, composed of so many different compartments, that should one or more spring a leak, the rest would sustain the gallant ship elate and buoyant wherever winds might waft or waters roll.

Macaulay resumed Parliamentary duties on his return from India. It was observed that his speeches did not reach the mark he had attained during the debate on the Reform Bill. His highly-wrought eloquence, the effect of

which was impaired by the rapidity of his delivery, did not tell as might have been expected. It was occasionally received with merriment, and cries of "Read," as the elaboration of which it afforded proof was better suited to the *Edinburgh Review* than to an address to a popular assembly. Though a staunch partisan, exaggerating the merits of his allies and the faults of his opponents, he believed what he wrote or spoke, and sometimes almost committed his colleagues by the honest frankness of his avowals. Sometimes striking practical results attested the power of his oratory, as in the instance of the Copyright question, when many members who attended for the purpose of recording opposite votes left the House previously to the division, and thus insured his victory. I observed to Mr. Gladstone, next to whom I happened to be sitting, that it admitted of an answer, and he answered in the affirmative. The Ministers were looking towards him when Macaulay sat down, evidently indicating by their conversation their expectation that he would have replied. But he made no sign, and I am not aware whether he had intended rising. Eventually two successive numbers of the *Quarterly Review* supplied an answer to Macaulay's speech.[1]

In point of seniority Sir J. Cam Hobhouse yielded to no member of the Cabinet. Contrasting his deportment in the trammels of official harness with the former mutinous licentiousness of his tongue and pen one might say, "O quam mutatus ab illo Hectore!"

[1] It was in his noviciate that Macaulay delivered a most brilliant speech at a great anti-slavery meeting, under the presidency of Wilberforce, who remarked aloud as the speaker sat down, that "he had that day won his golden spurs." I met him on the same day at his father's table, round which were assembled the élite of the abolitionists, and was surprised by his rising during dinner from his seat, and, as he perambulated the room, looking and gesticulating like one inspired; whilst the side-long glances of the guests, and wide berth conceded by the waiters, bore testimony to his oratorical fermentation.

It would be difficult to find two individuals more thoroughly differing from each other in qualifications for public business than Lord Melbourne's two Chancellors of the Exchequer, Spring Rice and Francis T. Baring. The one mercurial, impassioned, multifarious in his acquirements, far-reaching in his views, "a glutton in business," and undertaking whatever was placed within his reach with such avidity that he was at one time called the "Member for Ireland,"—gifted with unfailing fluency, a ready and somewhat effective debater, and though unexceptionable in point of moral character, not deriving the weight which might have been expected from his manifold qualifications for statesmanship. He felt the burthen of a failing Exchequer, and once observed to me feelingly that the days of the individual who held his office were numbered.

Baring, on the contrary, was deficient in animation and lumpish in manner. But his well-expressed speeches, not transgressing due limits, and being strictly to the purpose, did justice to his subject and to his intellectual capacity. On his *vivâ voce* examination for his degree at Oxford his translation from the classics especially excelled. I have already alluded to his performance at our Queen Anne Street Debating Society, and the improvement which he derived from practice. His education was singularly adapted to a public career. At Winchester, and afterwards at Cambridge, as private pupil to the celebrated Farish, though not enrolled in the list of any College, he acquired that mathematical proficiency which, coupled with his classical attainments, enabled him to compete very advantageously with his contemporaries at Oxford, and to attain a double first-class. Painful must have been the duty imposed on him of providing vainly for the requirements of a fast-emptying treasury. His predecessor and himself were equally honourable, but Baring was the safer trustee of public credit—head of a great commercial family,

traditionally abhorrent of insolvency,—whilst Spring Rice must have been familiarised from his youth with the habits of a people whose extravagance called eventually for legislative interposition. The vessel of the State was imperilled when Baring took the helm, and the breakers which engulfed it were in sight when Peel compared him to the good man struggling with the ills of fortune, an object of Divine compassion.

Sir George Grey, though at this time in a subordinate position, not being a member of the Cabinet, was a main prop of the Government. Estimable in the private relations of life, distinguished at his University, professionally trained as a lawyer, and having enjoyed considerable Parliamentary experience, he would probably have been elevated, had there been an opportunity, to the post for which he would have been fitted, not only by such qualifications, but by his universal popularity,—that of Speaker. Persevering in his official career, to which he had been early introduced, he discharged the duties of Home Secretary during a longer period than any of his predecessors in that office. His personal appearance and deportment and family connections were much in his favour. The effect of his occasionally vigorous eloquence was diminished by the unpausing concatenation of his long sentences, and almost breathless rapidity of his delivery, seemingly indicative of want of self-confidence, and of overweening, and, in his case, uncalled-for anxiety respecting the attention of his audience.

Sir George Grey's relatives, Lord Howick and Sir Charles Wood, resigned their posts in the Administration during this Parliament. Though an able administrator and effective and fearless debater, the former was not popular as a speaker. Sir James Graham taunted these two ex-Ministers as they took their seats below the gangway, in not crossing the floor of

the House, in fact not following his example, instead of playing the part of bats, looked upon as neither beast nor bird.

Sheil, a Minister, seldom addressed the House, and always as if under the impression that his audience expected from an Irish orator a highly ornate and elaborate performance. The extravagance of his gesticulation corresponded with the exaggerated rhetoric of his style. On one occasion he was interrupted by such continual plaudits that he snatched up an orange, and doubting whether he had time to apply it to his lips, swung it to and fro in the direction of Sir R. Peel, whom he was pointedly addressing at the time, as if to direct his missile more exactly at the head of his adversary. He seemed as he sat down well satisfied with his success and the applause of the House.

Among Ministerial subalterns, Fox Maule qualified himself by his business-like habits and straightforward speaking for the discharge of the arduous duties which afterwards devolved on him, and his very influential lead in Scotch ecclesiastical affairs.

The Attorney-General ("plain John") Campbell signalised himself in the protracted debate on Privilege, though, as we have seen, by one unfortunate mistake he and his colleagues compromised not only themselves but the House of Commons.[1] He was occasionally betrayed into a joke, and on one occasion its pungency was heightened by his protesting that it was quite unintentional. "But what can the Sheriffs do?" he exclaimed, and, after a pause, during which the House awaited in perfect silence his solution of the difficulty, he replied, "Why, they may purge themselves." Though he seemed annoyed by the general titter which ensued, those who knew him well had no doubt that he meant his equivoque, and that his impatience was simulated.

[1] See Appendix, No. VII.

O'Connell stood forth conspicuously as the tribune of the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen. In person he was burly, and somewhat coarse. The configuration of his physiognomy and the good-humoured expression of his countenance were thoroughly Irish. His style of speaking was strikingly contrasted with that of Sheil. He seemed to converse aloud. He hesitated occasionally, but as his pauses invariably preluded the word best adapted to convey his meaning, it was shrewdly suspected that he employed them to conceal the study of his diction, a proficient in the *ars celare artem*. He would sometimes, when he deemed himself bound to exhibit more warmth than he really felt, act his part by impassioned grimace, bitter language, and the convenient trick of twisting his wig. But it would be a mistake to suppose that O'Connell always elaborated his speeches. On the contrary he was often evidently unprepared, rambling on, sometimes discursively, in his own easy way, so that his audience would have been wearied but for his occasional bursts of eloquence, flashes of wit, tart replies, and keen sarcasms.

When Sir Thomas Acland was selected to move an important Conservative resolution, a duty which might have taxed the powers of a more dogged partisan, O'Connell, probably aware of the nautical predilections of that popular member as Vice-President of a Yacht Club, observed that the Hon. Baronet must have been astonished to find such a Conservative blast filling his sails. There was a genuine touch of Irish humour and of admirable tact in his quiet mode of parrying a thrust aimed at his religion in his own neighbourhood. Two worthy, but, except in point of zeal, dissimilar champions of the Protestant faith, crossed the Irish Channel with the professed object of inaugurating a second Reformation: the one, for so they designated themselves, the Luther, and the other the

Melanchthon of their crusade. The sledge-hammer share of the task was undertaken by Captain Gordon, a rough honest sailor, who had willingly exchanged one stormy element for another when he launched on the sea of Irish controversy, qualifying himself for his enterprise by indefatigable research, and by the practice of public speaking. The milder part was assigned to Baptist Noel, a clergyman, youthful scion of an English noble family, winning all hearts by the peculiar refinement of his person and manners, his piety and charity, and the ready flow of his charming but redundant eloquence. Taking up their position on a platform, I think at Cork, they had sounded the trumpet of defiance, when the gauntlet was taken up by no less formidable an adversary than the great Liberator himself, who, perceiving the favourable disposition manifested by the audience towards his gentler opponent, after exchanging hard blows with Gordon, turned round and contemplating him with the utmost complacency, observed, "And to be sure, to look at him, I think I never saw a nicer young gentleman for a tea-party in my life." Poor Baptist Noel would have far preferred playing the part of David in his encounter with Goliath to that of a carpet knight.[1]

During the only conversation I ever had with O'Connell, I heard him account for his signal success in reaching with his voice the farthest part of the room in which he spoke, by insuring the attention of the most distant of his audience. He met his match on one remarkable occasion in a young Tory M.P., whose name I will not mention, who, aware of his intention of introducing the wrongs of Ireland when addressing a great Anti-Slavery meeting at Exeter Hall,

[1] This most estimable minister of our Church eventually seceded to the Baptist communion. Gordon was afterwards returned to Parliament for Dundalk, and proved a match for O'Connell in information, and, though never eloquent, pleaded his cause creditably and successfully.

took his post at the organ and completely drowned his speech by the loyal strain of our national anthem.

Of O'Connell's discernment of character, and of his due appreciation of the qualifications of his coadjutors, the following is an instance mentioned to me by Alderman Copeland. O'Connell had been so aggrieved by the worthy Alderman declining to retain his seat for an Irish burgh, that he refused any longer acknowledging his acquaintance. The breach was made up by the two ancient friends finding themselves in juxtaposition at a public dinner, when O'Connell, being in good humour, addressed his neighbour and they soon became as friendly as ever: and the Alderman asking O'Connell his opinion of Smith O'Brien, received a reply which, had that misguided individual met with his desert, would have been deemed prophetic: "Before I have been six months in my grave, that man will get himself hanged."[1]

O'Connell's character was deservedly damaged in public estimation by his occasional coarseness and insolence. On the Queen's Coronation, the members repaired to the gallery reserved for them according to their countries, the turn

[1] Those who saw Smith O'Brien in society or in the House of Commons would not have supposed him susceptible of such fermentation of brain as that of which he became the victim. An occasional guest at my father's house, his chief interest seemed to be in Indian affairs. He had been originally very desirous of entering the navy, and had he followed the bent of his inclination might have proved himself capable of rendering good service to his country. His brother, Lord Inchiquin, was a staunch Conservative, an excellent resident Irish landlord, and worthy representative of a highly respected family. The following anecdote which appears in the unpublished Reminiscences of Mr. C. Cowan, formerly M.P. for Edinburgh, would however place Smith O'Brien in a different light. "On my addressing some remark inoffensive both as to matter and manner to that individual in the kitchen of the House of Commons respecting Ireland, he immediately," proceeds Mr. Cowan, "looked upon me in a kind of frenzy: 'What have you to do with Ireland?' and in a very angry tone added, 'You have no right to interfere with Irish questions: these must be left to be decided by Irish members themselves.'" (1878.)

being selected by ballot. O'Connell was consequently placed between two staunch political antagonists, Lefroy, afterwards Chief-Justice, and Shaw, Dublin Recorder. He seemed in high spirits, intimating to his neighbours that he should live to see the Romish Mass celebrated on the altar of the Abbey, and then—my authority for this statement is the Chief-Justice, one of those to whom the proposal was addressed,—suggesting their amusing themselves by spitting on the heads of those beneath them, *i.e.* the Royal party!

I heard O'Connell describe a Conservative nobleman, who bore an important part in the debates, and was entitled, as one of our most successful literary members, to especial respect, as the "most ridiculous man in the House," and allude sarcastically to the physical infirmity of another. It is well known that he pleaded his having slain a man in a duel as an excuse for his having registered a vow in heaven that he would never offer or accept a challenge, and that his availing himself of the presumed immunity to indulge in unjustifiable language was the subject of frequent taunt.

When Joseph Hume first entered the House, during the palmy days of Tory ascendency, a financial and in some respects moral reformer, he fought against fearful odds. Though his toughness was equal to his requirements, he was nevertheless sensitive to the attacks and clamorous opposition he sometimes provoked by his home-thrusts, dogged resolution, and occasional blunders, complaining to me once much of the treatment he met with on our side of the House, professing that all he asked for was civility. I have already bracketed him with Dr. Chalmers and other fellow-countrymen as occasionally indulging in false quantities. When charged by Mr. Canning with dealing largely with allegations, he retorted by declaring that his accuser was the greatest *allegator* in the House.

Wakley was a more lively, but not less zealous reformer of abuses, but aspired more than Hume to the part of a demagogue. He had passed through an unpleasant ordeal in having been charged with arson, for the purpose of defrauding an insurance office, and, to quote his own language, had to fight his way inch by inch in public life. Yet he would hold such language as would imply his not overvaluing principle. One of the first dicta which I heard him give utterance to was that there never had been but one member of the House who talked of his conscience, and that he proved to be a rogue. He had expended £4000 in a successful contest for the Coronership of Middlesex, and notwithstanding the arduous duties of his office, was a most regular sharer in the debates of the House. His official functions brought him into needless collision with the Middlesex magistrates; and he obtained the appointment of a committee of the House to institute inquiries not only into the topics of dispute, but the general alleged abuses of the Coronership itself.[1]

Both Hume and Wakley disavowed the hostility to the Church of England imputed to them. Hume was earnestly desirous that our clergy should be more adequately remunerated, and Wakley, in proof of his staunch adherence to our Church, declared that nothing would disturb him more than the secession of any of his children to dissent. On one memorable occasion, Wakley and his colleague Tom Duncombe did essential service to the Church by their opposition to Bishop Blomfield's attempt to obtain the immediate in lieu of the reversionary income of the Finsbury prebend, practically involving, though on that excellent prelate's

[1] He candidly waived the chair in my favour, himself proposing me, though on the Middlesex Commission of the Peace, and consequently assigned to me a casting vote, which enabled me to carry a report and resolutions opposed to his own.

part with the most upright intention of procuring endowment for the Church which he had been instrumental in erecting, an enormous sacrifice of revenue. I was fully prepared for a vindication of the Bishop and of the Church against radical aggression, till enlightened, in common with all my Conservative co-committee-men, as to the actual circumstances of the case.

The representative character of the House was sufficiently discernible. No interest was without its advocate; no grievance without its mouthpiece. One of the most popular champions of the people's rights was Tom Duncombe, of good family, a handsome, dissipated man of fashion, who, whether in pre- or post-prandial mood, could command the attention and good-will of the House; and even on that memorable night when we heard him announcing his intention, like his predecessor, the *Tam* of the poet—

> "glorious,
> O'er all the ills of life victorious,"—

of checkmating the advantage derived by leaders from the conventional privilege of making unanswerable statements at the close of debates by himself in future replying to Sir Robert Peel. Literature was personified by Serjeant Talfourd, who could submit unconcernedly to the failure of his eloquence, even on one occasion to the loss of a special retainer of £200. Warburton the philosopher, Lushington the learned and able interpreter of commercial and other codes; Grote and Villiers, cheered by the prospect of the mutual triumph of their respective reformatory projects; the English Roman Catholics worthily represented by Mr. Langdale, and the Irish by a diversity of champions, whilst courtesy of deportment no less than strenuous advocacy characterised Baines, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, foremost in the House of the dissenters; nor did honest Brotherston in vain quit his pulpit on behalf of persevering, and to a certain extent

successful, efforts to secure the midnight closing of the debate.

A single glance at the House would probably at once satisfy the observer that the two sides exhibited a marked contrast: the large predominance of country gentlemen and men of high family on the one side opposed to no less a majority of burghers, grave, thoughtful men of business, sitting cheek-by-jowl with the light-hearted, mirthful, and clamorous rank and file of the Irish phalanx. Yet dandyism of a peculiar sort would seem to have taken refuge in the van of the Ministerial party, where sat on the front bench below the gangway two perfectly self-satisfied-looking candidates for popular favour, their long hair flowing over their shoulders and their studied attire indicative of coveted political distinction: Sir William Molesworth, and Leader, the youthful member for Westminster. The former had already taken under his protection our colonies, and though a grand oratorical survey of their state did not elicit a single cheer, he lived to realise the vision which he had probably already indulged, of acquiring full official scope for the application of his liberal theories to our remote dependencies.

But no member was more studious of the becoming appearance of the outer man than Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. He seemed disposed especially to court the picturesque, for I met him at St. Leonards in 1846, on his way to France, his hair and whiskers dyed black, and again at Malvern, in the same year, restored to their native hue by the water-cure from which he derived benefit, repaid by the delightful tribute of his pen.

The debates of the Parliament of 1837 were signalised by their wearisome length. If a debate continued during four nights, the Conservative winding up was assigned successively to Goulburn, Gladstone, Graham, and Peel.

Goulburn excelled as conversant with business and the

forms of the House, but not as an orator. He would have creditably filled the chair to which he was unsuccessfully destined by his party.

To comment on Gladstone's eloquence would be superfluous. Sitting usually on the bench behind him, I observed that the heads of his speeches were arranged on a folio sheet, the principal written in large and the minor in a smaller hand, and that he noted down in its place any remarks suggested by the speeches of his opponents.

He had exhibited proof of the courage of his opinions by the publication of his *Relations of Church and State* in opposition to a strong amount of popular feeling. The composition of this able work was somewhat stiff and cumbrous. Sir James Graham told me at Netherby that he had received a copy of it from the author, but confessed that he could not understand it, and that Sir R. Peel had regretted its having been written. Macaulay observes in his powerful critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, that the opinions expressed in it were calculated to insure the author's unpopularity but for his other eminent countervailing qualities. The author of the *Relations* would probably cease to indorse some of the opinions he had so boldly expressed.

Mr. Gladstone belonged to a very small section of the House favourably disposed to the Tractarian party in the Church. Though his views might be distasteful or unintelligible to many of his hearers, his integrity was never questioned. He seemed to combine in a remarkable degree honesty of purpose with tortuousness of understanding. And he would sometimes surprise his hearers, "steering too near the sands," by the scrupulous approximation of his ingenious sophistry to results which, if directly attributed to him, he would repudiate. Much sensation was manifested in the House when he palliated the Chinese practice of poisoning wells in warfare on the ground of its being

invariably adopted by Eastern nations, when, so far from intending the slightest justification of it, he simply suggested in behalf of the perpetration of such savagery the only extenuating plea of which it could possibly admit. The fixed attention of the House was due not only to his transcendent eloquence, but to the occasional difficulty of disentangling his meaning.

Sir James Graham's speeches were able, strictly business-like, and well delivered, though too often tinctured with acrimony, which was naturally reciprocated, and contributed to the unpopularity otherwise provoked by his personal deportment and change of political party. Though reputedly timid as a statesman, he was thoroughly upright. A near relative of my own, an old friend of his father, who had known him from his childhood, and on other accounts a competent judge, even though a political breach eventually separated them, bore uniform testimony to the self-denying strictness of his integrity, and was wont to refer in private especially to his conduct in regard to Catholic Emancipation, during a contest for his county, when his friends could not prevail on him to abate a jot of his opinions on that question, though his steadfastness might cost him his seat. Of the uniformity of his political course he offered late in life, on the hustings at Carlisle, a singular vindication, by declaring that he had never served under any but the *yellow*, that is the *Liberal*, flag!

His published Life—chiefly taken from the newspapers, as the author could not procure his correspondence—has not been approved by his family.

There was somewhat of epic grandeur in the alternate stateliness and impetuosity, and of directness and discursiveness, which characterised Lord Stanley's sustained and occasionally magnificent oratory, traceable, perhaps, as we may now observe, in part to his familiar converse with the mighty

master whose spirit and style he had transfused into his own heroic measure. There was little of the imaginative and nothing of rhetorical ornament in his speeches. His diction was chaste and forcible, though in the outset of his career his popular little work on the Parables, composed at College, was couched in language better suited to the teacher than to the scholar. His statements were clear, his reasoning close and conclusive, his declamation splendid, and his invective overwhelming. O'Connell, who had writhed under his chastisement, acknowledged that to listen to him afforded him a rare intellectual treat: and Peel taunted Lord Stanley's opponents in the same quarter with the intimation that they would not have grudged him the aristocratic ascendency to which they had adverted, had it not been backed by transcendent intellectual power.

Lord Stanley's shortsightedness impaired the effectiveness of his oratory, as he could not avail himself of ocular proof of the impression made by his speeches. But quick in hearing, and keenly sensitive, he caught up any chance remark or exclamation as he proceeded, and met it with prompt retort: as when at the close of one of his humorous, perhaps less successful, sallies, Sir J. Hobhouse vociferated "Bad joke," "No joke at all," was his reply.

All parties conceded to Lord Stanley the distinction of being the Rupert of debate. Never was he more at home than in the front of the battle, whether grappling with the complicated problems of Irish education, or winning his golden spurs in his early encounters with Radicalism, or dealing the death-blow to the slavery of the British colonies; or when on the floor of the House of Commons he administered his withering rebukes to the champion of Irish agitation, or on another arena disposed in gayer mood of the onslaught of the *preux chevalier*, who seemingly conscious of a hereditary title to the palm of martyrdom, emulated the

prowess as he nearly shared the doom of the adventurous knight who tested the edge of Bruce's battle-axe on the eve of Bannockburn.

But though no one had more dash in his composition than Lord Stanley, those would be much mistaken who imagine that he relied on it, exclusively of the need of bracing and storing his mind for his arduous conflicts. On the contrary, his industry for the nonce was surprising. Sir James Stephen, his prompter in the Anti-Slavery crusade, observed that he was the best *crammee* who had ever come within the reach of his instruction.[1]

But nevertheless, notwithstanding his transcendent qualifications for statesmanship, his political career would suggest doubts as to his capacity for party leadership; as, despite of the prodigious energy which he manifested when fairly in harness, he seemed indisposed to bestow the requisite forethought on the important questions which loomed in the political horizon, and confidence in the soundness of his judgment was by no means implicit.

Lord Stanley's chivalrous bearing was the exponent of his personal honour. As when speaking at a window during a Preston election, he averted a stone thrown at his head by catching it like an Eton cricket-ball, and depositing it, amid a tumult of applause, on the sill, in after life he turned to account the deadly animosity to which his maturing Conservatism had exposed him. And the bitterest of his antagonists would now willingly concede to him the homage due to one who, heir to an ancient title and vast possessions, regarded these privileges only as an incentive to public exertion and the service of his God and of his

[1] When he returned home from protracted debates during this severe ordeal, it was his practice, as his brother-in-law informed me, to allay his excitement by bathing in cold or warm water, and reading some light book by way of relaxation before he went to bed.

country; and who, whether on the open field of political conflict, or in the seclusion of literary retreat, achieved triumphs which have shed lustre on the annals no less of his illustrious race than of the people with whose interests and pursuits he had ever identified himself.

Among his contemporaries in the House of Commons, as an orator, Sir R. Peel was *facile princeps*. His presence was commanding and his bearing dignified, though stiff. His fluency was measured, and, contrasted with that of Stanley or Macaulay, might seem to "hang fire." But the weight of his words justified the comparative slowness of his utterance; and the widening breach of his opponents' tottering ascendency revealed both to friends and foes the heaviness of the metal which he wielded, no less than the precision of his aim. He was pre-eminently practical. Unlike some distinguished speakers, he simplified instead of mystifying his meaning, and accepted and grappled with instead of evading the "stonds and impediments" of debate. If one entered the House ignorant of the subject discussed, and became bewildered by the incomplete and *ex parte* statements of other speakers, one felt assured on his rising that the pros and con.s of the case would be so clearly and fairly set forth as to point to a distinct conclusion, even though perchance not that which he himself might suggest.

Peel's views had not been enlarged by foreign travel, but he had profited by the utmost advantages which could be realised by a home education. On his ample stock of classical erudition was soon engrafted a rare and fast-accumulating amount of information derived from early Parliamentary experience and official training. His familiarity with the annals of his country, and with the precedents and proceedings of the House of Commons, had conduced materially to that mastering of Parliamentary and party tactics which qualified him in popular estimation

for the leadership, when combined success, skill, and steadfastness were necessary to the steering the State vessel through the complicated perils which beset its course. Yet there may have been somewhat narrowing in the limited scope of his attainments, and in the engrossing routine of his duties. And perhaps, bold as he was when driven to some specific line of action, he lacked the adventurous courage which, instead of postponing, could calmly and resolutely provide for the settlement of inevitable difficulties. Hence it proved damaging to his reputation that some of the most momentous enactments of his time should have been forced upon his adoption by public opinion, and that his honesty should have been traduced by the virulence of party. But posterity will unquestionably attribute to honourable and patriotic motives those sudden and suspicious changes of policy which could not fail to excite temporary indignation, and be disposed to set off against any personal advantage possibly derivable from tergiversation the severity of the ordeal to which it exposed him.

The hostility which Sir Robert Peel encountered found full vent in the memorable philippics of Mr. Disraeli, who seems to have justified by his rancour his inheritance of one of the least amiable characteristics of the ancient race in his descent from which he glories; and it was precisely the predominant foible in his victim's temperament which afforded a mark for one so dexterous in the use of his weapons. Sir Robert's intimate associates bore testimony to the cordiality and steadfastness of his friendship; but his political adherents complained of the reservedness of his deportment—of their not feeling able to look to him for that frank and ready support which some leaders have proffered to their younger partisans—of his being disposed to shrink within the narrow precincts of self-vindication rather than hold out to them the ægis of his protection—

and of his checking and resenting any symptom of independent action, lest it might in the slightest degree compromise his own immunity. Consequently there might be some truth in the opinion of this great statesman which I heard expressed by one—perhaps no charitable critic—of his public contemporaries, Lord Brougham, who, being asked it at a dinner-table, replied that "Peel always thought of Peel." His manners were somewhat constrained. His carriage, as he walked up the House to his seat, on which he fixed his eyes immoveably, was uncomfortable; and his conversation at his Parliamentary dinners was usually confined to those about him. But simple and unassuming was his tone when he explained to his adherents his policy, as he stood at the sideboard of his dining-room, beneath Lawrence's portrait of Lady Peel—as it proved, in the very apartment in which he breathed his last after his fatal accident. And when the occasion was sufficient to call for self-sacrifice, who was more ready to incur it?

Sir Robert Peel was reputedly inexpert in matters of Court etiquette. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, on being appointed Premier, observed that he knew not how he and Peel should get on with the Queen, as he had no small-talk and Peel no manners. Little surprise was therefore expressed at one of the Lambeth State dinners, that Sir Robert, though he had long held the office of Home Secretary, and had been a recognised champion of our Church, should have been the only guest who did not appear in a Court suit. He seemed conscious of his mistake, and ensconced himself in a snug corner at the bottom of the table, in proximity to the vice-chairman.

The salutary measures with which the name and reputation of Peel are identified occupy a large space in our historical annals. From June 1841, when the fate of Lord Melbourne's Administration was sealed, I never saw him

till at a Queen's ball in July 1850. The high wave which had wafted him into power had left him stranded; and Sir W. Miles, who had succeeded temporarily to the lead of the Conservative party, observed to me, that in lieu of the four hundred members of the House of Commons who once rallied round his banner, he retained but six. Ere a week had passed, he "filled the narrow house alone." He now appeared in health and good spirits. On the evening of that day—for it was past midnight when I last saw him—he delivered what proved to be his farewell speech in the House of Commons, bearing memorable testimony to the surpassing merit of Lord Palmerston's long and eloquent vindication of his foreign policy. On the following afternoon he met with the accident which in a few days consigned his remains to their ancestral resting-place.

Among the lawyers who swarmed on the Conservative benches Sir Edward Sugden was conspicuous. The dryness of his style impaired the effect of his instructive speeches, and his irritability was provoked by occasional inattention. Of his pleasant conversation I enjoyed a sample, when, arriving too late for the dinner of the Master of Trinity, Whewell, at his lodge, we were consigned to a *tête-à-tête* in the dining-room. Much and agreeably did he converse on the House of Commons and his official residence in Ireland. I last saw him at Boyle Farm, his pleasant villa near the water's edge on Thames Ditton. Miss Sugden had been obliged to put off her garden-party on account of his slight illness, but he kindly stipulated for an exception in favour of some relatives with whom I was staying and myself. He had completed his ninetieth year, and was sitting reading by his fireside. He soon spent his strength, expressing his regret that he could talk no longer, but begged us to see his farm, proud of its having produced the best crop of hay in the neighbourhood, perhaps more so even than of a new

edition of one of his great law-books which he was correcting for the press. I was reminded of Theodore Hook's description of Lord St. Leonards at this very farm. It was when the mental powers of this celebrated humorist were failing, and required the stimulant, of the excessive use of which he was the victim, that I met him at dinner at the Vice-Chancellor Sir James Wigram's, on which occasion he arrived nearly an hour late, and made no apology for his unpunctuality. In the evening he improvised at the pianoforte a long series of stanzas, selecting for his topic the peculiarities of divers lawyers. Nearly all the guests present besides myself were lawyers, and were convulsed with laughter by the happiness of his hits. Nor did he confine his satire to rhyme, but proceeded in a similar strain in plain prose, touching on Sugden's irritability of temper by describing him—whether indebted for the anecdote to his memory or invention I know not—as proprietor of a certain pond at Boyle Farm, which caused him the incessant annoyance of boys angling for his fish, which he would endeavour to prevent by sallying forth with his gun. "Now," remarked Theodore Hook, "had he simply said to the trespassers, 'I have two sick ducks and two sick fish, which you may catch if you can,' he would have soon rid himself of his tormentors."

Pemberton, another of our legal luminaries, suffered from the ineffectiveness of his manner. Thesiger laboured under no such defect. Like Erskine, he had exchanged the sword for the gown, after having served as a midshipman at the siege of Copenhagen. His career had been very prosperous. He had accumulated a considerable income by his pleadings before Election Committees. But the "bright particular star" of our forensic galaxy was one whom I recollect as my contemporary at Trinity, solitary in his habits, who, after attaining the first class at the Trinity ex-

amination, relinquished University in favour of professional studies. His subsequent success at the bar reminded me of the sanguine expectations of his distinction, and of his being marked out for the woolsack by his neighbours in a Devonshire village while he was yet a boy, of which I heard from a relative of mine, also destined for the law. It was indeed triumphant: business far beyond his strength pressed upon him, and it was surmised that he received remuneration for services of which he could not possibly acquit himself. His elocution was as admirable and his discourse and manner as persuasive as his power of pleading almost unrivalled. But his physical strength was failing. His aspect was wan and sickly. The shadow of death had passed over him, imparting a melancholy grace and solemn impressiveness to the occasional addresses with which he swayed and charmed the House, more especially as each might prove the last farewell to all his promised greatness.

The Irish bar was ably represented by Lefroy, Jackson, and Shaw, whose private worth was as eminent as their professional distinction, invested as they all eventually were with high judicial functions.

In the front rank of Conservatives stood prominent Sir Francis Burdett, the hero and martyr of the mobocracy of my younger, transformed into the fine old English and right loyal gentleman of my maturer, reminiscences. His tall stately figure and commanding but courteous bearing betokened the chivalrous spirit which had prompted alike his republican excesses and his growing consciousness of the stake he either possessed or represented in the safety of the community. He had just vacated his seat for Westminster in behalf of his own county, but did not conceive himself exonerated from the duty of convincing his fellow-countrymen in London and the provinces of the sincerity of his conversion. The ovation which he accepted when

returned for Westminster, and the merry peals and loud acclamations of tower and town which announced his triumph, proved but the prelude of his reception, which I witnessed at public banquets in London, Birmingham, and elsewhere.

From those who had listened to Sir F. Burdett in his earlier days I heard that his eloquence had somewhat deteriorated; that he now seldom, as of yore, finished his sentences and quoted Shakespeare. He spoke rarely in the House, but always with effect. He could be powerfully vituperative. It was in such humour that he elicited, by an attack on Wilberforce, the retort that there was no member of the House for whose good opinion he cared less. And he was in still bitterer mood when he came to the House with the express intent of assailing O'Connell. He took up his position directly opposite to the great agitator, as it chanced, near to me, so that, notwithstanding the clamour which ensued, I could hear what he said, and far better than the Speaker, who strained every effort to ascertain whether, as appearances warranted, he was not transgressing the rules of Parliamentary decorum. O'Connell's Irish supporters, apprised of his intention, had mustered numerously, and, soon as he commenced, murmured loudly. But he was not to be diverted from his purpose. He spoke as coolly and deliberately as if on a commonplace occasion; but the shafts with which he transfixed his adversary were sufficiently envenomed, and never more so than when he uttered in measured tones the following malediction, perhaps one of the severest ever heard in Parliament: "The honourable and learned gentleman has declared his intention of dying in the field: I only hope that that day may not be distant."

As Sir Francis was communicative, I had several opportunities of enjoying his conversation, but never more

pleasantly than when, as I sat next to him at dinner, at Sir R. Peel's, he reverted to early days,—*laudator temporis acti.* As is usual with those who perform that part, he spoke disparagingly of the present. He recollected the time when he was acquainted with every member of his club, and now found himself comparatively among strangers. He protested against the despotic assumption of some of the ladies who wielded the sceptre at Almack's; observing that it would not have been tolerated by the Harvey Astons and others of kindred spirit whom he remembered in his youth. But, very interesting as were his reminiscences, none struck me as more strange and perhaps characteristic than his account of an adventure of his own in the Mediterranean. At Barcelona he received the offer from a middy friend on board of a line-of-battle ship of a berth to Leghorn. A strict quarantine prohibited them landing; but our hero and two other youngsters contrived to elude the regulations, and being discovered, swam across the harbour to the ship, satisfied by the splashing of the shot in the water of the danger which they may possibly have incurred, if more serious mischief was intended than merely frightening the delinquents. A previous engagement deprived me of the pleasure of witnessing a meeting at dinner at Sir F. Burdett's between Dr. Chalmers and himself, on the invitation of Sir G. Sinclair, especially as the host was so far disappointed of his guests that he had none else on that day at his hospitable table.

Any portraiture of Sir Francis Burdett would be imperfect without allusion to one well known as his constant associate and *fidus Achates*, Sir George Sinclair. Had his person borne the slightest resemblance to the faithful attendant of a certain renowned knight-errant, such companionship would have suggested obvious comparison. Son and heir of an estimable though eccentric Baronet, to whose

patriotic exertions and voluminous penmanship Scotland is much indebted, he gave at Harrow such early indication of distinction as promised to eclipse that of his contemporaries Byron and Peel. But though he availed himself of every opportunity of self-improvement, and even, long after he had married and become father of a family, attended the Edinburgh University lectures as assiduously as the most ardent student, his actual performance fell short of the hopes of his friends. It was observed that his mental powers never seemed to recover the strain to which they were subjected as Chairman of the Commons' Scotch Patronage Committee. He was best known as annually at the close of the session delivering himself of a very humorous speech. But he was never backward in enlightening political auditors in town and country in the train of his chief by sound and popular eloquence.

Sir George Sinclair's natural amiableness, improved by Christian principle, manifested itself in the most charitable construction of the motives and intentions of men of all parties, especially his adversaries, as for instance O'Connell, of whom on one occasion he took up the defence. But his most conscientiously ambitious effort to break down the partition walls which separated those who, in his own estimation, should have been united in spirit as in creed, was in the winter of 1856-7, when I found him at Edinburgh intent on effecting the union of the Free Church, of which he was a zealous member, and other dissenting bodies. Though his views were supported by ministers so distinguished as Guthrie and Candlish, and laymen so influential as Lords Breadalbane and Dalhousie, he had attempted a hopeless task, as much beyond the reach of his capacity as it was within the scope of his charity.

In the resolute independent discharge of duty no member of the House excelled Sir Robert Inglis. In him conscien-

tiousness was personified, prompting and justifying his conviction that the political status, however shifting might be its condition and aspects, was, or ought to be, exempt from "the changes and chances, otherwise universal, which result from the chronic groaning and travailing of creation." To guarantee its fixedness was the grand aim of his consistent political career. Lord Houghton told me that when he once questioned Sir Robert as to his feelings on looking back on the adoption of so many measures which he had steadfastly resisted, he modestly replied that he simply regarded himself as a drag on the wheels of time. He might have added in a more literal sense, that he had served as a break on the demoralising facilities of locomotion, for in old age he might have looked back with complacency on having opposed strenuously, on the floor of the House of Commons, in the name of the resident body of the University which he represented, the extension of a railway to Oxford as likely to facilitate the egress of the students!

But nevertheless none would deny to Sir Robert Inglis the merit of considerable though not powerful or brilliant ability, indomitable perseverance, and unflinching courage. These qualities, combined with practical good sense, enabled him, ever on the watch for opportunities of usefulness, to accomplish much. To the stability of a position which few would have had disposition or ability to assume, and to his influence, whether personal or political, conduced the unsullied worth of his character, his self-sacrificing Christian generosity, and large-hearted hospitality.

H. B. did simple justice to his comprehensive good-will, representing him as holding O'Connell by the button. And much did Sir R. Inglis owe to the crisis which, by ejecting Sir R. Peel from the representation of the University of Oxford, recommended him to a constituency whose opinions chiefly harmonised with his own, and whose never-failing

support contributed materially to uphold his championship of their common allegiance.

But it was not merely in its relation to the State that the member for Oxford University was the unflinching supporter of his religion and of his Church. Belonging to the section of Churchmen usually denominated Evangelical, both in and out of Parliament, he nevertheless tendered his support to all institutions, and manifested readiness to co-operate with dissenters as well as Churchmen, when he could do so without compromise of principle. Proof of the public appreciation of his intellectual qualifications and attainments, as well as to his personal character, was given when he was selected as one of the members deputed by the House of Commons to negotiate with Queen Caroline, and when nominated by the British Association President at its Oxford meeting.

From Sir Robert Inglis's moral temperament, and his sturdy maintenance of existing institutions, it might be inferred that in his spirit and conduct the defensive predominated much more than the aggressive. But when the occasion required he could surprise friends and foes by the vigour of his onslaught and even the keenness of his bite. Witness his stern recognition of the sort of opposition he might expect from the advocates of Catholic Emancipation by designating the Duke of Wellington as of all men the best capable of wielding the *brute force* of the kingdom, or his own half-threatened appeal to similar agency in the Privilege contest, or his denouncing O'Connell as a defamer of the women of England, an imputation for which he was called to severe account by the indignant agitator, or his prompt appeal to the Speaker in behalf of the immunity of individual members, when he called to order one who had ventured to "*express* unutterable scorn."

Well adapted were Sir Robert's personal appearance and deportment to disarm hostility. His physique, a certain

embonpoint, nourished by a healthy appetite. Joseph Hume amused me by characteristically reckoning up the number of mutton-chops which he had seen the goodly Baronet consume at a sitting in the coffee-room of the House. His ruddy complexion, the expression of a countenance ever radiant with benevolence, the flower in his button-hole, the wedding favour dropped as if by chance from his hat as he doffed it on taking his seat, the clearing of his deck by the discharge of bushels of petitions on the floor when he was unexpectedly called into action, all conspired to establish his personal popularity. And the hostility of the Roman Catholics could be disarmed when Sheil, amid a roar of laughter which rendered the conclusion of his sentence inaudible, wound up an eloquent allusion to the progressive alienation of endowment from the object originally proposed, by asking the House, whilst pointing to Sir Robert Inglis, as he sat beaming with good-humour, what would William of Wickham have felt had he foreseen that his own cherished University would be hereafter represented in Parliament by one who was the "terror of the Cardinals, the dismay of the Conclave, and the scourge of Rome."

Sir Robert made many friends as a clubbable man. He was member of various societies, and presided during many years at the well-known Grillon's, by whose members he was presented with a silver salver, which he bequeathed to Sir Thomas Acland, who had been no less assiduous an attendant at the meetings of the club, and who reciprocated the cordial esteem of its members by engaging Richmond and other skilful artists to supply him with portraits of the members.[1]

[1] On seeing this testimonial, well freighted with excellent Constantia, circulated around the table at Killerton, in November 1864, I presented the following impromptu to its owner, which I may venture to add to the foregoing notice as my own personal tribute to the memory of one whom I

The intimate friendship of Sir Robert Inglis and Sir Thomas Acland was cemented no less by the excellent qualities common to both than by those which distinctively and contrastedly characterised them. The mercurial temperament which predominated in the Devonshire baronet's moral constitution would probably under any circumstances have prevented him doing justice to his quick intelligence, diversified ability, genial sympathy, and unbounded philanthropy. Neither the excitement nor the toil of enterprise, to the attractions of which he was by no means insensible, nor the rough discipline of life, so far as he was subjected to it, nor the exigencies of party combination, could have prevailed to induce him doggedly to grapple with the everyday obstructions of a public career, far less

"To climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple stands afar."

When he described himself at a public church meeting as a plain country gentleman, he modestly undervalued his multiplied qualifications; but nevertheless he seldom addressed a public assembly on any important occasion without indicating the lack of persevering preparation. When selected by the Conservative party as mover of questions no less

greatly esteemed and respected, though not always according with him in his political opinions :—

"Convivial Inglis! on his salver bright
The old Constantia gives its tint aright,
Type of his spirit, genial, sweet, and strong,
And generous as the juice that tasks my song;
And potent too to temper or inspire
The Christian's ardour and the patriot's fire,
The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.
Fill, Grillon's brothers, high the sparkling bowl
In saddened silence to his memory:
None braver, better, or more loved than he,
None readier at his country's call to dare,
Or at the board your social glee to share:
Staunch statesman, steadfast friend, companion boon,
By God and man approved, ah! snatched from earth too soon."

exciting than that which referred to the Appropriation Clause, his speech, though creditable to his head and to his heart, lacked the point and power of premeditation. Conscious of this deficiency, he explained it naturally enough by the fact of his having deferred preparation till the morning before speaking, and his consequently having been disturbed by an incessant succession of visitors. When he spoke at a Bible meeting at Exeter Hall, Bishop Sumner of Winchester observed that he appeared to tower beyond the reach of his feeling, however sincere, and then to collapse. His seeming nervousness when and before he spoke surprised the American minister, Stevens, who remarked to me that the trepidation manifested by Englishmen in public speaking was quite unfelt by his fellow-countrymen.

To give a specimen of one of Sir Thomas Acland's ordinary day's proceedings: I met him in the main street of Harrow on a speech-day, when he insisted on my returning to London with him in his carriage. To my pre-engagement to accompany Mr. Sotheby, the poet, and his daughters, who had brought me, he would not give ear, but fairly seized me by the arm, drawing me forcibly along. Recollecting that meetings of old Harrovians occasionally attracted duns, I gave up the contest to avert suspicion of being clutched by a remorseless creditor. He was as usual very agreeably conversible till he suddenly recollected that his correspondence was in arrears, and began inditing letters to absent sons. Oddly enough one of those which he showed me proved the only legible production of his pen I have seen. Letters of introduction with which he kindly supplied me I have had to decipher.

On the occasion of his presiding at a meeting of the "Wilberforce Monument Committee," at the Church Missionary Society's House, I suggested to Henry Venn, the Secretary, his retaining, as possibly the only specimen of the

unknown tongue preserved in the archives of that orthodox institution, his voluminous but perfectly unintelligible entries in a minute-book.

The sight of Lord Hill's villa at Westbourne, as we neared London, pointed out to him by me, hurried him off as by a fit of inspiration to the far distant Roncesvalles, near which he was about to land in his yacht, recollecting that Lord Hill had been the hero of the last battle which had immortalised that historic field. It was with great difficulty that I induced him to postpone his visit, as Lord Hill would be either dressing for or at his dinner, and by no means disposed at such a time to retrace the evolutions of a battle.

As the postage of his letters, franked for the day, became now a subject of anxiety, we drove rapidly to my father's house in Portman Square, sealed them, and as the local post-office was already shut, hastened in a cab to a central one. But alas! "*ibi omnis effusus labor;*" for just as Sir Thomas Acland reached his destination the lid was closed!

Though Sir Thomas Acland seemed in some sense to play with life, he rendered essential service to innumerable charitable and religious institutions, and to none more zealously than those which concerned the welfare of the negro race. The influence which he derived not only from his personal character but from his munificence and hospitality, was devoted to the service of his God and of mankind at large. And his spirit and actions were duly appreciated. He was one whom his countrymen in general and his own county especially delighted to honour. On various occasions besides that to which I have alluded, he was put forth by the House of Commons as the mouth-piece of his party, and once, as we have also seen, on the memorable interview between its delegates and Queen Caroline. And during his life, and in this instance, as he intimated to me, nowise to

his satisfaction, a statue was erected in recognition of his country's estimation of his character and services.

It was observed that Sir Thomas Acland seemed to live and move in a poetical atmosphere. Baron Bunsen expressed to me the apprehension that such excitement as he habitually evinced would be followed by sudden collapse. But in the race of life he survived many of his less mercurial contemporaries, and as an octogenarian, for such I recollect him on my last visit to Killerton, retained at that time the features of youth, unimpaired by the wear and tear of manhood, and the labour, and sorrow, and frequent regrets of old age.[1]

Lord Ashley, though seemingly pledged by previous and prospective tenure of office to a high official career, never compromised the independence which better suited his spirit and temperament. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive a public man, eminently qualified though he was for the transaction of business, less disposed to submit to the trammels of subordinate official routine. Already a far wider and less frequented field of enterprise had opened on his view, and as he realised, as he entered upon it, its growing expansiveness, he was ready bravely to endure and triumphantly to overcome the opposition, scorn, and obloquy to which his early philanthropic efforts exposed him. The prestige which he derived from his exalted social position no doubt materially promoted his success, more especially as he consecrated to the loftiest purposes any advantages accruing to him.

If there was somewhat of stage effect, there was much of practical wisdom in the assignment of the respective parts of mover and seconder of the resolutions annually brought forward in behalf of Factory Reform, to Lord Ashley and Mr. Feilden; the one the refined and dignified representative of

[1] Worthy representative of that ancient house which, at the commencement of the last century, the quaint annalist of Devon commended to the title of "Worshipful."

an old historic noble family, the other the plain, honest, and unpretending self-raised burgher; the one the *beau-idéal* of aristocratic, the other of plebeian, worth. Feilden used to cross the House to deliver his addresses, and was invariably received when he rose by a then small but steady band of philanthropists, with cordial welcome.

John Campbell Colquhoun, the only Conservative sitting for a Scotch burgh, member of a much respected Scotch family, and proprietor of an ample Scotch patrimony, entered the House of Commons advantageously, having attained distinction at Oxford, and supported by a large and growing following in his own country, to which he was indebted for his seat as an elder in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and his elevation to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Aberdeen. And few members of either House of Parliament surpassed him in quickness of parts, ready, extensive information, especially on Church and Irish questions, and refined eloquence.

But withal he was defective in physical and moral stamina, inadequate, notwithstanding his strict integrity, to the requirements of a statesman subjected to the severe strain of successive crucial questions. Nor did the national *canniness* on which he piqued himself restrain him from incessant resort to his pen, for the *cacoethes scribendi* held him firmly in its grasp, and he thus committed himself to opinions at variance with those he had previously held, so unmistakeably as in one instance to draw down on himself the severe retorts of Sir Robert Peel, whom in a luckless moment he had taxed with political tergiversation. Circumstances supplied sufficient justification of his capitulating to the Duke of Wellington on the Emancipation question, but could not vindicate his being prevailed upon by the broken remnants of the party out of Parliament which he had left to advocate the rescinsion of the measure.

The sanguine hope he at one time entertained of pouring oil on the troubled waters of Scottish Church controversy, and thus to avert disruption, suggested to him fruitless pacific overtures, productive of no other result than so to embroil him with friends as to elicit from his pen a series of letters, published in a leading English newspaper, rivalling certainly in bitterness, and almost in ability, the philippics of Junius. Though subsequently happily reconciled to some of his adversaries, he felt that his position in Scotland had been painfully compromised, and on this account, as well as that of the health of himself and his family, he discontinued his residence near Glasgow, and divided it between London and a delightfully situated, and, as it proved, costly house close to the wolds of Kent, in which he passed the latter end of his days, and both himself and his invaluable partner, eldest daughter of Lord Lilford, breathed their last.

Though failing in firmness, Colquhoun was ever true to the cause of Irish regeneration and enlightened Protestantism. His part in establishing and sustaining the National Church was deservedly acknowledged by its members. His services rendered to the Church Association, as chairman of committee, cannot be too highly commended; and though some few of his colleagues might be better qualified to grapple with the difficulties which obstructed the progress of that eminently loyal and constitutional body, he was ever ready by speech or pen to dedicate his persuasive and sometimes powerful eloquence to the promotion of its objects,—merits which will be more fully appreciated when those will have been, as they probably will be, sufficiently realised.

In the public business of his adopted county of Kent he bore a useful part; but he found more congenial occupation in contributing variously to the *Christian Observer*, and especially essays on the biography of eminent philanthropists. And had his accuracy corresponded in any degree

with the merits of his fascinating style, the result of his labours would have been assuredly more valuable.

Lord Sandon, Lord Mahon, Mr. Pakington, and Mr. Disraeli, had given early promise of their future eminence. The last-mentioned statesman had just recovered from his first failure, and was now listened to as affording intellectual gratification rather than as indicating those more expressly political qualifications which time and opportunity subsequently developed.

The House of Commons has seldom lacked the presence of a member able and willing to relieve the usual dulness of its sittings by raising a laugh at the expense of others as well as himself. Colonel Sibthorp was one of those individuals whose families had represented their respective localities since 1688 : himself—Lincoln ; Whitmore of Apley—Bridgenorth ; I forget the third. His character exhibited an extraordinary compound of perseverance and levity, of seriousness and drollery, of industry and dissipation. A Tory to the backbone, he was defiant of innovation not only on the ancient law and practice of the nation, but, like Sir Robert Inglis, whose political sympathies were much in unison with his own, on the jog-trot tardiness of the old highway intercommunication. He could gravely intimate to the House that Cobden, when on his anti-Corn-Law crusade, had left the city of Lincoln with a flea in his ear ; and that at the head of his retainers he had threatened the engineers commissioned to survey his land with reference to a railway with the *argumentum ad baculum*.

Yet his conduct and demeanour belied his antiquated professions, for of customary observances he was ostentatiously neglectful. His dress was varied, but always amusingly singular. He would sometimes appear in a frock-coat profusely frogged, sky-blue waistcoat, and pantaloons and Hessian boots richly decorated, and an amplitude of gold chains

depending from his neck. He wore an unusual quantity of hair in the shape of moustache and imperial, now common, but at that time so rare as to provoke O'Connell's memorable parody on the "Three Poets," alluding to Sibthorp and two brother colonels, Perceval and Verner, who had opposed the Maynooth Grant, Sibthorp's associates being as closely shaven as he was himself fantastically hirsute. After specifying the peculiar and pleasing characteristics of the two latter, he added—

> "The force of nature could no further go,
> To beard the first she shaved the other two."

The House was convulsed with laughter, whilst Sibthorp shouted across the House "The d——d brute," repeatedly. He asked his brother Colonels to take up the matter, but those well-known, gallant, and excellent men simply joined in the general merriment. Sibthorp elicited from Somers, member for Sligo, who was at that time in his no unusual plight, but yet continued to retain his wits, an amusing retort. Somers, in the lobby, addressed him as Mr. Muntz, the Radical member for Birmingham, who wore a long bushy beard. Sibthorp, indignant at being mistaken for such a personage, talked of calling Somers out. "Don't tell Muntz," was the reply, "or I shall have to fight him too!"

When the object of a good-humoured attack of Serjeant Murphy, he could entertain the House at some length thoroughly with his retaliating remarks. As for ridicule directed against himself he heeded it not, and when subjected to more serious interruptions he would point to the door as a means of escape from his speech, if that was the object of the disturbance.

Of his perverseness he had given whimsical proof when he quarrelled with his commanding officer of the Scotch Greys, by refusing to procure a charger of the regimental colour, and consequently being mounted on a troop-horse

on field-days, and afterwards exchanged into the Bays with a whole string of Greys.

Sibthorp was not destitute of religious feeling; for when his excellent clerical brother seceded to the Church of Rome he was found weeping like a child, and he would even go so far, notwithstanding the notoriousness of his bad habits, as to make religious professions in the House, for well do I remember the solemnity with which, amid the mingled disgust and merriment of the House, he asked Lord John Russell whether in some particular instance he was acting up to religious principle.

His distrust of the Whig Ministry was extreme. Even when they proposed some apparently unobjectionable measure he would guarantee himself and the House against the possibility of being taken in by resorting to his favourite quotation—"*Timeo Danaos.*" He professed to, and probably did, regard himself as a very important personage in their estimation. When some pause had occurred in the discussion of some great question, he urged as his plea for addressing the House that the Ministerial leader was eagerly awaiting the expression of his opinion. When, at the University Club, Sibthorp and myself were standing talking together at lunch-time, when the tables were crowded, he declared aloud—adding, whilst looking around him, that he cared not who heard him—that there were no less than four occupants of the Ministerial bench who would willingly get him assassinated if they could. After being for many years a constant frequenter of this Club, he quitted it because the regulations prevented his having his brandy-and-water in the drawing-room.

Sibthorp evidently felt that nothing within the reach of Parliamentary cognisance was beyond his grasp; and certainly his surveillance and perseverance were beyond praise. But yet the interference of a man of such character

was not seldom deprecated by his political friends. It was at the door of the University Club that he took me aside and informed me that he was on his way to the House, intent on bringing forward a very delicate affair which had grievously perplexed the Court and the nation. That it should have got into his hands would have supplied the climax to the annoyance. And consequently I earnestly, and successfully as it turned out, besought him to relinquish his purpose, urging that the family chiefly aggrieved would be extremely averse to his procedure.

That indispensable functionary the *Whipper-in* had its due representatives in the House. The celebrated Billy Holmes was still a member; but the arduous duties of the very responsible post had devolved on Sir Thomas Fremantle, on the Conservative part, whose good sense, ability, and kindliness tended much to their efficient discharge.

The House of Commons could scarcely believe in its identity on the morning of the Queen's Coronation. At an early hour every seat was occupied by the members in their Court attire, who were told off according to their counties to proceed to the Abbey. We were massed up to the ceiling of the east end of the choir immediately over the altar, enjoying an ample view of the magnificent spectacle. The gallery assigned to the Diplomatic Corps adjoined our own. The two most remarkable representatives of Foreign Courts were Esterhazy, conspicuous from the splendour of the jewels which adorned his person, and Soult, looking sulky,—displeased it was said, by the greeting he had met with on his way to the Abbey, which he mistook for signs of displeasure, recollecting perhaps the unpopularity of his celebrated proclamation on retreating into France before the Duke of Wellington.

We all received medals commemorative of the occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

1838.

DUBLIN—LORD MORPETH—EARL OF MAYO—BISHOP BERESFORD —BIG JACK JOYCE—MARQUIS OF SLIGO—ACHILL ISLAND — LORDS LORTON AND COLE.

During the Parliamentary recess I revisited Ireland and the English manufacturing districts. After a short visit to a brother of Sir R. Vaughan, in Wales, in company with Lord Hill and some members of the Hill family assembled for grouse shooting, I found myself early one morning on the deck of a steam-packet at Holyhead, none else on board save a single individual who was sitting at the opposite side of the vessel. Though not previously acquainted, and having been ranged in opposite ranks in the House of Commons, we instinctively approached each other and shook hands. My new friend was Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Finding that I had passed much time during 1818 and 1821 in the House which he now officially occupied, he invited me to dine with him and refresh my recollection of my old quarters. I did so, and found a small pleasant party, and among the guests the Chief of the Irish Constabulary, Colonel Macgregor, whose heroic conduct on board the 'Kent' has been the subject of a very interesting narrative,—father, it may be added, of the "Rob Roy" of canoe celebrity.

In company with General Clement Hill, who joined me

at Dublin, I visited some of the institutions of that city. The Mendicity Society exhibited an awful scene of decrepitude and misery, worthy of a country notorious for its mendicancy. One apartment was appropriated to the aged and infirm, many of whom were lying on the floor. Not a few managed to creep into this asylum daily. One can scarcely pass a day in Ireland without observing traits characteristic of the people. We perceived an old man in an alley putting his mouth to the ear of a donkey harnessed to a small cart, and inclined to take his rest, imploring the animal to rise and resume his work. Kindly enough; but, strange to say, a woman rushing from a house began to upbraid him vehemently for his cruelty. An eager altercation ensued, of which no one seemed to take the least notice except the parties concerned, such scenes being no doubt of ordinary occurrence.

The driver of our jaunting-car was struck violently across the face by the driver of another whilst passing, a man whom he had never seen before, the miscreant leaving him bleeding profusely, and, being soon out of sight, escaping punishment.

In the neighbourhood of Dublin we paid a visit to Lord and Lady Mayo, at Palmerston. The house—reminding us in some respects of the Pavilion at Brighton, with which our host and hostess were familiar, as Lady Mayo was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide, and they both had long enjoyed the intimacy of the King and Queen—was as usual filled with guests. Lord Mayo, though in point of capacity an every-day man, had been distinguished for his integrity, loyalty, kind-heartedness, and good-humour. He drew his sword gallantly, but no doubt reluctantly, during the Irish Rebellion, and is reputed to have shot two men in action. Yet although this exploit was performed near his house, his popularity was such that when the rebels after-

wards passed Palmerston, not a flower in Lady Mayo's garden was injured. Nor did he neglect his Parliamentary duties. Selected to second the Address in the House of Peers, he rose for the purpose attired in full Court suit, adorned with the blue ribbon of the Guelphic order, from a back seat of the Ministerial benches. Failing in recollection, he took out a written speech; and, being unable to read it, he advanced to the table to avail himself of the light, but after repeatedly rubbing his eyes and spectacles, was compelled to relinquish the attempt. Throwing up his arms, and exclaiming, "My Lords, I intended saying something about my native country," he hurried back to his seat; Lord Liverpool, the Premier, looking much annoyed, but the House maintaining due decorum.

Lord Mayo's principal sphere was the Court; but his independence was never affected by the "bland absorption" of royal favour. The King could not shake the resolute assertion of his opinion on a very important political question. And "no one" consequently, to use Lady Mayo's language, "stood more proudly than he did." Nor did Lady Mayo's self-respect fall short of her husband's. An anti-Romish meeting was held at Brighton, when the Radical party, ever violent in that place, took possession, by means of forged tickets, of three-fourths of the room in which we met. In compliance with the request of a committee, I occupied the chair. But no sooner had the proceedings commenced, than a rush was made by an overpowering mob of roughs. Among other incidents of the fracas I was knocked down by one of our opponents whilst engaged in conflict with another, and Mr. Dawson, brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, was pinned to the wall by two stout fellows. Ultimately, our party was discomfited, and a hairdresser, a notorious Radical, who had reason to rue his devotion, for he consequently lost his business, occupied the chair. The

newspapers, as a matter of course, fully reported these strange proceedings. And the King, being then at the Pavilion, not disinclined to hasty judgments, arraigned severely in his plain-spoken way the conduct of the conveners of the meeting in general, and the chairman in particular. Lady Mayo, who always regarded her own family as more closely allied to us than by mere existing connection, remonstrated with His Majesty on the language he had applied to her relative, and refused to speak to him for two days. A result which followed was an invitation to myself to dinner at the Pavilion, a gracious reception, and kindly language respecting me addressed to Lady Mayo by the King, followed by other invitations. And as just before the Marylebone election Lady De Lisle, who was as staunch a Conservative as her worthy husband, came to me to the door, when I was quitting the Pavilion, and whilst she shook me warmly by the hand, observed emphatically, "We *all* wish you success here," I was justified in reckoning on the good-natured King as among the number of my well-wishers.

When Lord Mayo did homage as a Peer at the coronation, the King, as he informed me, addressed him courteously and in the following terms:—"Well, I daresay you are quite tired of being here, and would be much happier drinking a good glass of port wine in your own house."

At Palmerston, on the retirement of the ladies from the dinner-table, Lord Mayo hinted to me that reserve would be advisable as to politics, as some red-hot Liberals were present; and immediately followed up his caution by holding up his glass and proposing "the glorious and immortal memory," as he pointed to a portrait of William III. His party, in fact, among whom were Lord Downe and his kinsman Mr. Uniacke, consisted of zealous Conservatives.

I passed two or three days with Dr. Beresford, Bishop of

Waterford and Lismore, a courteous, hospitable, and agreeable gentleman. A scene in his breakfast-room on Sunday morning was characteristic of the social condition of Ireland. His son, the present Primate of all Ireland, was the only guest besides myself. I was struck by the unusual garniture of the sideboard—three pairs of pistols deposited on it by Mr. Beresford. With a brace of these he armed himself and two servants each, and proceeded to do duty at a neighbouring church. The plea for adopting these precautions against a repetition of an attempt to shoot him on a previous occasion was only too justly advisable. The crime was perpetrated at a gate which, as well as the church out of which the congregation flocked, to absorb the miscreants, with a view, and as yet successfully, to prevent detection, were pointed out to me. They were afterwards transported, as I was informed by the Archbishop, when I met him at dinner thirty years afterwards.

At Ballinasloe I was guest of Archdeacon Trench, brother of Lord Clancarty, the kindly and excellent incumbent of the parish. His early habits did not afford special preparation for the duties which he now discharged faithfully. He had served in the army on the staff of a general notorious for their hard drinking. It was not difficult to discover his former vocation, notwithstanding the disguise of his clerical costume, as tall and gaunt, and retaining a somewhat military air, he strode, as my cicerone, over the battle-field of Aughrim, explaining to me, with well-schooled enthusiasm, the manœuvres of the eventful conflict. If at home whether as a preacher and a tactician, he was not less so as a magistrate. Having placed me at his side on the bench he asked me whether I was a magistrate; and on my replying that I was commissioned for Middlesex, he observed, "Never mind, it will do just as well," and forthwith proceeded with the business, the greater part of which requiring the presence

of two locally-qualified magistrates, was absolutely illegal. I was particularly surprised by a convenient peculiarity in his practice, his refusal to receive the evidence of a large proportion of his witnesses, and still more the implicit acquiescence in it of all parties present. The reason he assigned to me for such summary process was that he knew every man in the country, and therefore whether his word could be depended upon, and was thus enabled to save himself and the Court much needless waste of time. It was with no surprise that I subsequently heard that the Ballinasloe Sessions had acquired sufficient notoriety throughout Ireland.

On approaching Galway I was questioned by a host as to my letters of introduction. On being informed that one was addressed to Mr. Martin, M.P. for the county, son of the well-known relic of a fast-disappearing phase of society, he replied that this gentleman was actually an inmate of Galway gaol. It was reported that he and a neighbour had settled a dispute respecting land by mustering their respective retainers and appealing to physical force. Both were expiating the offence by imprisonment under the same roof; and "unfortunately," as a gentleman observed to me, they were not on "*spaking*" terms. Mr. Martin relieved the tedium of confinement by the sumptuous entertainment of his constituents. It is thus noteworthy that a clan-battle was fought upwards of a century after the last of such conflicts recorded in any other part of the kingdom.

Chance brought me acquainted with a prominent champion of such encounters, who has derived some celebrity from the notice of Captain Basil Hall,—Big Jack Joyce of the Joyce country in Connemara. Not being able to reach my day's destination in my jaunting-car, I was obliged to put up at a small inn by the roadside. Bad enough was the accommodation, as the floor of my bedroom was covered

some inches deep by water, and I had to dress by my bedside on a single plank. The landlord was powerfully built, but of a mild expression of countenance. I was induced by circumstances to suspect into whose hands I had fallen. He had renounced his former vocation and, no longer the terror of factions, was leading a quiet and peaceable life, to which his demeanour and conversation bore witness.

I paid a visit to the Marquis of Sligo at his residence at Westport in Mayo, situated on the shore of the bay of Sligo, amidst scenery far surpassing in beauty that of the bay of Dublin, and scarcely to be matched on any part of the British coasts. Mine host had derived notoriety from his trial and imprisonment in Newgate on the charge of inveigling sailors of the Royal Navy on board his yacht, of which escapade one consequence was the marriage of his mother the dowager with Lord Stowell, legal adviser of the family on the occasion. His health was now failing, and his nervous system was evidently shaken: he was exceedingly pestered by the nightly hootings of an owl on the top of his house, despite of the gamekeeper's fruitless watchings in quest of the ill-omened visitant.

Lord Sligo had another residence in the mountainous neighbourhood of Westport, which he kindly proposed showing me had time permitted. It was there that in the depth of winter he received intelligence of a fire at Westport House. He was playing a game of whist, and as snow prevented travelling, continued it, as he assured me, without interruption. Adverting to the old times when the gentlemen of Galway would offer their guests unlimited potations of claret, whilst professing inability to provide punch, inasmuch as wrecks supplied the former of these beverages, and they had no ready-money to purchase the other, he described his father's practice when his cellar was opportunely filled by a storm or some other fortunate misadventure. A

sufficient number of neighbours having been assembled in the room in which we were sitting, the floor strewed with straw, he locked the door, and allowed no one to leave the house till the whole stock was exhausted.

At the Petty Sessions at which he presided, Lord Sligo was in high spirits, and to his jokes, and others which his mirthful deportment elicited, congenial was the response; for chairman, lawyers, clients, the accused, and the audience seemed entirely to forget in their hearty laughter their relative position. Both Lord Sligo and his excellent lady were very popular in the neighbourhood. Their grounds were thrown open to the public on Sunday, and they held a sort of levee, as they sat side by side, in front of the portico of their mansion, whilst their visitors passed before them. It was sad to see, some years afterwards, this amiable nobleman at Tunbridge Wells in his carriage, in a state of fatuity, accompanied by Lady Sligo.

From Westport House I made an excursion to Achill Island, the seat of Mr. Nangle's well-known mission. The object of this enterprise was to form, if possible, a Protestant colony in the midst of an almost exclusively Roman Catholic population. He had charge of the few settlers who had hitherto availed themselves of the institution, and he also edited and published a well-known periodical, the *Achill Herald*, at his mission-house, professedly antagonistic to the Roman Catholics. As he and his coadjutors laid themselves out for collecting information prejudicial to their adversaries, they were very obnoxious, and incurred, as was likely enough, some persecution. Stories were rife of life being consequently endangered; and it was intimated to tourists that they might suffer were it known that they were bound to Achill. I was not without apprehension of some such interruption whilst approaching the mission-house. On passing over a bleak moor I observed a number of

men standing by the side of the road, across which was drawn a rope to intercept my progress. It proved to be their droll way of begging for whisky, as their jolly good-humour speedily indicated. The conversation of the mission-house was very interesting; but the peculiar requirements of his periodical seemed to have induced, on the part of the industrious editor, undue sensitiveness and excessive eagerness in snatching at any circumstance which could supply the material of his unceasing controversy. The surrounding heather, it was said, proved the prolific nursery of a population which flocked so numerously into the mission-house as to deprive me wholly of sleep. A good night's rest at Westport House restored me to travelling trim.

I realised the very long-looked-for enjoyment of seeing Lord Lorton, with whom I had been associated in the working of the London Hibernian Society and other institutions, at his seat, Rockingham Castle, beautifully situated on the bank of a lake, surrounded by an extensive forest. The house itself is nowise remarkable. It was somewhat painful to observe the deterioration of the scenery resulting from the insuperable reluctance of the otherwise spirited and energetic proprietor to thin his timber. The trees tapered up in parts like hop-poles, but standing so densely that a memorable storm, which had lately devastated some of the finest parks in Ireland, had failed to make any impression. Lord Lorton, as brother of the Earl of Kingston, had been unfortunately engaged in some family disputes respecting property. It would be difficult to meet with an individual better qualified to adorn his high position than mine host. His tall figure, the military bearing of a general officer, his dignified but mild and kindly demeanour, admirable temper under most trying circumstances, and zealous and liberal discharge of all the social duties incidental to his rank and position, marked him out as the

beau-idéal of a Christian gentleman. It may be mentioned, in proof of the activity of his spirit, that he found leisure, when far advanced in years, to incur the risk and fatigue of a visit to Africa and a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Among the guests at Rockingham entertained by my excellent host and hostess were my old Parliamentary acquaintances Serjeant (afterwards Chief-Justice) Lefroy, and Colonel Perceval, afterwards Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Lords. The latter, as representing Sligo, thought it advisable to arm himself with a large horse-pistol, which he called his "Daniel O'Connell." There was also a clergyman of the Irish Church to whom Lord Lorton had offered an asylum in a house on one of his numerous islands, refugee from his living in consequence of a murderous attack on himself, of which his affrighted wife became the victim.

At Florence Court I was the guest of Lord Cole. His father, Lord Enniskillen, was confined to his bed by a severe attack of gout. A part of the mansion was appropriated to a geological collection made by Lord Cole, a proficient in the science.

His tall stature, not surpassed by that of any brother member of the House of Commons, and corresponding physical strength, had been turned to good account in an Irish election riot, when he wrested from a ringleader a club, to which, characteristically enough, he had assigned a place in his museum; or when he terminated a dispute between two stout young tenants of his father by driving them both down the steps of the Court-house, to which they had repaired for its settlement; and again, by active exertion in my behalf during my Marylebone election, and, as he reminded me not very long ago, with much glee, including the notorious Cato Street in his canvass. I do not know whether he had spoken at other times in the House of Commons, but

when in Committee on the Metropolitan Bill he implored the House, with a stentorian voice, to require the enlargement of omnibuses, as there was not one in which he could stretch his legs.

Mounting me on his horse called "Canvasser," he took me a ride of thirty miles. We called at Lord Meath's, and he introduced me to a good lady, milliner at Enniskillen, who enjoyed the privilege, perhaps unique, of supplying on their being chaired a single pair of white gloves to one member for the burgh and the representative of his absent colleague, one of whom had lost his right and the other his left hand.

Lord Cole accompanied me on a visit to Creighton Castle, the residence of Colonel Creighton, since Earl of Erne. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fermanagh Militia, he received his Colonel, Lord Cole, with a salvo of artillery as we crossed his lake in his boat. Mine host and hostess were no less exemplary in the discharge of their duties than those of whom I have already spoken. These most amiable people were destined to experience a sad calamity,—the burning of the new, stately, and commodious mansion which they had just completed. Intelligence of it reached them at Brighton, as they were going out to dinner; and they nevertheless fulfilled their engagement, and in consideration of the feelings of their host, resolutely abstained from any allusion to the subject.

The course of the Shannon from Limerick to the Seven Churches, a visit to Lord Ormonde's beautiful seat (the family were absent), to the celebrated school at King's Court, under the charge of Dr. Winning, whose examination of the children evidenced their remarkable intelligence, and to Mr. Burke, afterwards Earl of Mayo, father of the lamented Governor-General, completed my tour.

CHAPTER XIII.

1845-1851.

BRISTOL DECLINE—HOT WELLS—ANCIENT CORPORATION—SIR JAMES PARKE—TORYISM—R. H. DAVIS—DEAN BEKE—RIOTS OF 1831—SIR DIGBY MACKWORTH—BISHOP GRAY—THE MAYORALTY—CHURCH AND OTHER RESTORATIONS.

FROM October 1845 to April 1851 I resided at Clifton, well known suburb of a large and populous city, combining in a remarkable degree the advantages of town and country.

Bristol[1] has suffered materially from the transfer of much of the West India trade to more fortunately circumstanced emporiums, and has shared painfully our national responsibility for the criminality of the slave-trade, of which we are reminded, as of the scene of some noted murder, by a suspicious-looking half-ruinous harbour ensconced in an estuary of the Avon near Clifton, once the resort of vessels employed in the traffic. But as we look down from Brandon Hill,

[1] The final *l* assumed by Bristol dates from the present century; contemporaneously with the final substitution of Birmingham for the Bromigham of Clarendon and of the late Earl Grey, a master of elocution, and of India for the "Ingie" of the late Premier, Lord Liverpool, who so designated it when addressing the East India Company at their public dinner. "Lonnon" passed in my recollection for London in the Lords' debates; whilst Londoners could pronounce the names of familiar places, as Twitnam, Sunnocks, and Chessey; slipshod adoption of convenient local abbreviation.

on the magnificent churches and other public edifices grouped together within the precincts of the venerable city, we are reminded of earlier and more justifiable modes of acquiring wealth, and laudable modes of appropriating it, when clerk and layman vied with each other in dedicating the profits of their honest industry to the service of their God and their country.

Change of fashion and access to continental spas have deprived this neighbourhood of much of its former celebrity, as attested by the comparatively deserted spa, an adjoining row of low houses, in which the late Lord Lansdowne was wont to visit an aged relative, and another of more pretentious dimensions, significantly called Death Row, as reviving the recollection of the extreme mortality of its moril und occupants, the one now tenanted at low rental and the other quite forsaken. It is not surprising that patients should prefer to the dense fogs and chilling draughts of a muddy river the salubrious atmosphere of the terraced slopes of a ridge culminating in a breezy down, whilst no ordinary medical skill has supplemented the natural advantages of site.[1]

[1] The following circumstances will account for the unsought publicity which has accrued to a gentlemanly and unpresuming member of the profession named Goodeve, who for a while attended us. It had occurred to Lady H. Moore, of an Irish noble family, to open an establishment which might afford residence and companionship to ladies chiefly highly connected, and with that view to purchase a spacious mansion situated in a small park at Clifton. Among those who availed themselves of her scheme was the Lady Frances Erskine, heiress to the ancient Scottish Earldom of Mar; and when it eventually failed, owing to the disagreement of the inmates, it pleased her to pair off with the doctor. The result is well known. The only male offspring of this union assumed possession during many years of the family title, when it was disputed by the Earl of Kellie, to whom the Lords' Committee of Privileges awarded the title of Mar conferred by Mary Queen of Scots, whilst, though incidentally impeaching, they did not adjudicate on the validity of the older earldom, the origin of which is lost in remote antiquity. But the Lords have since decided that Erskine Goodeve, for such

The turtle feasts of the ancient unreformed corporations of Bristol, to which I was introduced by Mr. Harford of Blaise Castle in 1818, making a seat in its council an object of ambition, were celebrated on the occasion of the Assizes, when old Sir James Parke was on his circuit. The kind-heartedness and colloquial powers of this eminent judge were fully drawn out by such well-seasoned welcome. It was his wont to pride himself on two distinguishing characteristics,—his likeness to George III., which gave scope to some good-natured scandal, and his undisputed claim to the honour of representing Sir Matthew Hale on the bench, as he was in truth exemplary and zealous in the profession and practice of religion. In the capacity of a host, in which I used to see him in his house in Bedford Square, he was most friendly and genial. He attracted around him young lawyers, several of whom, some afterwards distinguished, signed a round-robin expressive of his kindness to them. Sir John Coleridge mentioned to me an instance of his good nature, which won the heart of an old lady in

is his untitled designation, may claim the privilege of voting at an election of Scotch Peers, subject to a protest on the part of any two Peers, which would at once bring the question of the validity of the old title before the Committee on appeal.

Smith, in his day chief of the surgical school of Bristol, in whose training the elder yet living practitioners took pride, was distinguished no less by his eccentric tastes than by his professional merit. His museum, preserved at the infirmary, now I believe stripped of its more unsightly contents, attested his singular passion for whatever related to executions. He had been allowed to rob the gibbet at the mouth of the Avon, from which it had swung during half a century, of the very arm which, at the instigation of Captain Goodyear, R.N., had slain Sir John, the elder brother of that miscreant, on board his own frigate. But the relic which seemed to chime in more especially with his peculiar humour was a quarto volume containing all the records he could collect of the trial and execution of a half-witted youth, bound, as it appears from the binder's bill on the fly-leaf, in the skin of the malefactor. So eager was Smith to obtain possession of the body of the youth, that he accompanied him to the scaffold, and brought it away.

Somersetshire, in the habit of attending trials accompanied by a favourite dog, who sat on her lap innocently airing his tongue, after the fashion of courts of law. A bark from another dog drew from the judge an order for its expulsion, when perceiving that the tipstaff was about to lay hands on the lady's pet, he called aloud from the bench, "Not that dog, not that dog; I have had my eye on that dog for the last half-hour, and a better-behaved dog I never saw in my life."

The True-blue or Tory party, revelling alike in festal luxury and the sweets of patronage, at this time in full ascendant at Bristol, was fitly represented in Parliament by Richard Hart Davis. He resided chiefly at Clifton, renting during the summer months a rural retreat at Walton, where I visited him in company with his son-in-law and daughter, the Harfords. Cresting the adjacent down overlooking the channel, by land and sea a noted land-mark, stands a half-ruinous fabric, once a shooting-box of the Paulets, which might pass, so seeming time-wrought were the dilapidations, for an ancient castle. In a hollow of the same ridge lies a pretty sequestered and, as it has been called, "happy valley." In such scenery our statesman found refuge from the turmoil of public life.

The local society had received a pleasant and profitable accession from the appointment of the very popular Dr. Beke to the Deanery of Bristol, one of our party. Small in stature, the little Dean, as he was called, was a paragon of information. Omniscience was his forte without being his foible. There was no sort of knowledge with which he was not said to be familiar. The commanding-officer of a cavalry regiment in Bristol found him as well versed in farriery as did his friend Mr. Vansittart, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a consultee in matters of finance.

Lawrence's portrait of Hart Davis, one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*,

has done justice to the energy which flashed from beneath the bushy brows of one who, during several Parliaments, maintained the cause of Church and State as representative of his native city. It was his practice not to rely too implicitly on the popularity which placed him at the head of the poll on his election, but to spare no personal effort to obtain success, by paying his respects, during a canvass which lasted six weeks, to every voter. His prosperity had now reached its zenith; fortunate speculation had enriched him, enabling him to indulge his tastes in the fine arts by the purchase of the valuable collection of pictures which have since formed the nucleus of the gallery of Leigh Court. His Parliamentary influence was strengthened by the return of his eldest son for Colchester. His authority in matters of finance and trade was much referred to.

But meanwhile he suffered reverses which would have shaken the spirit of one less fortified by Christian principle and native resolution. By daring venture, akin to that by which he acquired, he lost the greater part of his fortune, and his pictures were sold. He was deprived of his seat in Parliament and of his residence near Bristol, passing the remnant of his days at Hampstead, contentedly and happily, in the bosom of his family, and in the exercise of friendly hospitality, whilst from his suburban retreat he could nevertheless sadly contemplate the collapse of his political party at Bristol, the faded splendour of its Corporation, the abandonment of his native city to the ravages of a mob, and the subjection of its magistrates to the ordeal of public prosecution.

And perhaps in the evening of his days he realised, as to many circumstances, the mournful truth conveyed by the concluding sentence of Burke's impressive allusion to the death of a rival candidate in that celebrated speech to which his distant successor in the representation of the city had

listened with delight: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Visiting Blaise Castle soon after the famous riots in 1831, I found the ruins of the public buildings and of the greater part of Queen Square still smoking. The following particulars were communicated to me orally by Colonel Sir Digby Mackworth, who rendered signal service on the occasion, the merit of which was somewhat tarnished in the estimation of the worthy but unready Bristolians, who like others similarly circumstanced are apt to undervalue when danger is past the aid of the military, by his printed personal narrative, merging too much the "*quæque ipse miserrima vidi*" in the "*quorum pars magna fui.*" Mackworth's military career had been eventful. The only officer of Sir William Myers' regiment left on the field at Albuera, he survived to act as aide-de-camp to Lord Hill in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and at this time at the Horse Guards. He served awhile in India, ever distinguished by his gallantry. He avowed to me that even at Albuera he had never felt the slightest fear, sharing the current belief that every man falling in action was assured of heaven. He had not been then actuated by the strong religious feeling which had since inspired his life, and animated him with zeal in behalf of Church Missions and other good works at his seat at Glenuske near Caerleon, beautifully situated in Monmouthshire. Happening to occupy a lodging with his family at Clifton, when the flames broke out at Bristol, characteristically he rode off instantly to the scene of danger.

It would be difficult to conceive more complicated mismanagement than that which permitted Bristol to be disgraced by enormities emulating on a smaller scale those of the Gordon rioters in London in 1780, and surpassing those perpetrated by the Porteous mob in Edinburgh in 1736. Unfortunately not one of the Bristol magistrates

could ride, and so anticipate the well-known dictum of the Duke of Wellington on the morning of the Chartist demonstration, "The first shot that's fired I mount my horse." Sir Charles Wetherell, whose political unpopularity had been the immediate cause of the disturbance, and the Mayor, who was deformed, experienced no little difficulty in effecting their escape. The commanding officer of the yeomanry regiment which repaired to Bristol to offer its services, not finding any functionary at his post, retired without the walls. The 14th Light Dragoons were actually ordered to quit the town by the ill-fated district commandant Colonel Brereton, a Waterloo veteran, whose moral courage completely failed him. Paralysed by the shock of unexpected responsibility, the want of civic support, and doubtless, whether consciously or not, distrustful of indemnity for vigorous measures if likely to compromise the popularity of a Government whose wavering policy seemed adapted to the rousing popular excitement to the utmost pitch compatible with the maintenance of the public peace, he sat mounted with folded arms opposite the western front of the cathedral, passive spectator of the flames which consumed the Episcopal palace, as afterwards in the open area of Queen Square of the corresponding destruction of two-thirds of its buildings.

Mackworth repaired to the Mansion House just in time to assist the Mayor, who was ready to act, but utterly bewildered by the terrible crisis, in effecting his escape, and thence to Queen Square, where he found the military chief helpless at the head of a party of dragoon guards. He at once, though in civil attire, assumed the command, and bidding the troopers, in language familiarised by his old experience, "charge home," arrested the progress of the mob just as the conflagration was on the point of reaching the shipping of the harbour. Brereton followed his extempor-

ised leader, who thanked him on the spot for his decisive conduct. The return of the 14th Light Dragoons, who cleared the square, but not without bloodshed, restored peace. It is remarkable that of the numerous victims of the flames—for many rioters were burnt in a state of intoxication, or otherwise—no inquiry was instituted by any of their friends or relatives.

Sir Digby Mackworth's services were not simply martial.[1] For as witness at the trial in London of the Bristol magistrates, his evidence in behalf of Pinney, the Mayor, contributed mainly to an honourable verdict.[2] He was spared the painful duty of tendering evidence of very different import on the trial of Colonel Brereton at Bristol. When sent, during its progress, to ascertain the cause of his absence, he found the unfortunate officer at his lodging weltering in his blood, victim of suicide. Mackworth described the silence of the Court as awful when he announced the result of his mission.

Bishop Gray's magnanimity in proceeding with divine service in the cathedral whilst ablaze with the lurid glare of the flames consuming his adjoining palace, fired by the mob, is truthfully commemorated on his monument. The panegyric seems to have roused the jealousy of another hero of the day, the stalwart verger, who single-handed and armed with a bludgeon expelled some of the rioters from the cathedral. He showed with honest pride an arm-chair which

[1] On one other occasion he unsheathed his sword, being despatched by Lord Hill to the Forest of Dean, where riots required his presence.

[2] This ill-fated individual, Sir William Miles informed me, he found on the day after the riots completely prostrated by the calamity which had befallen his term of office. The event proved a turning-point in the good man's career. He derived from it a salutary lesson. Singularly enough, he had been one of the deputies from Bristol commissioned to congratulate the French on their successful revolution. He became, sobered as a politician and influenced by religious convictions, during a long life an eminently useful and respected member of society.

had been presented to him in token of his valour, but maintained that the Bishop had been frightened out of his wits.

The Mayors of Bristol, though stripped of much of their corporate privileges and pageantry, have worthily sustained the substantial dignity of their official station, and none with more self-assertion than Sir John K. Haberfield during his six years' reign. Somewhat of the mountebank clave to his public performances on the bench or on the platform as the laudable advocate of many a good cause. The magnificent nosegay which usually adorned his person, his signature recording the number of his re-elections to his office, his superabundant hospitality, his august presence in church, and his metropolitan ovation at the grand entertainment given to the mayors of the kingdom in the Guildhall, where his banner was pronounced to be the most resplendent of all such symbols of mayoralty exhibited on the occasion, will long retain their hold on the memory of his fellow-citizens. Nowhere was he more at home than when enthroned in his own peculiar sanctum, the ancient Mayor's Chapel in College Green, celebrated for its sepulchral aisle, that pet of the corporation on which successive civic dignitaries have lavished ample proof of their good will rather than their good taste.

Sir John's hospitality was proverbial. His welcome to the Mayor of Bath was singularly characteristic. That worthy functionary must have been surprised by the profusion of wines and liqueurs at the dinner at his house preliminary to a soiree of the Bristol Institute to which we adjourned. Ringing changes on the designation of our meeting, which he emphasised by pronouncing it *à l'Anglais*, unreservedly did our Mayor eulogise his guest, who paid him off in his own coin. But by no means satisfied with a commonplace interchange of compliments, he reached the *ne plus ultra* of his panegyric by challenging the citizens

of Bath to recognise the signal merits of their Mayor by erecting a column in his honour on the summit of Lansdowne Hill!

On the modest occupant of the chair, vacated during a year by Sir J. Haberfield, tenth son of the apothecary of a neighbouring village, devolved the public reception of a more distinguished visitor than the Mayor of Bath. An overflowing audience was collected to listen to the reading of *Macbeth* by Mr. Macready, who had liberally offered his services for the purpose in behalf of the Bristol Infirmary. In front, opposite to the performer, sat the Mayor in full court suit on an elevated chair. The warmth of the atmosphere might account for his being caught napping when summoned to express to Macready the grateful acknowledgment of the city. As it was understood that the celebrated actor objected to any one being behind him when reading, he monopolised the platform till the Mayor made his unexpected and by him unperceived appearance, and standing motionless awaited the closing words of the drama; but so loud and shrill at that moment was the enunciation of Mr. Macready's name that the startled performer turned round just as he probably would have done had he witnessed the appearance of a real Banquo. The unlucky Mayor was not yet quit of his ordeal, for ere he could deliver his address he was for some time unable to divest his hand of a very tight glove, whilst Mr. Macready retreated with outstretched arm till an involuntary titter broke forth from the whole assembly.

Bristol, enclosed by extending suburbs, may be compared to a decaying trunk overshadowed by its vigorous offshoots. Alas for the disappearance of most of the ancient mansions of its commercial aristocracy, their stately fronts and decorated interiors! Of many we have no trace save in the delineation of Prout's splendid work on Bristol, and for the

greater part of these he was indebted to an old merchant of Bristol, named Braikenridge, who rendered good service to the arts and to his own city in his day.[1]

But in justice to the Bristolians and their friends, it must be admitted that the work of restoration has kept pace with that of demolition: witness the lavish expenditure bestowed on the renovation of St. Mary Redcliff, one of the most magnificent of British churches, on the erection of a nave of the Cathedral and the construction of edifices worthy of the munificent endowments of which Bristol boasts. An offer of defraying the entire cost of the north porch of St. Mary Redcliff was received from an individual subscribing himself "Nil Desperandum." When informed of the probable amount, viz. £2400, he expressed surprise, but pledged himself to the performance of his promise, even should that sum be exceeded. As very few were in possession of the secret respecting the real name of so munificent a benefactor, conjecture was busy, and naturally, but erroneously, fixed on "Hope," as an equivalent to the Latin designation, especially as a distinguished individual of that name had signalised himself by his zeal in church restoration.

Nowhere has the memory of the "famous men of old, and of our fathers who begat us," been more piously cherished than at Bristol. The festivals of the Canynges and of the

[1] With Mr. Braikenridge I was well acquainted. He divided his time between a pleasant residence near Bristol and a maritime villa at Clevedon, deriving one moiety of a very large income from successful business, and the other from a legacy. Fond of reading, he had collected a valuable library of 14,000 volumes, and a museum of carved wood-work rescued from dismantled houses. But more to his credit he expended some thousand pounds in employing skilled artists in making drawings of the churches and other buildings of the city; no less than seventy of which were devoted to the Cathedral. The old gentleman was very retired, living in the bosom of an amiable and excellent family, old-fashioned in his dress and habits, but unaffectedly agreeable, especially when he amused us with characteristic anecdotes of his fellow-citizens.

Coulstons, though perverted to political purposes, are as regularly and religiously solemnised as those of any saint in the calendar. Nay, such is the veneration in which these munificent benefactors are regarded, that when the mania for disentombing monarchs and other foremost men pervaded Europe, the temptation to identify the mortal remains of Coulston became irresistible, and a select party enjoyed the gratification of beholding his very face. But alas for poor humanity! the effluvia from the corpse avenged distressingly the sacrilegious disturbance of its repose.[1]

The fine arts have not been neglected at Bristol. The city may boast of some eminent native artists. The productions of a young man named Muller were purchased by the British Museum for the sum of £7000. The fine collections of pictures at Leigh Court and Blaise Castle speak for themselves.

[1] One instance of exceptional—why should it prove lasting?—neglect deserves notice. I have never forgotten hearing, as a boy, of the battle of Maida, which first turned the tide of victory in favour of British arms on the European continent, of the fame of the hero of the day, and seeing his effigy on many a sign-post, and was consequently no little struck whilst contemplating a lofty elaborate monument in the south aisle of Bristol Cathedral, erected to the memory of a Volunteer officer, by perceiving on a small square slab, imbedded in the pavement on which I was standing, just spacious enough to admit it, the simple but telling inscription, "Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida."

CHAPTER XIV.

1845-51.

BRISTOL CLERGY — BAPTISTS — UNITARIANS — QUAKERS — THE HARFORDS—ROMAN CATHOLICS—SECESSION TO ROME—NEWMAN—KEBLE—GEORGE CORNISH—DR. PUSEY—PAPAL AGGRESSION—RAGGED AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND REFORMATORIES.

From what has been said it may be inferred that the clergy in Bristol and its neighbourhood, zealously devoted to their duties, are, with few exceptions, of the Evangelical school. In the liberal and active promotion of all religious and charitable undertakings the Bishop Monk took the lead.

Of the dissenting denominations, the Baptists perhaps are the most conspicuous, owing partly to their College and extensive library. And it is generally observed of this denomination, that they are by no means averse to æsthetical innovations on the tasteless architectural fashion of a past generation, as is sufficiently indicated by the profuse decoration of their ornate chapel at Clifton. From the pulpit of their principal chapel at Bristol Robert Hall preached during several years his eloquent sermons. Here, on the only occasion on which I heard him, he sat during the whole delivery, almost motionless, except when indignant denunciation of slavery drew from him some impassioned sentences, enforced by corresponding vehement action. The seemingly

unstudied composition and majestic flow of his eloquence might have satisfied the most fastidious classical critic. The delight which it imparted to his hearers was grievously abated by their knowledge that he was at the very time bravely enduring the torture of a disorder which proved fatal, and of the severity of which no one had formed an adequate estimate till the instrument which effected it, as now exhibited in the Baptist College, was extracted after his death. He was engaged in the ministry during some time at Leicester, when I had the gratification of passing a day or two in his society at Rothly Temple, Mr. Babington's, there being no other guest but my father.

The Bristol Unitarians have derived no little celebrity from the family of Carpenter—father and son being distinguished as preachers and leaders of this denomination; and still more by the eminence of the daughter, who succeeded her brother, on his being washed overboard in the Mediterranean, in the hereditary residence, and very many good works. Her ardent zeal and practical skill in the formation and management of ragged and industrial schools and reformatories and other collateral institutions, and her visits to India for the benevolent purpose of raising the moral condition of females, have enhanced the lustre of their good name. Those who have listened to her instructive addresses and to her conversation can attest the combination of masculine energy with feminine delicacy. Confidence in Miss Carpenter's educational zeal and Indian social efforts was shaken by the unsoundness of her religious views. She approached as near to orthodox Christianity as was possible to a liberal Unitarian, and would even surrender any obstacle calculated to impede union for benevolent purposes. But her pliability, though strictly conscientious, was regarded with suspicion. In proof of the latitudinarian tendency of her school arrangements, it was the rule which she laid

down for the attendance of the inmates of her industrial schools at some place of worship, with a view to insuring strict impartiality, that they should be taken to the nearest, of whatever denomination. Accordingly, the boys attended St. Peter's parish church, being a few yards nearer than a dissenting chapel, and the girls a chapel, to what denomination belonging not one of the six ladies who took part in their education could inform me.[1]

When the formation of ragged and industrial schools pointed out the further need of reformatories, a meeting was held at the house of Mr. Serjeant Stephen, at Clifton, for the purpose of establishing one, at which were present, besides our host, Miss Carpenter, a Unitarian minister who accompanied her, and another friend. The *religious difficulty* necessarily soon cropped up, and on my putting openly the question to the Unitarian minister whether he would consent to the teaching of the divinity of our Saviour, both Miss Carpenter and himself agreed at once to waive any objection on that score. Though Miss Carpenter's philanthropic experiments must be received *cum grano*, they have contributed very materially to the social regeneration of her fellow-creatures.

Quakerism has ever flourished in Bristol. There, as elsewhere, the fable of the bundle of sticks has been happily exemplified by the Friends. The Harfords, Gurneys, and Buxtons of the Eastern Counties, the Foxes of Falmouth, and the Peases of Darlington, have owed much of their influence in their respective neighbourhoods to the spirit of clanship.[2]

[1] At the Unitarian school in Bristol, I found, as it had been intimated to me, the second master disposed to take charge of one of our Church of England ragged schools: but on my questioning him as to whether he was a member of the said Church, he replied that he was a Unitarian, but was ready to instruct the children in any religious system which the Committee approved, provided the gentlemen would allow him a fortnight to make himself master of it. "No sectarianism" was the popular watchword of the day, and he turned it professedly to account.

[2] Pre-eminently in the instance of the Peases, distinguished by their

A single chapel at present suffices for the requirements of the Quaker community of Bristol. Adjacent to it is a small cemetery, characteristically free from every indication of the resting-place of those who slumber within its obscure precincts, except the point of intersection of lines drawn from the walls which enclose it marked by a number corresponding with the entry on the list of burials.[1] But

peculiar shrewdness in the management of private and public business, to which many a thriving household and useful enterprise can bear honourable testimony. I was the guest of Mr. Joseph Pease, the first member of Parliament who wore the Quaker dress, and previously of his brother, who was then in Parliament, when attending meetings of the Bible Society at Darlington. He still retained it, as also the *thou* and *thee* of his fraternity in his conversation and correspondence. He was now the head of his clan, having succeeded to his eldest brother, who enjoyed that pre-eminence on my first visit. He had become totally blind, bearing his affliction most resignedly. He pointed out to me twenty-eight houses belonging to his family in the neighbourhood of his own residence. Leaning on my arm, he explained to me the improvements in progress in the public park, in which he had taken warm interest. It was gratifying to observe the cordial reception which greeted the venerable patriarch at the Darlington Bible meeting. The hospitality of the brothers is too well known to need any commendation. Deputations from Societies visiting the North of England observe that nowhere else have they met with a more sumptuous welcome. The hospitality of Mr. Joseph Pease's brother, also member of Parliament, is not a whit behind his brother's, as I can testify, having been his guest when Mr. Joseph Pease had just become a widower.

[1] The Quakers' objection to monuments was elicited curiously enough at a meeting of the committee for that of Wilberforce, at which I was present. A surplusage of subscriptions having been hinted at, the question was naturally asked how it should be appropriated. "To a mission," quickly replied Sir Robert Inglis. "But to none can I agree," observed Bishop Blomfield, "except one of the Church of England." A startling pause ensued, when Sir Fowell Buxton interposed by urging that if principle must be considered, he, as representing the Quakers, must object to the original plan of a monument. A discussion arose, when Lord Brougham, in whose apartment (the Chancellor's) we met, arrived, and after listening to it for a while, enlivened the committee in the course of his remarks by the declaration that for his part he must avow himself as belonging or inclined to (I forget which) the Evangelical party. It was amusing to see the varied expression of surprise indicated by the countenances of the speakers already mentioned, the Tory Bankes and the Unitarian William Smith, and others.

strikingly contrasted with this humble structure, a lasting monument of the Friends' munificence, good taste, and reverence for antiquity, affording no less proof of the leaven which has been working for some time past in the system, retrieved from neglect and depredation, stands forth no small portion of the old Black Friars' monastery admirably restored. On the occasion of the opening ceremonial, poetry as well as architecture was put in requisition by the representatives of many who would have repudiated such meretricious aid—the composition of a young Friend, and, strange to say, satirical, and at the expense of the peculiarities of the sect. There seemed to be yet further anomaly in the design of the originators of this noble work, which was to provide a school for the use of Quaker children, for of 200 whom I found on its roll, not one was a Quaker. This absence was accounted for by the fact that there was no Quakers sufficiently poor to require eleemosynary education. The community guarantees the wellbeing of all its members, and as poverty is thus excluded from, whilst wealth gradually passes out of, its society, may soon be able to realise the wise man's wish : "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Of the growing tendency of the Friends to the dedication of their wealth to other objects than those contemplated by the founders of their system, and of the influence of such diversion from the original purposes to induce them to seek in other Christian communities a position and pursuits more congenial to their newly acquired circumstances and tastes, a readier and more satisfactory proof cannot perhaps be supplied than by the rise of the Harfords of Bristol.

At the commencement of this century, a Friend of that name residing in the City having accumulated a large fortune, erected a commodious mansion on the edge of a romantic glen in the neighbourhood, dignifying his unpretending structure by the designation of Castle. Its name was borrowed

from that of Saint Blaise, to whom had been dedicated a chapel on the highest point of the grounds, replaced by a conspicuous castellated edifice. The ample fortune which this worthy old gentleman bequeathed to his five sons, of which the eldest inherited the largest portion, fell into the hands of meet recipients, all of whom conformed to the Church of England.

The eldest, John Scandret, many years an acting partner in a bank at Bristol, resided during half a century at Blaise Castle. The education of himself and his brothers at a Friends' school was somewhat narrow, ill calculated to enlarge the mind and improve the manners of boys subjected to its strict *régime*. And notwithstanding their strenuous efforts to fit themselves for the society with which their wealth and other qualifications entitled them to mingle, they never entirely shook off the stiffness of their precise early training. John Scandret's manners formed no exception. His measured conversation reminded one of blank verse. He was in most respects self-taught. And whether we regard his varied talents, untiring diligence, the cultivation of every advantage which circumstances placed within his reach, whether supplied by books or men, at home or by foreign travel, the enlargement and embellishment of his beautiful patrimony, and the faithful discharge of the duties of his station, it would be difficult to find an individual who improved more effectually his means and opportunities of self-culture and usefulness. So zealously did he strive to make up for the void, of which he was duly sensible, that, long after his marriage, he entered his name on the roll of a small college in Cambridge, and resided as a professed student. And thus, as he was admitted some years afterwards to the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, he wore the gowns of both Universities, though not regularly educated at either.

No sooner had Mr. Harford been emancipated from the trammels of Quakerism than he happily came under the influence of Hannah More and Wilberforce, especially the former, and their friends. Somewhat modified were the views he had derived from such sources by his subsequent close intimacy with Alexander Knox and Bishop Jebb, both in Ireland and in England, whose peculiar habits of thought, learning, and eloquence allured him to higher tracts of thought than those to which he had previously aspired, whether soaring in the regions of Platonic speculation or giving heed to the seductive influence of Quietism. But though he followed up the trains of investigation into which he had been thus led, and betrayed somewhat of the fastidiousness of the school in the teaching of which he had been initiated, nevertheless he ever retained his active zeal in the promotion of religion, and of institutions which had found less favour with his more exalted friends, and repudiated more and more as he advanced in years that sacerdotal assumption, the Romanising tendency of which he clearly perceived and resolutely resisted.

Mr. Harford could not be accused of hiding any of his talents in a napkin. He trod the path of literature successfully: he published a creditable translation of a Greek play, preceded by an introductory history of the Greek drama. And besides other minor biographies, he was the author of a Memoir of Bishop Burgess, a beautifully illustrated Life of Michael Angelo, and Recollections of Wilberforce. His intimacy with Bishop Burgess and Wilberforce qualified him for the task he had undertaken in respect of these eminent men. And his frequent residences in Italy and thorough familiarity with the Italian language afforded him singular advantage in delineating the character and narrating the history of the great sculptor. For an undertaking which occupied him during many years he had been prepared, not

only by his tasteful appreciation of the fine arts, but by the favourable opportunities he had enjoyed of making a considerable collection of valuable pictures, as being one of the earliest visitors of Italy, and consequently availing himself of the pickings and choosings of the accumulated stores of impoverished nobles and starving monks. He was thus surrounded, whether in Italy or at home, with finished models of art, himself well skilled as a draughtsman. His pictures, for the reception of which he added to his house a gallery, are well known. On reaching his entrance-hall the object which attracted especial attention was the cast of the Apollo Belvedere, which Canova placed in the niche of the Vatican, whence the original statue had been removed by the French. Among other pictures sent by him to the Manchester Exhibition was one which, it was said, the Queen preferred to any other, the Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido. He and Mrs. Harford were on a visit to us when informed that all their pictures had been safely returned save this; and as works of art have been from time to time irrecoverably lost, their anxiety may be conceived till they heard of its having been "mis-sent."

The owner of Blaise Castle found most congenial employment in assimilating as far as possible the rocky gorges, woods, and prospects of his beautiful domain to his half-adopted Italy. And it was easy, when a bright winter's sun lighted up the extensive plantations of arbutus and other evergreens shrouding or overhanging the slopes or precipices of his own legendary glen, and that part of King's Weston Hill which he subsequently annexed to it, or else embosomed a small lake supplied by a rivulet, which had expanded at his bidding, to imagine one's-self transported to some delicious spot in the ravines of the Apennines. Critics might not unjustly hint that Blaise Castle afforded no scope for surprise or discovery, so minutely was every opening disclosing

some near or distant beauty indicated by rustic seats or other "screaming places," and that the singular precision of the owner's character too rigidly restrained the free scope of his visitors' admiration.

Mr. Harford's political opinions were decidedly Conservative. And rather late in life he twice contested unsuccessfully the county of Cardigan, in one instance unseated on petition. There were few of his friends or relatives, I believe, who regretted his failure, for his health might have been affected, and though he had some qualifications for public life, his style of speaking would probably have been too formal for the everyday work of the House of Commons. His spirited exertions were fully appreciated by his supporters, and recognised by the presentation of a service of plate.

But the object which he kept steadily in view, and prosecuted from youth till old age, was the promotion of religion. Few were the religious or charitable institutions, perhaps none in his own immediate neighbourhood, which he did not advocate and liberally support.

He loved, and by all the means at his disposal sustained and endowed, the Church of England, whose doctrine and ritual he had fully imbibed—a staunch upholder of what is called the Evangelical school. His Welsh property drew his attention especially to the education of the clergy, and to his munificence in providing the site and otherwise, as well as to his counsel and exertions, the institution of the College of Llampeter is chiefly due, which the University of Oxford recognised by conferring on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. A warm patron of the clergy, and especially of the higher dignitaries, his remarkable penchant for bishops afforded amusement to his friends, who, when visiting Blaise Castle, were pretty sure to find one of the bench among his guests. And those whose friendship he enjoyed were, *e.g.* Kaye, Burgess, Jebb, Copleston, Short, Wilberforce, Monk,

Wilson, who esteemed and valued his many excellent qualities. He never spoke of a bishop without prefixing the epithet "good," and identified himself so thoroughly with prelacy that his friend Sir Thomas Acland bestowed on him the sobriquet of Bishop Blaise. I have alluded to his having whilst at Rome flown at higher game—a disposition so inherent in Quakers, and in such accordance with their traditions and uniform practice, that our friend perhaps unconsciously inherited it—and even endeavouring to secure the support of the Bible Society by the Pope and Cardinals. And it is but just to his kindly spirit to remark, that the fraternisation which he failed in accomplishing in one way he has effected in another, for among the armorial bearings which decorate the walls of his castellated tower, those of Cardinal Consalvi, Prime Minister of the Pope, and my father, President of the Bible Society, appear in amicable juxtaposition. His adventurous spirit secured him also an introduction to the Inquisition at Rome. And he remembered the blandishments of its chief with somewhat of the feeling attributed to the sportsman who has been subjected without injury to the fraternal hug of a certain treacherously loving animal.

The clergy of the neighbourhood, and those who visited it on some philanthropic mission, were ever welcome at Blaise Castle, but his guests were by no means limited to any special profession or vocation. His residence at Cambridge and abroad, and visits to London, had brought him acquainted with many eminent men, men fully capable of regarding with due sympathy his religious, literary, and artistic pursuits, who frequented Blaise Castle, Whewell, Professors Smyth and Sedgwick, Cotterill the well-known architect, and others alike distinguished. Wilberforce, as Harford's memorial of him testifies, was often to be seen in the unrestrained enjoyment of the scenery of the neighbour-

hood, and from a window of the house beheld the fires of Bristol. And last not least in this brief catalogue of friends must be mentioned Baron Bunsen, who himself having married an English lady, was linked to Blaise Castle by the union of his eldest son with a niece of Mr. Harford's, and of his daughter with the eldest nephew and eventual possessor by inheritance of the property. And as the Baron's second son was married to a Gurney, his family were no little indebted to the worldly wisdom of the Friends for their share, right well bestowed, of the blessings of this life. A ramble in his company in the grounds of Blaise Castle afforded no common gratification. What he observed to me of Carlyle, that his religion was an *ideal*, might apply to some of his own views. He seemed to be ever aspiring to some theoretically delightful result, whether political or religious, which eluded his grasp; and hence the constant disappointment which allays the interest one feels on perusing his biography. He was so far imbued with the philosophy of his countrymen, longing to attain some practical fruits of their long continued speculation. He much appreciated the moral and religious tone of the society of Blaise Castle, and spoke of its atmosphere as "healthy."

The last considerable gathering which met under Mr. Harford's roof was in 1851, when he presided at the meeting of the Archæological Society at Bristol.[1]

Mr. Harford's Christian principle was sorely tried during the latter part of his life by the infliction of total blindness, which he bore with the utmost resignation. He retained

[1] Prevented joining his party by illness, I sent him by way of proxy the versification of a legend with which the visitors of his glen are familiar, anonymously dedicated to him as President. He amused me by informing me that neither he nor any of his numerous guests attributed the authorship to any one but Bishop Wilberforce or Whewell, or hesitated to impute to one of these divines, who both pertinaciously disclaimed it, the credit of a *white lie!*

to the last, whilst in the full possession of a Christian's hope, the freshness of feeling which from his earliest youth the beauties of the natural world had ever awakened in his mind, and as he recalled, when dying, his Alpine expeditions, observed, in an animated strain, to his excellent and enlightened medical attendant: "Dr. Symonds, you see I am still a mountaineer."

Mr. Harford was most happy in his choice of a partner, who fully shared his pursuits, and aided him cordially and agreeably in the entertainment of his guests. They had no offspring. His four brothers supported, like himself, in different spheres, the good character of the family. The eldest son of the next succeeded to Blaise Castle and to another residence near Llampeter, and died young, to the deep regret of his kindred, friends, and the public, who had good reason to appreciate his worth and increasing usefulness.

The Roman Catholics, numerous at Bristol, rejoiced in a Bishop, a Clifford, worthy scion of his noble house, and a cathedral at Clifton, stinted, unfortunately, of its destined fair proportions by a heavy pecuniary loss. The most demonstrative of their functionaries was a well-known Highland priest, whose thick staff, lofty stature, and defiant looks, did justice to the reputation he had won in the principality by the prowess which distinguished him in the Brecon riots.

The Roman Catholic Reformatory, close to Bristol, is one of the best conducted in England. We were very courteously received by the two ladies at the head of the establishment, dressed in a very fantastic garb, the younger since succeeding the elder as chief, a daughter of our neighbour in Yorkshire, Sir William Lawson.

About this time the Roman Catholic Church received an important accession to its ranks from the clerical members of our Church.

At St. Leonard's, Clifton, and elsewhere, I became familiar with the circumstances which led to it. It was unfortunate that the originators of the Tractarian movement, whilst actuated by the laudable desire of reviving the zeal and restoring the order and discipline of our Church, should almost all have been members of the same profession, educated at the same University, moving or having moved in the same tutorial round of duty, subjected to like bias, infected by like prejudices, and consequently imparting to their proselytes a one-sided idiosyncrasy. Perplexed by the differences of Christendom, they gradually sought refuge in union with the Church of Rome, as the most effectual solution of their difficulties, and resorted to the most palpable sophistry, with a view to reconciling incompatible doctrines and to justifying the absolute surrender which Rome exacted as the unalterable condition of her allegiance.

At length the unequivocal tendency of the movement became obvious. Conclusions deducible from premisses, for a while tentatively advanced, were openly avowed by such publications as Tract 90 and Froude's *Remains*. And the result was the fall of a large number of our clergy, some of whom were distinguished by talent, learning, and piety, from the pinnacle to which they had ascended, and whence they looked down on the old High Church and Evangelical schools as alike effete and ineffective. Dire was the dilemma to which their despairing but less flexible followers were reduced. Taxed with having drawn the bow too tightly, they would reply that it had been for the purpose of counteracting the strain in the opposite direction. And if the perversion of so many of their associates were urged in proof of the unsoundness of their doctrines, it was attributed to the imperfect teaching of the Evangelicals. To such shifts were they reduced as to set off against their own losses the solitary secession of Baptist Noel to dissent.

But the crisis had set in. From the shaken bough the fruit fell apace. Strange that a passage in our ecclesiastical history, so pregnant with instruction, should be half forgotten, just when its lessons are most needed.

Mr. Newman, confessedly pre-eminent among the perverts,[1] was for a short time in the early part of 1845 at St. Leonards during a winter I passed there, attracting notice, which annoyed him, by the homeliness of his dress. I regretfully declined an invitation from Mr. Coleridge of Eton, and afterwards of St. Augustine, Canterbury, to meet him at dinner, expressly to give him encouragement. It appears from the *Apologia* that he was at this time suffering from much mental distress. Of his approaching secession neither Mr. Coleridge nor other of his friends seemed then aware.

For some time, and not only during Dr. Newman's stay, St. Leonards became the resort of others similarly perplexed, assembling for the purpose of consultation, hopeless, as it proved, of averting their approaching perversion: birds of passage congregating previously to their final flight. Among the number was the lay precursor and pioneer of the future Cardinal Manning, his brother Charles. He was convinced, as he unequivocally assured me, that the time was ripe for

[1] Several years after the secession of Dr. Newman, I had the opportunity of hearing the opinion of the leading individuals who had joined in it expressed by a very competent judge, who, after having, till ill-health compelled his retirement, spent many years as its head in a celebrated Roman Catholic College, acted then as chaplain to a lady of high rank in Yorkshire. To Newman alone he ascribed surpassing intellectual power. Manning, in his opinion, was distinguished rather by superior refinement; Henry Wilberforce could see but one side of a question, etc. Dr. Wordsworth, present Bishop of Lincoln, whom I met at Clifton when preparing a critique on Newman's book on Development, observed to me that before ten years that extraordinary publication would be denounced by the Church of Rome. Perhaps the same astute policy which has prevented Dr. Newman's promotion may have suffered his intellectual daring to pass unchallenged.

the enforcement of High Church doctrine in the Church of England at the point of the bayonet. Nor was he singular in this opinion, as it was avowed by a friend of mine, a General officer, who however was not induced by the impracticableness of such stringent remedy to desert his Church.

I cannot shift the stage on which such lamentable transactions were enacted without bestowing a passing tribute on Murray, the young incumbent of St. Leonards, whom I had previously known as a zealous curate in St. Marylebone. He was an Irishman, whose amiability and piety surpassed his logical power of solving the difficult problems now forced on his attention; exposed as he was, on the one hand, by his High Church proclivities, to the ceaseless solicitation of his Romanising visitors, and on the other, by his earnest observance of the teaching of another school, to the constant pressure of antagonistic influence. And by none was this more sedulously urged upon him than by the excellent and ardent and talented controversialist, Lady Radstock, who rejoiced in the opportunity of opposing to the heavy artillery of the schoolmen the broad ægis of Protestantism. As her bewildered partner sat in her carriage imbibing instruction, destined to pass through the ordeal of an unfailing alembic, he looked much like the last inmate of the "happy family." He grew manifestly absent, and on one occasion, but for the timely help of a rough seaman, might have paid the penalty of his forgetfulness; for when a party had prepared themselves, by warm clothing, for a cruise on a cold day, he had attired himself for dinner, and came shivering to the vessel, when the captain covered him with a stout sea-cloak. On leaving St. Leonards, Murray was well known during many years as the respected minister of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. And it is said that he proved his staunch adherence to his Church by sorrowfully breaking off an engagement with a lady who seceded to the Church of Rome, rather than renounce it.

Of the tendency of the Romanising teaching one instance was brought home to me soon after resuming my residence at Clifton, when I was called to St. Mary's Church, Torquay, by the following circumstances. A lady, a clergyman's widow, of very prepossessing appearance and manners, and bearing an excellent character, had so far adopted Jesuitical ethics that she urged on a young relative of my own the duty of confession, and of concealing the practice from her relatives. To the latter of these suggestions the young lady professed insuperable repugnance, and consulted her mother, who requested my interposition. I had an interview with the lady, who opened our conversation by observing that there was no objection to the advice likely to be tendered which she did not anticipate, and would not have herself urged some months before, but that in the interim her views had undergone a thorough change. Rome soon afterwards satisfied her scruples, but happily only for a time.

It should be stated that Mr. Maskill, the learned and able incumbent of the parish, was understood not to approve of the secrecy thus enjoined. But he himself was soon destined to be a victim of the secession. Shortly before the event, Mr. Woodward of St. James's, Bristol, grandson of the hospitable incumbent of Glanworth in Ireland, whom I visited, and son of the celebrated preacher, assured me that there was not the slightest cause of apprehending it, in terms which precluded the possibility of any such procedure on his own part. Yet in a few weeks he was caught in the net. But no one was more effectually duped by sudden conversion than my next-door neighbour at Clifton, the good and amiable Lord Forbes, premier Baron of Scotland, and owner of a beautiful estate in Aberdeenshire, who had served both in the Navy and Army, and shared, when in the Coldstream Guards, of the glory of 1815,—a tip-top High Churchman of the Scottish Episcopalian Church, and munificent contri-

butor to its establishment, whose exalted ecclesiastical views might be traced no less to the spirit of clanship than to the *Catena patrum*. His views were not likely to be enlarged by the exclusive perusal of publications similarly biassed. A young clergyman like-minded had been engaged by him to perform the services of our Church at his house for the benefit of an invalid daughter, and after as usual discharging his duty, conformed, on the next morning, to Lord Forbes's utter disgust, without the slightest warning, to the Church of Rome.

The pretexts for secession were sometimes as flimsy as transparent. A clever pervert at Clifton availed himself of some passage in a letter published by the excellent Vicar, expressive of an opinion on Church authority, which he questioned, avowedly to warrant his resorting to it; whilst the Romish Church could dexterously meet half-way the wavering approximation of neophytes, who, if at first allowed indulgence, would gradually repay it by plenary submission. I saw the conditions on which a lady, nearly related to an intimate friend of mine, a Scotch Baronet, had been received into the Romish allegiance by a priest of Amiens, whom she had consulted, as sanctioned by the bishop of the diocese. They were as follows: that she should not be required to censure the Church of England, to forego the use of the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, to abstain from the domestic worship of Protestants, or to acquiesce in any form of Mariolatry.

But it should never be forgotten that a bright example of clear insight into the fast-growing mischief was afforded by one of a triumvirate who had originally unconsciously promoted it by the publication of Froude's *Remains*, to whose poetical and reverential though somewhat hazy sensibility the Romish Church might have proved especially attractive —the author of *The Christian Year*. Mr. Keble was, in

1851, on a visit to a sick relative at Marychurch, where I was staying with my family in the neighbourhood. We had opportunities of meeting and walking together. No one could feel greater anxiety than himself respecting the rapid approach of many of his friends to Rome, or surprised that it should be so little suspected. He perceived the then probable estrangement of Maskill, the incumbent, and could not account for the fact of my cousin, his intimate friend, George Cornish, being utterly insensible to it. When I mentioned to him a well-founded rumour of the perversion of a Scottish lady of high rank, he received the intelligence as it had been a shock, standing for some time still, and looking to the ground as he raised his hands. Whilst peace-loving Dr. Pusey administered far and wide the opiate which had deadened his own perceptions to the influence of the poison, Mr. Keble endeavoured, by private exhortation and public warning, to counteract it. Like the high priest of old, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and did his best to stay the plague.

The name of George Cornish is familiar to the readers of the biography of Arnold and Keble. He was educated at Ottery and Westminster. When at Westminster he passed his Sundays and occasional holidays at my father's house; but his school course was determined at the early age of fourteen, by his successful competition, against older candidates, for the then highly-prized distinction of a Corpus Scholarship, obtained by Keble at the age of fifteen. He was thus introduced to that remarkable society, the graphic portraiture of which Dean Stanley has borrowed from the pen of Sir John Coleridge, one of its brilliant ornaments, young Cornish figuring as the "high-souled but indolent Westminster" of the group. The Judge's good-humoured allusion to him in this and other passages was not altogether satisfactory to him; and from the top of the stage-coach,

when we reached Ottery, *en route* for Sidmouth, we descended, he to take his friend to task, and I, though I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, preferring a stroll in the splendid parish church—beneath the shade of which Sir J. Coleridge passed and ended his days, and whose entrance porch covered the remains of three of my very near relatives—to intervention in a family feud. But

"Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres."

The Judge, confined to his bed by illness, escaped his friend's remonstrance.

After fulfilling for some time the duties of fellow and tutor of his College, Cornish, having married the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot of Chaddesden, in Derbyshire, sat down in a curacy near his father's residence at Sidmouth, taking pupils. His own at Paccomb was lonely enough. By day the owls were heard to hoot from the surrounding trees, and at night a ghost gibbered over the fence of the lawn in front of the house. There, amidst the streams and woods and rocks of a beautiful valley of Devon, he could indulge his poetical taste, and adopt, avowedly as the unaspiring maxim of his life, "Fluvios amem silvasque inglorius." But Providence had marked out for him a more conspicuous and laborious career. On the beach of Sidmouth he met, after an interval of many years, his old Westminster head-master, now elevated to the See of Exeter. Dr. Carey, who had never forgotten the brilliant success of his scholar's *début* at Oxford, greeted him cordially, cultivated his acquaintance during some weeks' residence at Sidmouth, and promised him that he would not neglect any favourable opportunity of advancing him. The Bishop was as good as his word. The very important charge of Kenwyn, a parish including half the burgh of Truro and the large rural district of Chasewater—headquarters of the Wesleyans

of the neighbourhood, of whom 7000 resided within its precincts—became vacant in consequence of the resignation of one of the Coleridge family on account of ill-health and the complicated difficulties of the post. Cornish was appointed to it. The extent of his charge may be inferred from the fact of his having seven curates working under him, one of whom was salaried by Lord Falmouth. As he was subsequently nominated to the rural deanery of the district, and a prebendal stall at Exeter, his sphere of employment foreshadowed in some degree that of the Episcopate of which Truro has since become the seat. He was universally popular. He was fortunate in the selection of his curates, though complaining much of the difficulty of procuring the services of satisfactory ones. An old Westminster was not likely to discourage muscular Christianity. I was therefore not surprised at their offer—one failing through sudden illness, and being replaced by a lay brother—to row me to Falmouth, and making it good in capital style.

Though the population of the district of Chasewater consisted almost exclusively of Wesleyans, he was on the best terms with them, and his tithe battle in the vestry was fought successfully in his behalf by their minister. Of their number I could form some estimate when attending the afternoon service in the large district church of Chasewater. About a hundred persons, comprising the ordinary congregation, were present, when, soon after the sermon had commenced, loud singing announced the approach of a funeral, and the Wesleyans who attended it swarmed reverently into the church till it was completely filled. A still larger gathering surrounded the inmates of the vicarage for a Wesleyan wedding. The vicar was unfortunately absent, having forgotten the notice he had received from the parties concerned. But his energetic wife was equal to the crisis. Taking her text from the Book of Joshua, she put back her house-clock

one hour, and when loud murmurings prevailed in the Wesleyan camp, pointed to her dial, protesting that all clerical business was regulated by it and by no other. Scouts were meanwhile despatched far and wide in quest of a curate, and the marriage was solemnised without further complaint.

Mr. Coleridge was not the only one of Cornish's predecessors who had resigned the living of Kenwyn. One of them, Polwhele, was well known as an historiographer of Cornwall, followed afterwards in his local researches by a less obscure rival, in the person of another native, Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society. I saw him at his country residence near Truro, living in very moderate circumstances, the grass growing on the road which led to it. His clever capture of two boys, whom he perceived from his desk, whilst performing divine service, robbing his orchard, by despatching his clerk in pursuit of them, is not forgotten.

I was present in Exeter Cathedral on the only occasion, and it was a very melancholy one, on which I saw Cornish discharge his prebendal duties. His friend Mr. Medley had completed, at great cost, the erection of a beautiful church in the neighbourhood, just previous to his quitting England to take charge of the diocese of Fredericton. It was his earnest desire that he might show his work, on which he had bestowed so much time and cost, to his mother; and with that view, accompanied by Cornish and his sister, Mrs. Frederick Shore, drove her in a hired carriage to his destination. It was upset. The two ladies lay senseless on the road, and as Mrs. Shore was apparently dead, Mrs. Medley was carried into a neighbouring farm-house and laid on a bed, from which she was soon removed a corpse to give place to my sister-in-law, who showed signs of life and eventually recovered, though after many months' illness. Cornish was slightly hurt, and was able to perform the funeral service on the burial of the old lady, and to proceed

directly from the grave to the Cathedral to preach an annual sermon before the Bishop and the county, amidst the deep sympathy of the congregation, aware of the distressing circumstances which had befallen him. I arrived on a visit to my sister-in-law at Exeter in the afternoon of the accident, and at the door was informed of it by Cornish.

The probability of his own secession might perhaps be inferred from Cornish's insensibility to the danger of the Romanising proclivities of his friends, which was by no means confined to the instance already adverted to, nor from his High Church sympathies and his chivalrous inclination to shield them. Much of his support of their views was due to his regarding them as a counterpoise to the rising school of Arnold, whose proposed residence, and consequent influence at Oxford, he utterly dreaded. But neither do his sermons nor poems, edited by Keble, the latter much valued by him, indicate any such tendency.[1]

Ill-fated was the residence of both George Cornish's sons at Winchester School, the elder (Bishop) losing the sight of an eye there, and the other his life, consequent on exposure caused by his successful effort to save a school-fellow's life from drowning.

George Cornish's father having married a lady of some fortune, purchased the beautiful estate of Salcombe Hill, near Sidmouth, and built upon it a house in which to the end of his days he exercised much hospitality, and cultivated the friendship and encouraged the literary or travelling predilections of his son's friends. He had, whilst on military service, visited Greece and other classic regions, and acted during some years as aide-de-camp to my father in India. One adventure which he narrated to me, as we passed the buoy which marks the wreck of the 'Royal George,' I cannot omit recording. When quartered at Portsmouth he was of a party on

[1] Since republished by Cornish's son, the Bishop of Madagascar.

the point of going on board that vessel, when, detained by his hairdresser, he kept his friends waiting in their boat, and whilst rallied for his dandyism, as they were quitting the shore they observed the sudden disappearance of the vessel itself; the impression on the spectators being such, he said, as they might have experienced on the submerging of the Isle of Wight. But for his own supposed misadventure the party would have shared the fate of the unfortunate Kempenfeldt and his crew.

My uncle's conversation may have influenced the career of some eminent in after life. He imparted his own enthusiastic delight in Greece, then little frequented by travellers, to Tweddell, directing his steps thitherward, as it proved on his last journey. It was on Maidenhead Bridge that he was strolling whilst on a journey, when, amidst the troopers of a regiment of dragoons billeted for the night, he perceived one clad like the rest in his watering dress, in whose person he thought he distinguished an old neighbour and acquaintance. The recognition was mutual. His friend was Coleridge the poet, who informed him that he had enlisted as a private, but that he paid a fellow-trooper to clean his horse and perform other menial duties. My uncle at once urged him strongly, and probably successfully, to seek some more suitable vocation.

Nowhere did Robert Grant woo more assiduously the inspiration of his ever present Muse than when, disentangling himself from the upbraidings of despairing solicitors, he exchanged the turmoil of the Western Circuit for the quiet seclusion of the "warbling bowers," the breezy uplands, and the shingly beach of a Devonian dreamland. His premature death enhanced the value of the *disjecta membra poetæ* —some few beautiful poems, finished or fragmentary, religiously preserved by a family fully capable of appreciating his varied social and intellectual qualifications.

And Keble found the cherished haunts, to which friendship almost fraternal had welcomed him, propitious not only to his poetic musings, but to the indulgence of more delusive visions, perceptible in the deep pathos of some of the most impressive passages of *The Christian Year*. That the marvellous success of this work, of which I had seen several portions in manuscript at Salcombe Hill, was not anticipated by the author's friends, may be inferred from the fact that on its first appearance George Cornish placed the duodecimo volume in my hands, expressing no small anxiety as to its fate.

I met Keble on his first visit to Sidmouth after his disappointment, and afterwards accompanied him on the top of a stage-coach to Bath, conversing much and most pleasantly in a simple and unaffectedly sententious rather than a flowing strain. When we met at breakfast at the hotel at Bath he had laden himself with toys destined for his brother's children. He seemed now, as at other times, nervous and somewhat shaky.

Dr. Pusey visited occasionally at Clifton. He had been the friend of my brother-in-law, Robert Anderson, and no letter administered more comfort to his widow than that addressed to her by this excellent man. I found him sitting characteristically enough at a table covered with folios, the very personification of an Eirenicon, peace on his heart and on his lips. He has lived to witness the secession from his Church of its foremost professed champions, and his most valued coadjutors in a movement at first approved by sound Churchmen and productive of much benefit; and subsequently the uncontrollable extravagance of others,—schism when he looked for union, defiance of instead of submission to lawful authority, and latitudinarianism and infidelity as the inevitable offshoot of sacerdotalism and superstition. May he yet live, if not to witness, to anticipate the destined

reaction from lawlessness, revolting as it is, indeed, to the great body of the laity of the country, and we may hope also of the clergy, as involving the forfeiture of our Church's integrity, loyalty, and peace, and tending, if persisted in, to provoke determined and perhaps not altogether harmless resistance!

The disturbance of the public mind occasioned by such controversies was further incited by Cardinal Wiseman's impolitic manifesto, reminding the people of his own ill-augured Spanish training, and of the danger of reawakening the fierce fanaticism of which the Popish Plot and the Gordon Riots had afforded disastrous evidence. Lord J. Russell's scarcely less injudicious letter only served to add fuel to the flame, whilst nowise conducing to the public advantage or the personal reputation of the author, as it entangled his Administration and Parliament in a long course of fruitless discussion, ending in the practical substitution of an empty protest for effective legislative action—a discreditable and dangerous precedent.

Of what occurred in most towns of England at this crisis we had an exemplification at Bristol. At a numerously attended meeting on the subject of the "Papal Aggression," an address to the Bishop of the diocese expressive of confidence had just been agreed to, when our literary banker, the late Peter Aiken, an excellent man,[1] entered the room and forthwith read aloud Lord John's letter, which had just come into his hands. The sensation produced in an assembly of grave and sober men, chiefly of the upper classes, by this stirring appeal to national Protestantism, might supply a lively comment on the outbursts of fanaticism in England and Scotland when roused by the trump and drum ecclesiastic of the sixteenth and seventeenth

[1] He has recently, when an octogenarian, published Memoirs of his kinsman Burns the poet.

centuries. Warnings as to the impotence of legislative dealing with the presumptive but abortive pretensions which drew it forth were futile. "To your tents, O Israel!" was the watchword of the day. And in justice to the consistency of a large portion of the population of Bristol, who were hurried away by the tumult of misguided zeal, this city could boast of the last individual who yielded to the inevitable reaction, in the person of the Dean, able representative of a distinguished family, and subsequently Prolocutor of the Convocation of Canterbury, who, after his relative Lord John Russell had withdrawn his Bill, unwittingly published a vindication of it, thus ineffectually adopting his kinsman's deserted bantling.

But among the strange ingredients mingling at this time in the *omnium gatherum* of sects at Bristol, I must not omit the mention of two extraordinary instances of superstition. Within the walls of a chapel, erected for a very different purpose by the good Lady Southampton, in Bristol, now assembled a congregation of 200 Mormons, serving as a depot of their Transatlantic brethren. Their practices were superstitious, such as sending up their handkerchiefs to the minister to receive his benediction.

Nor was that unfortunate dupe or deceiver, Johanna Southcote, without her representative, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, who continued the regular payment of £10 annually as rent for an isolated apartment, ornamented by one of those stately fireplaces common in the old houses of Bristol, visible through a small window in a passage in the historical premises of the *Mirror* newspaper, in whose large hall, now used for printing, Sovereigns have been entertained. In the room in question, once inhabited by Johanna, she was destined to give birth to the true Messiah.

Upwards of thirty-one years have elapsed since an

educational movement was commenced at Bristol, the success of which, in all its various branches, has never flagged. A brief sketch of its rise and progress may not be uninteresting, as it is surely encouraging. The waifs and strays of Bristol, as of other cities, had been overlooked by the munificence of citizens, of whom their successors have so much reason to be proud, and had not been provided for by the National and other like schools. Some efforts had been made in the right direction by Miss Carpenter, who had opened her far-famed industrial school, and by another on a small scale by the Unitarians. But these were scant as well as isolated. The ragged schools, of which we had heard by report, appeared calculated to meet the exigency. And it occurred to me that their establishment in the poorest parishes of Bristol might be possible. Mr. Serjeant Stephen, Judge of the Bankruptcy Court at Bristol, whose well-known legal labours have entitled him to the designation of the Blackstone of his day, had already meditated on the subject and cordially joined with me. Other friends followed. But, as is usual at the outset of enterprises, manifold obstacles interposed. None of us had personal experience of the working of such seminaries. Masters and mistresses were not easily found; the claims of a multiplicity of institutions, local or cosmopolitan, were urgent; apprehension of the prejudicial effect of free as regarded paying schools was rife; whilst the movers were plied with the *argumentum ad hominem* that the uncertainty of their residence at Clifton might entail obligations on others which they might be unable to fulfil.

Our plan was unlike that adopted mostly in such cases: we resolved on incorporating our schools in our parochial system. A general committee of superintendence was formed, composed of lay members of the Church of England, the clergy, at a preliminary meeting attended by many of them,

voting, on their own proposal for their exclusion, whilst a committee, similarly constituted, in connection with the central committee, undertook, in each parish in which a school was opened, its supervision, the incumbent, if willing, acting as *ex-officio* chairman. The prayer used at the commencement of the proceedings was taken from our Church services, "Prevent us, O Lord," etc. The teachers were to be members of the Church of England.

The acceptance of our Church Catechism was made optional with each scholar. Like most other conscience clauses it became a dead letter, as during the first five years of the existence of the schools, though several thousands of children had passed through them, very many of whom were Roman Catholics, only *two* availed themselves of the objection. But the adoption of this regulation avowedly satisfied the dissenters, who, painfully aware of the pressure of their own denominational requirements, thankfully accepted and furthered, by their efforts in the pulpit and otherwise, the provision of education for a class beyond their reach.

As new schools were established eventually in six of the poorest city parishes, the difficulty of procuring sites and rooms induced researches disclosing strange localities and unwonted dens of infamy. The neighbourhood of one of our schools had been pronounced by a London detective, charged with the investigation of the circumstances of a murder, as depraved as any he had seen in London. A trap-door at the back of one of our school-houses had been the exit through which many victims had disappeared, of whose fate no effectual cognisance had been taken; mystery on the probability of which Burke's murders in Edinburgh have thrown light. Two of our most commodious school-houses, one of which sufficed for our industrial school, and the other was occupied by the most numerously attended of

our ragged schools, had been long disused, ever since they had been available as cholera hospitals.[1]

As the work advanced the costs materially increased. But its success perpetually recommended it. Testimony to the value of the schools abounded. The rule prohibiting the admission of children whose parents could pay for their education was on the whole strictly observed.[2] As a remarkable, and by many unexpected, sequence, the increase of the attendance at the National Schools was coincident with, and doubtless consequent on, the opening of a ragged school, and by degrees the formation of other institutions applicable to the same class resulted. The older institutions derived benefit from the great impulse imparted to public liberality. It was obvious that the strengthening and consolidating the substructure had supplied stability and elevation to the entire social fabric.

The public were not backward in appreciating the efficacy of the growing undertaking. Churchmen of all descriptions, high and low, and dissenters of all denominations, contributed their aid. The Bristol press, a powerful engine, supported it without a single exception. The excellent editor of the *Mirror* newspaper, who soon afterwards died, supplied us with a useful honorary secretary in the person

[1] The excellent master of the Industrial School, sharing the opinion of the amiable General Stewart of Garth, that the fear of a ghost was preferable as an instrument of discipline to the fear of a gallows, injudiciously turned to account the superstitious dread of his scholars by incarcerating flagrant offenders in a dark apartment, which they knew to have served as a dead-house during the epidemic,—a procedure of course stopped as soon as it was discovered.

[2] During the prevalence of the fearful cholera at Bristol some of our committee visited the most afflicted districts, and invariably found that its virulence was proportioned to destitution and filth. Of the children attending two schools in a single street in one of the poorest parts of the city, the one, the incumbent's, receiving 2d. weekly from the higher sort of children, not one died, whereas of the other, a ragged school, thirty, and the numbers attending were nearly the same.

of his son, and, till we procured a suitable house for our meetings, with his editorial council-room and chair. Our public gatherings met under the auspices of the Bishop of the diocese, Monk, the Mayor, and other influential notables.

But fresh exigencies were elicited. The children who attended our schools were sometimes half-clad and starving, and not unfrequently the offspring of destitute, drunken, or criminal parents. And to make effectual provision for this class, the Industrial School, since certified, was established, supplying board, lodging, education, and instruction in various trades, receiving the highest commendation of the Government Inspectors, to the deserving of which have in no small degree conduced the invaluable services of the master during upwards of thirty years, fully justifying the recommendation of the Principal of the Battersea Training School.

But the harvest was not yet gathered in. The Industrial School had not thoroughly probed the social sore. Though the nets had been cast far and wide, the criminal classes had eluded capture. And the Reformatory was established in the neighbourhood of Bristol. The agreement adopted at the preliminary meeting has been alluded to. The arrangement ultimately concluded, viz., that the religious instruction should be left to the uncontrolled superintendence of the master for the time being, dates from after my leaving to reside at Clifton.[1]

[1] Strange have been the expedients resorted to for the purpose of postponing or evading the ever-recurring *religious difficulty*, and enabling the members of various denominations to co-operate in the work of joint education. Religious teaching from which doctrine is eliminated, rigid adherence to the literal and unexplained text of Holy Scripture, Scripture extracts, for a while the device and boast of the Irish national system, religiousness, religiosity, unsectarianism, and, finally, general religion, an undefined phrase, which passed through the ordeal of a fortnight's debate in the House of Commons, have been made use of as

The funds of the Ragged Schools were rather increased than otherwise by the establishment of the Industrial School and Reformatory. At a bazaar held at Clifton in 1852 nearly £1000 was realised. The Ragged Schools were benefited by a subsequent direct attack, originating in the animadversions of a Government Inspector, who would not be satisfied with any standard of proficiency lower than that then adopted but since modified by Government. And I learn from my only co-survivor of the original committee, my excellent friend Mr. John Longman (July 24, 1878), that "we have nothing to fear from our present School Board; that thus far it has done us good by enforcing regularity of attendance through their officers, who visit all the absentees (a list of whom is furnished weekly by the master or mistress of their respective schools), and summon those who disregard their admonitions before the magistrates."

pretexts for applying to religion a mode of dealing which, if brought to bear on political questions, would not be listened to, and for subjecting the children of the lower classes to a latitudinarian *régime* which the upper would unhesitatingly repudiate if offered to their own. The real educational residuum framed in conformity to the above-cited phraseology would closely approximate to, if not actually amount to, Unitarianism pure and simple: probably originating with the profession of that negative creed, not with a view to proselytise, but to the widespread diffusion of the benefits of education. At York I found myself entangled in the same controversy as at Clifton, where, after several meetings, the only practicable solution of the *religious* difficulty was hit upon, —the provision of separate reformatories for Roman Catholics, Protestant dissenters making no objection to prison regulations.

CHAPTER XV.

1845-51.

BRISTOL CAUSES CÉLÈBRES—CLEVEDON—THE ELTONS—HENRY HALLAM.

SOME *causes célèbres* occurred in the neighbourhood of Bristol. On the south-west of the city, embosomed in beautiful woods, stands Asheton Park, a stately Elizabethan mansion, property of the Smyths. Sir John, owner of that family mansion during the early part of my residence at Clifton, was an old bachelor, living in seclusion, engrossed by the examination of his multifarious accounts, and sometimes visible to the external world, driving in his carriage to another of his seats beyond Bristol, or in pursuit of the hounds. On his death, his sister, widow of a Mr. Upton, took charge of the estate in behalf of her grandson, a minor, who has since adopted the family name of Smyth, and in whose person the Baronetcy has been revived. But the world was startled by the pretensions of a *claimant* to the proprietorship, who turned out to be a broken-down schoolmaster, the exposure of whose fraud was the result of an accident. Of the inconceivable credulity elicited by such impostures, a mania with which the public has been since sufficiently familiarised, proof was given in this especial instance in the case of a lady of an Irish noble family, the Hon. Miss B., who suffered herself to be so far deceived

by the representations of the miscreant as to acknowledge relationship, to speak of him by his Christian name, and to address a letter to the Judge who tried the cause, which he felt his duty to rebuke in Court.

A subsequent litigation arising out of the same estate brought my name singularly enough into Court. On her death, Mrs. Upton bequeathed the whole of her personal property, a considerable sum, to her maid. The validity of her will was disputed by the rightful heirs on the ground of her mental incapacity. In support of their claim it was proved in evidence that the old lady had laboured under a twofold delusion, viz., that the Queen was in the habit of driving about her park, and that consequently she had directed her lodge-keepers to refuse Her Majesty admission: and further, that she had withdrawn from myself the key of her private grounds, in which she had allowed me to drive, under the impression that I had murdered our common friend Forsyth, an excellent clergyman of Clifton, in her park. The published interesting Memoir of Forsyth accounts otherwise for his decease.

My first knowledge of the trial was derived from a report in the *Times*. Had I been subpœnaed I might have tendered evidence to the following purport: That Mrs. Upton's misapprehensions respecting the Royal trespass might be caused by her mistaking her own equipage for Her Majesty's, inasmuch as she was in the habit of driving four horses, her postillions and two outriders being clad in scarlet liveries,—a mistake shared by others, for when she did us the honour to call on us at Clifton the rumour was circulated that some member of the Royal Family had paid us a visit. In reference to her other delusion I could have certified that the return of her key had never been desired, and that we enjoyed the liberty of passing through her grounds till we left Clifton: moreover, that on the various occasions on

which I had the opportunities of conversation with her, she was perfectly self-possessed, sensible, and clear-headed. These arose from Mrs. Upton's expressed wish to see her friends on asking admission to the interior of her noble mansion. Thus four times I introduced friends, my sisters, my nephew, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, and Lord Forbes, *all* of whom could have borne testimony to her capacity corresponding with my own. With young Anderson she spoke most rationally of his College, Christ Church, to which her grandson was destined. There was certainly somewhat of unusual hospitality in her informing me that a cover would be laid for me at her table every day in the year, and extending a like invitation to Lord Forbes. The verdict of the jury was justified by her strange hallucinations.

Clevedon, the Baiæ of Bristol, if we set aside the rival claims of Weston-super-Mare, looks down from the steep slopes of a ridge extending from that city to the cliffs beetling over the widening estuary of the Severn—one of the most beautiful of those valleys, studded by lofty church-towers, which, linked together by wooded coombs and rocky ravines, constitute the peculiar charm of one of the most enjoyable of English counties; or seaward on the expanding vista of bays, promontories, and harbours, and crowded marts and mountain ramparts, at whose shores the highest tidal wave which visits our coasts leaves its daily mark.

The pleasant valley of Walton separates the villa-cinctured heights of Clevedon from the woods which embower and almost conceal from view the picturesque front of Clevedon Court, during several generations the residence of the Eltons.

Sir Abraham, whose second wife was an aunt of Lady Teignmouth, and survived him, represented the family when we passed some weeks at Clevedon in 1841, but resided by preference at an hotel overlooking the sea. He was then aged, eccentric in his habits and in the peculiarities of his

career. Having in youth taken orders, he became curate to one of the most eminent of the Evangelical school of clergy, Robinson of Leicester, imbibing his views and taking a prominent part among the Revivalists who strove to awaken the dormant zeal of the Church. He was wont to preach in the open air, or beneath the shade of an old tree at Walton. A sermon which he was selected to address to the Volunteers at Bristol on the occasion of the expected invasion, obtained for him some reputation. But, strangely enough, he subsequently laid aside his clerical garb and prospects, and devoted himself to literary and other secular pursuits. He secluded himself much from the members of his family, but was courteous to strangers, and talked well, but rather pompously. It was his practice to sit on a bench in front of the hotel at Clevedon, in which he ended his days, ready to enter into conversation with any one who might desire it.

Sir Abraham's eldest son, Sir Charles, distinguished himself in early life by his literary talents and acquirements, to which Southey bears testimony in his correspondence, publishing two volumes of translations in verse from the classics, and, among other poems, one strikingly and beautifully affecting, composed to soothe his sorrow on the loss of his two elder sons, who were drowned at Weston-super-Mare. After discharging during some years the duties of a magistrate, he retired from public engagements to the quiet seclusion of Clevedon Court. His son and successor, the present Baronet, Sir Arthur, formerly represented Bath, and has since employed himself in various useful undertakings.

The marriage of Sir Abraham's only daughter with Mr. Hallam bound the eminent historian to the neighbourhood of Clevedon by the ties of affectionate attachment no less than family connection; and the links were more closely riveted by the bereavement which consigned his wife and all his descendants, save one, to the family vault of the Eltons

in the old church of Clevedon, in which his own remains have since been laid. It has been at length closed, the last occasion on which it was opened being to receive the remains of the Dowager Lady Elton, one of the best and worthiest of her race, whom I followed to her resting-place. That of Sir Charles is in the adjacent graveyard. Mural tablets, recording the unavailing grief of the husband and parent, have been erected in the Elton transept by Mr. Hallam to the memory of his departed relatives, whilst the memorial, perhaps more lasting, of the poet's inconsolable friendship has directed the steps of thousands of pilgrims, of either hemisphere, to the old church, whose situation, screened as it is by a bluff cliff from the winds and waters of the Channel, bears testimony to the accuracy of his description :

> "The Danube to the Severn gave
> The darkened heart that beat no more:
> They laid him by the pleasant shore,
> And in the hearing of the wave.
>
> There twice a day the Severn fills,
> The salt sea-water passes by,
> And hushes half the babbling Wye,
> And makes a silence o'er the hills."

No prominent man's exterior was better known in his day than that of Mr. Hallam; none was a more faithful exponent of his mental peculiarities. His capacious brow, compressed lips, and the piercing but kindly glance of his eye, from which some, ignorant of his real character, have been known to shrink, indicated unmistakably the austere integrity, fearless independence, indomitable perseverance, and quick but calmly judicious discernment, and, in a less degree, the tenderness of his feelings, which distinguished him alike as a companion and as an author. Greatly prized as was his society, he had been regarded as somewhat engrossing in conversation and prone to contradiction. It was said of him that, having passed a long evening in the

presence of a single individual, whose habits were much more quiescent than his own, he threw open his window to take a watchman to task for calling out the wrong hour. But the warmth of his heart was appreciated by those who were familiar with him. His affection to the several members of his family, and grief in their loss, was intense. His worthy but eccentric brother-in-law, Captain Elton of the navy, speaking to me of his first interview with Mr. Hallam, on his landing on the coast on returning from Vienna after the death of his son, compared the struggle of his powerful mind with the almost overmastering sorrow to the writhings of a harpooned whale; and no less awful was the language of his despair when he exclaimed, as he approached the vault, that he was a doomed man.

Mr. Hallam clung tenaciously to the neighbourhood of the resting-place of his kindred. Notwithstanding his surpassing energy and vivacity, to few mourners was the saying more justly applicable, that his heart was in the grave. He passed one summer at Walton, within sight of Clevedon, but usually a part of the year at Clifton, and thus we frequently enjoyed the gratification of his society, which I had only general opportunities of cultivating in London; for our common connection with the Elton family induced him to extend to us corresponding friendliness of feeling. Of Sir Abraham, who was nevertheless very proud of his son-in-law's literary achievements, he saw very little.

Politically, Mr. Hallam might be considered an Old Whig. In one Metropolitan burgh he steadfastly supported the Conservative cause as opposed to Radicalism. Grief had softened down the harsher traits of his character; and of the tenor of his religious views I may draw an inference from the fact of his selecting, as his permanent place of worship, till his removal to a distant part of the town, a chapel, the minister of which was always of the Evangelical school, and

his cordial approval of the proposal to publish a volume of the sermons of the well-known Dr. Jennings, who chiefly occupied the pulpit. I saw his children in their pew, opposite to my father's, one after another taking their places as they grew up, and disappearing as they were called away.

The meetings of the committee for erecting a monument to Mr. Hallam's memory in St. Paul's, which I attended, were held at Mr. Murray's in Albemarle Street, under the personal presidency of Lord Lansdowne, and numbering among those who sat around their venerable chairman, Dean Milman, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Palgrave, and other eminent contemporaries.

CHAPTER XVI.

1851-1873.

NORTH RIDING — THE SMELTS — THE SWALE — HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES — VALE OF MOWBRAY — LONGEVITY — CHARACTERISTICS—HABITS—MAGISTRACY—SOCIAL SYSTEM.

My Yorkshire residence, Langton Hall, is situated on the north bank of the Swale, distant about eight miles from Catterick and three from Morton Bridges, shifting and sometimes dangerous fords and ferries affording the only intermediate communication between the opposite banks. It was built, himself the architect, about a century ago by a Mr. Smelt, governor, a functionary whose duties are distinct from those of preceptor, to the Prince of Wales (George IV.) and the Duke of York, younger son of the owner of Leases, and grandson of the owner of Kirby Fleetham, a family well connected in the Riding, supplying representatives in Parliament to Northallerton for several generations. He is mentioned with respect in Gray's Letters and other Memoirs. George III. is said to have much appreciated his taste in landscape-gardening, of which he left unequivocal proof at Langton, by enclosing his demesne, after the fashion of his day, by a belt of trees; bequeathing to his successor the solution of one of the most difficult problems of landscape-gardening, how to open out views of neighbouring scenery

without making gaps resembling as much as possible the loss of front teeth.

The Swale derived its notoriety from the baptism of some thousands of our heathen ancestors at Catterick, and more recently from the adventures of Peter Bell. The map of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge assigns much larger space to the little Whiske, one of its tributaries, simply because more ecclesiastically important as separating the dioceses of York and Ripon.[1] Riparian proprietors, as they are now called, are well aware of the destructive force of our river as principal outflow of the great watershed of Mieklefell, highest of our English mountains, excepting those of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Veterans can recollect its wandering at its will over the lowlands of the vale of Mowbray, and can point in proof to the marks of its ravages. It is so represented in a painting in my possession by Cuitt, a well-known Richmond artist, which once belonged to the Royal Family. Of the force of its unruly waters evidence was lately elicited by our discovering, buried at little depth beneath the soil on my land, a forest of oaks yielding sound bog timber, and of hazels, indicating, as Sir Roderick Murchison informed me, the freaks of the river long before Julius Cæsar's invasion.

Huge costly embankments, sadly detrimental to the picturesque, have preserved vast tracts from desolation; but they have been endangered and occasionally broken by the injudicious straitening of the course of the river, necessarily accelerating its speed, whilst the immense extension of drainage has augmented the weight of water. And worse results have ensued from attempts to rectify the consequences of the neglect of timely repair by the mischievous expedient of carving out fresh channels for the release of

[1] Swale, signifying a swell of water, gives its name also to the tidal stream which insulates Sheppey.

the imprisoned waters, like the uncaging of a ravenous beast, instead of strengthening the bars of his den. Our unfortunate village of Langton has been victimised by such mismanagement. The river, whose sinuous course supplied pleasant prospects, a convenient ferry, drainage and sewage, now expands into a dreary lake, disclosing at low water a vast bed of gravel, superincumbent on most fertile land.[1]

The tide of war has repeatedly swept the pleasant vale of Mowbray. Scotspit Lane, near Northallerton, commemorates the burial of the Scots who fell at the battle of the Standard; whilst closely-packed skeletons of young men, attested by the soundness of their teeth, discovered in or about the graveyards of three neighbouring parishes, fully indicate their contribution to the slaughter of the day. At a house by the roadside, belonging formerly to a Jacobite family, in the adjoining Kirby Fleetham parish, rested, in 1746, for a night, the decapitated body of the Earl of Derwentwater, whose elder brother had shared the same fate in 1715, on its way to the family vault at Dilston Hall near Hexham. The current tradition that a box containing the *heart*, instead of the *head*, as is said to have been the case, of the unfortunate nobleman, had reached the house before the removal of the corpse, though incorrect, rather confirms than impeaches the truth of the statement. An exact version of the occurrence might have been traced to published history, depending for its information on secondary sources; but the tradition, thus only partially accurate, can be accounted for only by its being the spontaneous conclusion of the neighbourhood.[2]

[1] Thus here has been tested on a comparatively small scale, the merits of a scheme for dealing with the rivers of the Orissa seaboard,—wisely, as Dr. Hunter informs us, rejected by the Government engineers.

[2] I found the reports, purposely aggravated, of the alarm excited in England by the approach of the rebels in 1745 corroborated by the recollection of a man aged 103, in Huntingdonshire, who spoke of the terror

An old man who worked for the late proprietor of the house and estate pointed out to him the room, now divided into two apartments by a folded door, where his father recollected seeing "the Lord" lying. The information transmitted corresponded with that which I got from the Derwentwater MS. Memorials, compiled by the Howard family, during a visit at Corby Castle. The individual to whom I was indebted for it, a magistrate of the North Riding, little anticipated his being associated by a tragic sequel with the woful tradition connected with his house, the drowning himself, in a fit of mental derangement, in an adjacent pond. And an inexplicable ringing of bells during the following nights was accounted for by the supposition of the meeting of the two ghosts. By a curious coincidence, the last Earl of Tyrconnel, descendant and lineal male representative of General Carpenter, who defeated the rebels at Preston in 1715, and inheritor of the titles of the family, became proprietor, till his death in 1853, having married the heiress in possession, of Kiplin Hall, distant within a walk of Fleetham Lodge, which afforded the last resting-place above ground to the last of the Derwentwaters.

The vale of Mowbray is proverbially healthy, unless to weak lungs. The evidence of Jenkins's attaining the age of 169 years is very strong, though perhaps not absolutely conclusive. He lived and died in the next parish. The site of his house and the remains of the holly-tree, lately destroyed by lightning, which he planted, are pointed out. He lies buried beneath a monument, erected in the present century, in Bolton Churchyard. Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's incredulity, if proof against the belief of old Jenkins's longevity, would

of the children, himself being twelve years old at the time, when a stranger appeared, whom they took for the Pretender, as they were warned that it was the practice of the rebels to roll their captives in barrels full of nails;—yet he had never heard of Culloden!

have been baffled by the evidence in support of that of an old woman in a neighbouring parish, Welbury, whom I saw in her 109th year, capable of conversing for a short time without exhaustion, who lived a year longer, and whose age is commemorated on a headstone by the incumbent. The average of life of the four last persons who died in the small parish of Langton, in 1873, reached eighty-one years. A hale old man of another parish applied to me for a summons for assault by his landlord, who was in his hundredth year.

Doubtless to his robust physique the Yorkshireman is much indebted for his moral and intellectual vigour. Take him at his best, he is brave, self-reliant, enduring, resolute, energetic, persevering, shrewd, just, confiding, kindly. But his excellent qualities have been impaired by the deteriorating influence of circumstances.

In moral courage, usually the result of due training, he is apt to be deficient, shrinking from risk, unless sure of prompt indemnity, or from responsibility, even though involving the violation of truth and the serious obligation of an oath. Gifted with patience, "scorning weak complaint," when resistance, as in the case of adverse dispensations of Divine Providence, is unavoidable, he does not submit as enduringly to every-day annoyances. And the "thief of time" is sometimes apt to rob him of the reward which he might otherwise insure of his energy, till roused from lethargy by loss of crops, deluge of land, badness of roads or churches or other buildings, entailing heavy cost for want of timely repair.

On asking the cause of the burning of a stack I was told that "it belonged to a gang-to-day, come-to-morrow, God send Sunday man!"

The Yorkshireman bestows his confidence freely when put to proof by time and opportunity. But his too frequent distrust of strangers induces the surmise that the tone of conventional morality to which he has been habituated is

low. The stranger, on the other hand, should not resent his suspiciousness, but humour his prejudices, bearing in mind that whilst he may depend on the steadfastness of his affiance whenever secured, and not forfeited by his own fault, he is not likely to obtain it if unsuccessful in his first advances. A Bishop of Ripon remarked to me that if a clergyman fails at the outset of his ministry to gain the good-will of his parishioners he can never subsequently realise it. Yet not unfrequently, when the sphere of his experience is limited, in the case of the Yorkshireman, as of others similarly circumstanced, his mole-like perception, keen but short-sighted, does not prevent him becoming the victim of designing craftiness. Nor does his appreciation of justice, honesty, and fairness, always produce its due results when personal or family interests are concerned. Kindly he assuredly is, and self-sacrificing. The interchange of friendly offices between Yorkshire neighbours, especially in cases of sickness, is most exemplary. Yet he is liable to be ungoverned in his demeanour towards his subordinates, and, until his relations with superiors are fairly established, too much disposed to be somewhat boorish and self-asserting, and sometimes cruel in his treatment of his horses. Sensitively alive to the vindication of his independence, he is apt to expect the compliment of a bow ere he proffers it. The farmer denies to his landlord the title of Mr., which he claims in behalf of his own social rank. One being asked by an Irish incumbent of a neighbouring parish why he called the squire of his parish, a man of large property, simply by his *surname*, replied, "We are of one blude." A more charitable construction has been put on such seeming disrespect, viz., that the name of a landed proprietor supplies its own sufficient title to respect, whilst that of the farmer requires a more specific reminder. Bishop Longley, after a confirmation in the parish church of Bedale, proposed to me a walk.

We passed through a closely-packed avenue of well-dressed men, several of whom were young, on whom he had just laid hands, none of whom, save a single aged individual, touched his hat, though the Bishop was personally popular, and no one ever carried his recommendation more manifestly in his countenance.

But lamentable have been the disadvantages which the middle and lower classes of Yorkshire have suffered in many parts of their country, sparsely inhabited, by those capable of raising their social condition by their influence and example. Genuine is the ore, and susceptible, if purged of its dross and fashioned in a goodly mould, of the noblest use and finest polish. But how has it been dealt with? I speak now of a state of things happily fast passing away, but one which I can unhesitatingly certify from personal experience. Victimised by imperfect education, isolation, or exclusive association with those of his own grade, often deprived of the presence and influence of his superiors, whilst, as depositary of what has been called self-government, but in fact was no government at all, conventionally initiated in the practice of jobbing, sacrifice of public interests, malversation, and even lawlessness, drugged by the poisonous flattery administered by philanthropists, demagogues, socialists, unionists, and others whose name is Legion, the Yorkshire dalesman, and haply his urban kinsman, learns to esteem himself the finest specimen of God's creation, and to challenge, in behalf of his very shortcomings and delinquencies, the commendation lavished on his real or seeming merits. Ignorance, his bane and curse, ere yet the little which he learnt at school was supplemented by practical instruction supplied by the circulation of cheap newspapers, periodicals, and reports of associations, begat or fostered prejudice as stubborn as the soil in which it had taken root. Every scheme of improvement was regarded as

dangerously innovating on the established routine of their forefathers. The North of England superintendent of draining informed me that when he commenced operations not many years ago, not a single farmer countenanced, but that in the course of ten years' experience his success induced their ready acceptance of his scheme. The agent who managed my estate when in the hands of my predecessor, an advanced octogenarian, habitually denounced every agricultural improvement introduced during the present century, and more especially draining, and till very lately his opinion has had its following. Other plans of improvement have been opposed by passive or active resistance, though gradually making their way.

The farmer's too frequent inability to comprehend or apply the rudimental principles of the science of local government, the administration of which was forced upon him, might perhaps have been anticipated. Of any rational or systematic plan of making or repairing roads he was completely ignorant, or refused to avail himself, though grievously suffering for the want of it. Equally uninstructed was he, even when kindly disposed, and through familiarity with their condition so far competent for the task, as to the humane discrimination and economical management of the poor, and no less resolute in resisting the reformation proposed by Government. Sanitary measures were neither understood nor enforced. Fitness for the discharge of constabulary duties was never considered, and the repairs of churches were grievously neglected by the churchwardens. And consequently each functionary, relying on the indemnity which his successors would apply for in turn, consulted as far as he could his own personal interests at the public cost.

And what could the village oracle learn from his equally uninstructed fellows on the market-day calculated to

enlighten his understanding and dissipate his prejudices, busily employed in making or drinking over their bargains in the thickly-planted public-houses, which the magistrates of even recent times licensed as a matter of course, especially when, according to the prevailing practice, the marketer's more solid meal was reserved for home. The drunken orgies, not unfrequently prolonged, and even, in rare instances, in Northallerton from Wednesday till the Monday following, were not likely to qualify the dalesman for his private and public duties.

And what of the influence of the landlords? In some districts, as, for instance, that lying between the Swale and the Tees, inasmuch as property was much divided, and generally belonged to absentees, almost null; but elsewhere, early in this century, especially in the northern counties, for the amendment has been since very material, too often demoralising. "Drunk as a lord" was a common saying in Yorkshire, as elsewhere. It could not be denied of some of the ducal and other noble and wealthy proprietors, whose stately mansions, few and far between, adorned the land, if current anecdotes be not exaggerated, that their example could not prove otherwise than eminently pernicious, whilst its influence filtered down through intermediate classes, who deemed it their privilege to emulate their betters, to tenants and humbler dependants. Some of the landlords manifested very laudable and successful efforts to promote agricultural improvements, and materially encouraged those of their tenants. And latterly such spirit and conduct have proved the rule rather than the exception. The deteriorating tendency of the Corn-Laws to uphold the price of provisions, at the expense of due cultivation, operated as prejudicially as the abolition of monopoly and the combined proceedings of agricultural associations have since proved advantageous.

The administration of local jurisprudence by unpaid

magistrates, whilst it imparts considerable and acknowledged benefits to the community in general, confers no less specially on these functionaries themselves, elevating them in the social scale as compared with their *bureau*-ridden compeers in other countries. Wherefore has such well-constructed machinery partially failed of accomplishing its due results? Formerly, and perhaps even more recently, magistrates might be reluctant to inflict penalties for drunkenness when themselves notoriously addicted to it; but latterly, though the practice of different magistrates and benches may vary, on the whole justice is awarded so as to command the general satisfaction of the public. It is in the administrative duties imposed on them by the requirements of self-government that our local tribunals have been comparatively ineffective. Take, for instance, the management of the roads. Even under the recent system the magistrates had no official cognisance of their condition, except yearly at Petty Sessions, when the township surveyors rendered account of their stewardship on the appointment of their successors, invariably favourable, even when the roads were notoriously scarcely passable. No less demoralising than economically pernicious was the absolute sanction thus given to the most flagrant conventional lying by the assembled magistracy. As to the indictment of bad roads, the proceeding was rarely resorted to, being difficult, tedious, cumbrous, easily evaded, and at the best productive of only temporary and superficial amendment. Formerly, moreover, cattle and horses were too often allowed to range freely on the roads, pasture on the sidings, damage hedges and fences, and endanger the safety of passers-by, in defiance of the law, even after the farmers complained bitterly of the inconvenience and loss to which the neglect subjected them.

At Northallerton, as in many other places, licenses were granted by the magistrates irrespectively of the actual value

of testimonials, as these were procurable *ad infinitum*, and without regard to character or any essential qualification whatsoever. Renewal was, excepting very rarely, a matter of course. Even when the new constabulary had superseded the old effete functionaries, whose utter inefficiency paralysed the arm of the most active magistrate, and the highly respected Deputy Chief Constable was in Court ready to produce his complaints, they were not called for. The lawyer who appeared in behalf of an applicant whose misconduct had influenced the decision of some magistrates, obtained illegally, as it turned out, adjournment of the proceedings from week to week till chance supplied a majority on the bench in his favour. Failing this trickery, the threat of applying for an Excise license, procurable as a mere matter of form, but fatal to the magistrates' jurisdiction, was available. If, notwithstanding all these pettifogging subterfuges, legal or illegal, the publican's case had miscarried, he was almost sure of redress by an appeal to Quarter Sessions,—to a process so much abused and so practically mischievous, as to have been abolished in most counties by the spontaneous consent of the magistrates. The demoralising result may be accounted for by the almost irresistible motive power of the mainspring which sets this complicated machinery in action, the combined interest of the various parties profiting by the extension of the trade, and not excepting magistrates, in the value of property depending upon it.

The church rate, deemed a specific for the repair and other requirements of churches, was in most parishes in the neighbourhood liable to be set aside on the representation by any individual of its illegality, consequent on the substitution of a retrospective for a prospective impost, which had been probably from ignorance or inadvertency connived at by the magistrates.

And what can be said of the management of the poor? A brief notice of the proceedings of the Northallerton Board of Guardians during the first twenty years of the present half-century, by no means an exceptional case, may supply the answer.

Dr. Chalmers maintained that one main drawback to the effectual working of the new Poor-Law would be the defective attendance at the boards of the landlords. During the above period not a single magistrate except myself had taken, save on special and very rare occasions, any part in the proceedings. The old workhouse was historically interesting as having been once a Court-house, and used for the trial of some of Queen Mary's co-conspirators, retaining traces of ancient embellishment; but as situated on the open town drain, and on other accounts, objectionable. The erection of a new edifice, proposed by Government, was long vehemently opposed. But at length the Guardians, finding further resistance ineffectual, resolved loyally to carry the plan out. They engaged an architect, but embarrassed him by distrustful interference of all kinds, till at last they hit on the notable expedient of depriving him of the control of the clerk of the works. Frustrated by his subordinate, he was able, in complete confirmation of warnings proffered to the Guardians, to shift from his shoulders the entire responsibility for any defects in the work, till at length, but too late, they took alarm and resorted to the old arrangement.

How had the Board fared as to the election of its officers? The Union clerk, whom I found at his post, was noted for his obstinacy, which provoked incessant altercation between himself and the chairman, and sometimes the whole Board, and even induced him to alter *Acts of Parliament* to serve his purpose, and to refuse to record minutes which he disapproved. To obtain his dismissal cost me, though backed

by the Guardians, *nearly two years* of representation to the Central Board, by whom reluctance in exercise of its powers in such cases was avowedly justified, and perhaps reasonably, by the advisableness of suffering local boards to incur the penalty of their own neglect or culpability in making objectionable appointments.

The very important duties devolving on the relieving officers, requiring vigilance, steadiness, sobriety, and humanity, have fallen into bad hands. The three predecessors of the present functionary were discharged for drunkenness, and two of them for failure in their accounts. The last victim of intemperance, now an inmate of the workhouse, was dismissed for causing the fracture of the limb of a lunatic when being removed by him to the North Riding Asylum. The selection of such officers was in fact a job, the motive, provision for some aged, unhealthy, drunken bankrupt, boon-companion of the farmers. It was at length prevented only by the threat of an appeal to the Central Board, who, if cognisant of the circumstances, would not ratify the nomination.

Of the medical officers of the Union, three were dismissed and two reprimanded, one of them by the Central Board, for drunkenness.

Most happily the charge of the workhouse had been intrusted during forty years to a most efficient and kindly couple, who have done their duty to the inmates conscientiously in health and sickness, and since to the son of the master on the death of the latter. But the out-door paupers have been victims of gross abuses. It was agreed by the Union Board with the road surveyor that the aged men should eke out their miserable existence by breaking stones on the road; and as it was the almost universal custom in the neighbourhood (the day will come when it will be scarcely believed that such was the practice) to lay the

stones on the road in the spring instead of the autumn, these poor creatures, whose average age exceeded seventy years, were exposed, half-clad and suffering from rheumatic and other complaints, by the bleak roadside, to the inclemency of winter, and thus ceased speedily to be a parochial charge. Torture of another kind was inflicted on paupers of both sexes and all ages by allowing them to avail themselves of the inducement of paying little or no rent, to occupy crazy tenements belonging to the Union, the repairs of which were usually delayed till they were no longer fit for human habitation. Several Unions have happily, in conformity to a recent admirable amendment of the Poor-Law Act permitting the sale of such property, and application of the proceeds to the liquidation of their share of the cost of their new workhouses, extinguished this gross abuse.

No class of dependants on Union relief has suffered more severely than the vagrants from ill-usage. And the masters and matrons of workhouses and the community at large have shared the penalty. The masters generally were alone cognisant of the degrading circumstances, for the reports to the Boards divulged it not, and the inspection of the visiting guardians was confined to hours during which the vagrants were not detained. One quarter, ill or scarcely at all provided with bedding or other accommodation, was appropriated to a class consisting of honest seekers for work, vagabonds, tramps, and thieves, of all ages, huddled indiscriminately together, using or listening to the vilest language, inculcating or initiated in the mysteries of vice and crime, quarrelling and fighting. When I introduced the subject to our Board of Guardians, and afterwards to Quarter Sessions, an application for information brought to me from the masters and others deplorable accounts of the vagrant wards, pleading pitifully for redress on their own account as well as that of the im-

mediate victims. How entirely ignorant were the guardians and magistrates of the moral pestilence—far more deadly in its peculiar effect than the cattle disease, which engaged their earnest attention, notwithstanding the Government was already devising measures to counteract it—may be inferred from the reception my proposals met with. The guardians were not at first sensible of the magnitude of the evil; our chief orator proposed that the combatants should be left to fight their battles out. But they soon applied themselves to remedying it.

My statements, when brought forward at Quarter Sessions, were listened to most attentively, and afterwards strongly supported by the provincial press, but not a seconder would come forward, avowedly because not one professed himself conversant with the subject; and the representation to Government, recommended by me, and confessedly with its approval, would have dropped but for the intervention of an eminent magistrate, a Church dignitary, who, though admitting that he was personally ignorant of the circumstances, technically enabled the chairman to submit the motion to the Court, by which it was unanimously adopted.[1]

My own small parish, Langton, furnished exemplification of the practical working of the ancient system. No magistrate had resided within its limits or its immediate neighbourhood previously to my coming. It had been the boast of some of the more unruly inhabitants that they would never submit to authority. Our oldest farmer boasted that during seven years he had not laid a stone on the road; the next in point of seniority, that he had never

[1] A plan for the construction of vagrant wards, and salutary disposal of them, warmly approved by our Board of Guardians, was submitted to Government, and proved almost identical with that subsequently adopted, by means of which the evils adverted to have been redressed.

paid a church rate, and never would. The want of a slate in the roof of the church during some years had produced damage. Our small village was supplied by two public-houses, the tenant of the one dying of *delirium tremens*, whilst his wife kept him company in his bad habits, neither publican being capable of free action, as any check to drunkenness enforced by the one would have the effect of transferring his custom to the other. Close to our borders, a hamlet, consisting of a few cottages, two of which were public-houses, was the rallying-point of bad characters and the focus of disorder. Whilst the incumbent of the parish, our Archdeacon, was delivering a lecture in one of them, he was effectually interrupted by a noisy riot in one of the public-houses, the landlord of which, a powerful man, whose windows had been recently smashed by his wife, paid the penalty of his delinquency by the loss of part of his nose, bitten off by a neighbouring landlord.

The principal yeoman in the same parish arrived at midnight, intoxicated, at the house of one of my tenants, not knowing whither he had wandered, and ignorant as to the fate of his horse, clad in his scarlet hunting coat, which was turned inside out, when he was sent home in the morning, in the vain hope that it would be less conspicuous. A meeting in another adjoining parish, at which, but for our school fête, I should have presided, of farmers, nine in number, ended their proceedings in a free fight, from which the villagers kept aloof, like the terrestrial combatants of old when their gods were so employed.

As the Northallerton election was likely to depend on a single suffrage, the following device was planned and executed by two usually respectable farmers in the same parish for turning the scale. They offered a voter not overburthened with wits, as a treat, a two days' excursion in the dales in a post-chaise, in which they accompanied him,

and contrived to incapacitate him for voting by drink. The incumbent of the same parish, predecessor of the present invaluable incumbent, was in the habit, by which he was victimised, of getting drunk in company with his schoolmaster and clerk.

The following instance supplies proof of the low estimate of the testamentary disposal of property. A young married woman, daughter of a lately deceased labourer, who had saved money, complained to me that a tenant of mine, a worthy farmer, had placed her father's will, of which he was trustee, in the hands of her eldest brother, to be altered at his option. His only excuse for this abuse of his authority, of the flagrancy of which he was apparently unconscious, was that the young man considered himself entitled to some items bequeathed to his sister, and that he himself approved the claim. And when apprised of the possible consequences of his delinquency, he instantly repaired in much alarm to the banker and stopped payment.

CHAPTER XVII.

1851-1873.

NORTH RIDING—PAROCHIAL CHURCH ANNALS—SCENE IN DISSENTING CHAPEL.

Clerical influence had little effect in counteracting the use and abuse of local legislation. It was formerly neutralised by the apathetic discharge by the clergy of their spiritual duties: nor was it strengthened by the assumption, sometimes against their will, of magisterial authority, whilst the harmonising effect of personal kindness and gentlemanly deportment could ill supply the deficiency. As for the dissenting ministers, many were non-resident, and by far the majority indisposed to support the Established Church. In the East Riding wolds the Methodists had withdrawn the flocks of our pastors very extensively from their neglectful charge. The parish in which I have resided shall supply examples of clerical eccentricity, in some instances of the worst kind, assuredly exceptional, and perhaps unparalleled in parochial history.

To complete the imbroglio in my own parish and the neighbourhood, there would have been wanting the presence of a well-known functionary of the olden time, who rejoiced in the title of Abbot of Misrule, but for the incumbency during thirty-five years, till 1847, four years previous to my residence in his parish, of the inimitable Dr. Drake. My visits to Mr. Redfern brought me acquainted with this

unique specimen of his order. He sprang from a respectable family, could point to the portrait of an ancestor who took part in the Civil War, had held a fellowship in Magdalen College, Oxford, and borne a good reputation for scholarship. Hogarth, had he got sight of his quaint, ruddy physiognomy projecting under lip, brown unkempt wig, to which, by way of precaution, on account of his absence, his wife was wont to pin his spectacles before he mounted the pulpit, his old-fashioned breeches and top-boots, would never have parted company with a personage so exactly calculated to illustrate the humorous moral of his tale. Proud was the Doctor of his costume, relating so drolly that he would keep a table in a roar of laughter, how stoutly, on his examination for orders, he had persisted in retaining it, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Bishop's chaplain, invariably modified by compliments on his scholarship. Indeed, he seemed to celebrate his victory by a weekly ovation, as on Sundays he walked up the aisle of his church to his vestry, whistling and tapping his boot-tops with his whip as he went along, and when in special good-humour whispering, as he passed, to the ladies in the squire's pew, that he would give them a short sermon. He would rebuke from the reading-desk the unpunctuality of his parishioners, for which his own irregularity would account, by significant nutations. Of his clerk, one of our publicans, more hereafter. His choir consisted of an independent refractory lot of amateur performers of different ages. As his deafness prevented him hearing either, the jumble of parson, clerk, and choir at sixes and sevens was indescribable. When he preached it was scarcely possible to see him with gravity peering with emphatic but unintentionally mock solemnity from behind the four corners of a copybook, on which his sermon was written, not furnished with a decorous black cover, but exhibiting the figure of some animal, rampant lion or salient goat, emblematical

enough of the state of affairs in the parish. On one especial occasion he paid me the compliment of substituting simply bright blue, the Conservative colour, for such strange devices, turning his book to all parts of the church ere he commenced his sermon, and a yet more refined tribute to the geological renown of Sir Roderick Murchison, when he visited his old friends the Redferns, by the display of a marble paper covering.

It had been the whim of Mr. Smelt, when he made some material alterations in the church during the barbarous interregnum of churchwardens' architecture, apparently solely with a view to personal convenience, to contract its dimensions by raising the floor of the nave above that of the chancel, and interposing a low flat ceiling beneath the vaulted roof, so that the much-needed intermediate space was half choked up by square pews, or rather dormitories, so constructed as to conceal the occupants from view. Those of the rector and squire monopolised no small portion of the chancel, whilst those of the nave were appropriated to the farmers. The adult parishioners of humbler grade were huddled together at the farthest extremity of the nave, where, unseen and unnoticed, they might enjoy their gossip; whilst the few school children were similarly buried in the chancel, restless, quarrelsome, and not seldom fighting, despite of the rod of an old and helpless master, the frowns and nods of the ladies of the squire's pew, and afterwards of the wife of the succeeding rector, and even the more formidable interference of the squire's stalwart gamekeeper.

No part of divine service was more irreverently performed than the administration of the Holy Communion. The Doctor, attired as usual, might be seen standing at the Lord's Table whistling audibly whilst he drew the cork from the bottle containing the sacramental wine, whilst the few communicants were chiefly old people, who attended solely

to receive a share of the alms. One man remaining in his seat, being asked why he did not go up with the rest, replied that he would not do so for so small a sum as two shillings.

Keen enough was his perception of the ludicrous : he was the very personification of fun. He had a joke for every one. "He should have been a strolling player" was the common remark of his parishioners. Mournfully contrasted was the deplorable condition of his family with the irrepressible buoyancy of his spirits. His wife, to whom he was much attached, and his eldest son, who had been a promising scholar, both became deranged, yet abiding, the latter only temporarily, inmates of the rectory. Of his other two sons, the one had forfeited his living and the other his legal profession. His only daughter, affectionate and dutiful, was perfectly deaf. Though the afflicted husband and father sometimes wept over his domestic misfortunes, especially when he attributed to his own deafness, in part, his inability to restrain the bad tendencies of his sons, yet no circumstances of time or place could impede the rebound of his exuberant humour. On his first visit to his neighbours he would introduce his wife, in her sane days, and himself, as "Duck and Drake." He was wont to intercept his visitors by a chain drawn across the path in front of his house, over which they were compelled to stride, with a view to intimating to them that he had seen them hanging in chains. A closed glass book-case at the Hall provoked the remark that he never could stand "Locke on the Human Understanding." When he heard, for the news of the neighbourhood was welcome to him, of any likely young man staying at Scruton Hall, the residence of some well-apportioned young ladies, he would circulate the report that so-and-so was "*scrutinising.*" "Drakes never drown," was his comment on his hairbreadth escapes when fishing on the loose

and dangerous banks of the river. When the good Duchess of Leeds requested him to say the grace at the dinner-table at Hornby Castle, he simply replied, "Madam, your Grace is sufficient for me."

The Doctor's favourite pursuits were shooting and fishing, in which he indulged to the proverbial disregard of his neighbours' rights. The parish school became under his instruction a seminary of well-trained poachers. No sooner was his welcome summons to the field heard at the school-room door than the boys, instantly transformed into beaters, rushed forth, leaving their effete master to the complete enjoyment of his holiday, when not sprawling on the floor. Archbishop Sumner, who, when Bishop of Chester, numbered the Doctor among his clergy, and was well acquainted with his peculiarities, mentioned to me that when he was present at a clerical dinner in the neighbourhood, discoursing on congenial topics, the Doctor, unable to hear what was passing, asked him from the bottom of the table whether he had seen many partridges since he left home. "Doctor, I fancy you know more about partridges than I do," was the apt rejoinder.

The dearth of fish in the Swale has been since attributed to the Doctor's depredations. He had become so familiar with his destined prey, that he complained to a neighbouring clergyman of his pupils having caught a pike which he had known, and no doubt had persecuted for seven years. The perils to which his adventurous expeditions occasionally exposed him were shared by his associates. A poor man, who till lately worked on the roads, played to his cost the part of Sancho in the service of our clerical knight-errant, for he lost his arm by the bursting of his gun, and had his collar-bone and some ribs broken by the assault of the Doctor's donkey, who was probably as mad as his owner.

Curiously enough, animals whose tastes corresponded with

his own engaged his special sympathy. He accompanied my brother-in-law and self to Hornby Castle, whose ducal owner had been his patron; nor did he forego the opportunity of manifesting his predilections, for he invited us to the rectory to see an engraving of a lurcher, and singled out, when showing us the Duchess's museum, every animal of predatory habits. The brute creation in general shared his customary kindness. He would leave five shillings with an old housewife to fatten an attenuated cat. His charity was as indiscriminate as it was profuse, but not on that account the less popular.

The extravagant eccentricity of the performances in church became at length intolerable. The Doctor was persuaded to engage a curate. I was on a visit to Mr. Redfern, at the Lodge, on the Sunday on which a gentlemanly-looking man, past middle age, made his first and only appearance in that capacity. The Doctor had sent for the only available member of his family, his son, the ex-lawyer, to hear and report as to the discharge of his duty, which was in every respect creditable. But alas for the sequel! The unhappy probationer, having passed the night at the rectory in raving delirium, was sent off in the morning to an asylum at York, met on the Ouse bridge by his brother and a friend, who were on the point of searching the river, under the apprehension that he had drowned himself. In fact he was a confirmed lunatic, inmate of an asylum, but otherwise not out of place in the pulpit, as he was an ordained clergyman, and moreover member of a good Yorkshire family, whose means enabled him to enjoy any comforts compatible with the regulations of the establishment, including his daily newspaper. He had thus seen and responded to the Doctor's advertisement. It is but doing justice to the Doctor to give his own frank account, as addressed to myself, of the interview. "I fixed a place and time for our meeting, asked

him a question or two, and finding that he belonged to an old Yorkshire family, appointed him at once to the curacy." On my asking whether he considered such qualifications a fitting one for the cure of souls, "Fit for anything, sir, fit for anything, fit for anything," was the reply. No one to whom I happened to narrate the strangest of all the Doctor's strange freaks was more amused by the recital than his former diocesan, Archbishop Sumner.

The Rev. W. H. E. succeeded to Dr. Drake in the rectory of Langton. The nomination being at the alternate disposal of Dr. Cockburn, Dean of York, and Admiral Duncombe, brother of Lord Feversham, M.P. for the East Riding, it was arranged that the former should waive his turn to enable the Admiral to rid himself of the intolerable annoyance to which he was exposed by the wayward behaviour of the incumbent of his parish, Mr. E. And thus our own ill-fated parish was once more victimised. The new rector's appearance was gentlemanly. He was in good circumstances, having, it was said, received from his uncle, a celebrated artist, himself being the son of a miller near York, a legacy of £20,000. His amiable wife was of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood. My predecessor's experience of his demeanour and conduct prepared me to endeavour, by unusual effort, though vainly, to keep the peace with him. His eccentricity manifested itself in all sorts of ways. Perversity was ingrained in his temperament; provocation was his delight. He was in the habit of driving at foot's pace on level ground, but up and down hills in Jehu-like fashion. To my family, before we came to a rupture, he behaved with wanton incivility. Perceiving on one Sunday morning that our pony-chair was behind him on the church pathway, he stayed his steps and proceeded at the slowest possible pace, so that the portion of his congregation following might have been taken for a funeral procession. He used to treat his

churchwarden with similar discourtesy. Our Archdeacon, Headlam, observing a temporary fence in the churchyard, by which Dr. Drake had severed the larger part for the convenience of pasturage, directed Mr. E. to remove it. He complied, but only to substitute for it a strong quick-set hedge. Mr. E. was trustee conjointly with the owner of Kirby Fleetham Hall and Langton Hall estates, to Mr. Redfern's liberal endowment of Langton school. Through courtesy on my part he was selected to receive the dividends. But during a year and a half he resolutely and inexplicably withheld the payment. One of our oldest farmers having, as Mr. E. supposed, committed some indecorum in the churchyard, was formally arraigned by him from the reading-desk in presence of the congregation, just before the commencement of divine service, in antiquated phraseology which might have satisfied the Archdeacon of Taunton. The first intimation which our family had of this marvellously insulting proceeding, for we were at Edinburgh at the time, was on seeing the aggrieved farmer quit the church before the sermon.

For such and similar delinquencies, what remedy, it may be asked, did the law provide? Dr. Headlam, then in his eighty-fifth year, had vainly taxed his fast-waning sight by letters remonstrating with the rector. His successor in the Archdeaconry, Dr. Dodgson, endowed with no less intellectual than physical vigour, adopted a more effectual means of enforcing his authority, by delivering judgment in the case from a tombstone in the churchyard. Oddly enough, the argument on which the rector, pleading his own cause, chiefly relied, was the fact of a horse having been buried just within the disputed boundary, indicating, as he maintained, that the graveyard for the reception of human bodies could not have extended so far. The citation of this supposed precedent elicited another amusing proof of the eccentricity of

his predecessor, to whom the animal belonged. It had fallen dead whilst leading hay, and was then and there buried, and if the current rumour was correct, without the cognisance or any inquiry on the part of the Doctor. The Archdeacon, taking no notice of this plea, decided the question by reference to an old map, and at once ordered the removal of the rector's hedge. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*" Recent defiance of the law was thus forestalled in our obscure north-country parish. The old churchwarden held the rector in such awe that he dared not undertake the duty till the ecclesiastical consequences of disobedience were so plainly set before him that he was at length prevailed upon to incur the less perilous alternative.

The recovery of the dividends of the school endowment was effected by application to the Charity Trust Commissioners, whose insufficient power in the matter was effectually supplemented by the County Court, to which Mr. Waller, owner of Kirby Fleetham, and myself, appealed at our joint expense; and the dividends have been since received by the Commissioners.

The rector's abuse of ecclesiastical authority in the case of the unfortunate farmer involved more serious consequences. Bishop Longley, in reply to my statement of the case, communicated to me his legal adviser's opinion that the offence amounted to "brawling in church," but added that the legal remedy might prove very costly, as in the only instance which had occurred of such a procedure during his episcopate, the lawyers' dues, paid by the prosecutor, did not fall short of £800. And it was calculated that other expenses brought the charge up to £1200. The facts of the case to which the Bishop referred were these:—Mr. H., cousin of Lord Harewood, and incumbent of his parish, had aggrieved that nobleman and his family, by insulting language addressed to them from the pulpit. If Lord Harewood's proceedings

in the Ecclesiastical Court proved so expensive, the delinquent, as his own nephew informed me, was no less severely mulcted. And what was the result? Three months' suspension, the practical effect of which, as I was informed by a neighbouring clergyman, may be inferred from the first words which, on the expiration of the term, he delivered from the pulpit: "My friends, you see that the old dog has got back to his kennel!" and that when the kindly Bishop, on a visit to Lord Harewood, called upon him, and finding him in bed, addressed to him soothing language, the following was the reply he received from Mr. H., thrusting his head forth from the curtains within which he had been ensconced, "My Lord, I should be very sorry to be in your shoes."

We were thus in the following dilemma: Our parish had no funds to defray the cost of prosecution; neither had I, nor would I be a party to fining my diocesan for the delinquency of his clergy. Our Bishop, to whom I stated it, happily suggested an alternative expedient, the issuing of a monition addressed to the rector, to be affixed to the church door. Mr. E., exceedingly sensitive as to expenses, to which resistance he supposed might subject him, made the proper apology, and so the affair terminated.

The rector's relations with his parishioners were, as may be supposed, very unsatisfactory. They refused his application for a new and much-needed surplice, the old sorely aggrieved farmer recommending that he should preach in his shirt. Moreover, shrewd as they are, within their own limited range of comprehension, they were so habituated to identify church and parson, so unable to separate the interest of the one from that of the other, that when I proposed the restoration of our parish church, one of the oldest in Yorkshire, at my own expense, save a church rate of £10 due for necessary repairs, they marvelled that I could incur it in behalf of such a rector. Of their short-sighted-

ness the sequel supplied a solemn but significant comment. Meanwhile the vestry unanimously approved my plan, with the sole exception of our rough old orator, who, finding from my explanation of the particulars that the flat ceiling, which concealed the old roof, would be removed, observed respectfully that it should be left till covered by cobwebs sufficient to make a rope, and that E. should be hanged with it.[1]

The main difficulty in the way of the restoration of the church arose from the opposition of the rector, though he ventured not to resist the application for a faculty. As it would exempt him from the necessary expense of repairing the chancel, his conduct in this instance can be attributed only to the same cause which must account for it in others, —partial derangement. He claimed and asserted the right of refusing the key of the church to the architect employed. But latterly he showed signs of relenting. As the work would require three months, suddenly, accompanied by his wife, he went to France, not leaving his address with his servants or one of his kindred or parishioners. On his return he was vexed by discovering that the Bishop, having ascertained that he could not be reached by any previous communication, had sanctioned arrangements for the perform-

[1] Nor was our vestryman less homely in his eloquence in another sphere. But for his veto the guardians of the Northallerton Union would have unanimously agreed to the reinvestment, already mentioned, of the architect, with the appointment of the clerk of the works, as soon as it was represented to them that they had treated the two functionaries like game cocks locked up together to fight their battle out, and had practically deprived themselves of effectual control. He, on the contrary, at once proposed that another fighting cock should be procured to fight the architect.

He was not solitary in his inability to appreciate the merit of a vaulted roof. Admiral Harcourt of Swinton told me that an old woman, to whom he showed a new church which he had erected, exclaimed, as she looked up, "It is just fit for an ool!"

ance of divine service in the schoolroom, and that other measures had been adopted, the expense of which might possibly devolve on himself.

The day was at length fixed for reopening the church, but there was one obvious drawback to our satisfaction,—doubt as to what, on the occasion, might be the demeanour of the obstructive rector. However, an unseen hand severed the Gordian knot of our embarrassment. A very short illness terminated Mr. E.'s career at the rectory. The ceremonial, which would otherwise have taken place on a Sunday, was antedated to receive his body on the preceding Monday. And on the day previous, a friend and myself found his open vault in the churchyard covered by the old church door, which he had shut in the face of the architect. It was satisfactory to believe that during the last few weeks of his life a beneficial change seemed to be passing in the mind of this eccentric individual, whilst the old aggrieved farmer assured me on his deathbed that had Mr. E. made the slightest advance towards reconciliation he would have met it cordially.

Supposing that the nomination to the now vacant living belonged to Admiral Duncombe, I addressed a letter to him, imploring him to compassionate our lamentable condition, and to appoint a fit incumbent, adverting to some results of the previous appointment. He informed me that the presentation belonged to the Dean of York, Dr. Cockburn, and at the same time asked me why I had not availed myself of the proper remedies for the evils of which I complained. My reply was that I brought Mr. E. repeatedly before the Bishop and two Archdeacons, the Registry Court of Richmond, the Charity Trust Commissioners, and the County Court, and was unaware what further steps could have been taken.

The Dean of York nominated the Rev. C. E. Band, of a respected Devonshire family, with the several members of

which he had become acquainted during his residence at Sidmouth. But after a trial of our climate, during some years, our rector obtained permission from the Bishop, Bickersteth, to undertake clerical duty in the south of England, devolving the charge of his parish on curates. Such an arrangement, justifiable only by the circumstances, proved most unfortunate. Excepting one individual, an excellent man, and greatly valued by the parishioners, who removed to a larger sphere, and sacrificed his life to his exertions, and another who was thoroughly respectable, we were doomed to successive disappointments. From four of these probationers the Bishop was compelled to withdraw his license. Another who was temporarily engaged was a reclaimed drunkard, who, immediately after completing his term, relapsed into his old habits. Another, who had been curate to a relative of our rector, amused himself with libelling the rector and his family, and it was actually proposed to place me in the witness-box should prosecution ensue. Of the eccentricity of these waifs and strays of our Church, of their strange sayings and doings, I could give instances enough. But the adventures of one of the number, probably unparalleled in any part of the kingdom, caused his summary dismissal. Mr. Band allowed an applicant for the curacy, the Rev. H. H., to take up his residence at the rectory, under the assurance that he would produce satisfactory testimonials. The Bishop, who had not approved of this arrangement, having ascertained that Mr. H. had held for some years the incumbency of a parish in the diocese of Ossory, in Ireland, and that some questionable circumstances had attached to his conduct, would never grant to him any but a renewable permission to do duty. Mr. H. proceeded to the south of England in quest of his promised testimonials, leaving during some weeks a young lady, whom he called his niece, at the rectory, to cheer the celibate of our

incumbent during one of his occasional summer residences. But at length, on receiving a certificate as to his due discharge of duty as curate, within three years past, from three incumbents of the county of Gloucester, countersigned by Bishop Ellicott, our Bishop sanctioned his admission to the cure of Langton, subject to the above-mentioned restrictions. After much hesitation we tendered hospitality to himself and his female companion at the Hall. But the complete failure of his references as to character and acquaintance to persons of high rank in Ireland, to whom we applied, confusion in his statements, entire ignorance on the part of those whom he had cited in his behalf of the lady, and the discovery that he had no niece, enabled me to extract from him the confession that she was nowise related to him. My next step was to examine the validity of his testimonials, and being convinced by inquiry that they had been obtained fraudulently, I succeeded at the rectory, in the presence of a professional friend, and also a neighbour, Mr. Hildyard, a barrister of long standing, the able Chairman of our Quarter Sessions, in bringing home to him the guilt of having forged the signature of one of his clerical vouchers, and interpolated the words "three years past," so as to bring that period within the scope of another's testimonial applicable only to a long preceding period. The amount of mendacity by which he sought to screen his delinquency was surprising. His first falsehood, which had awakened our distrust, was elicited by his endeavour to excuse his having substituted brandy for wine on the first occasion of his administering the Holy Communion. He was now convicted of passing himself off as unmarried, whereas he had a wife and family, some of whom were grown up, the Bishop having received an intimation to that effect, sent by mistake to the Archbishop of York by the Bishop of Ossory, who had been informed that Mr. H. was about to contract a matrimonial engage-

ment in our neighbourhood. But so far as his relation to our parish was involved, he was now inextricably entangled in the web of his own deceit, and the Bishop at once withdrew his temporary license. H. accounted for his removal by a falsehood, which proof to the contrary, obtained by me, compelled him to confess, that he had been required by the Bishop of Ossory to resume the duties of his living in Ireland. Those only who have had painful experience of the slight and slippery hold on the conscience, lay or clerical, retained by our conventional morality as to granting testimonials, may hear without surprise that this miscreant had no difficulty in procuring from our parishioners a considerable amount of such means of furthering his views, and perpetuating his delinquencies elsewhere, till I was able to stop the progress of the recommendation. And their eyes were afterwards fully opened by a swindling transaction, by which one of them was victimised. Unabashed, he assumed a bold front, remained some days at Northallerton, receiving the Holy Communion in company with Miss D., for that proved to be the name of his female companion, and endeavouring to collect evidence to sustain his indicting me in the Queen's Bench, according to his "fixed alleged determination," of which he gave me due notice by letter.

Meanwhile arose the question whether proceedings should be instituted against him for the forging of his testimonials. Had the Bishop of Ossory informed the English Bishop of the circumstances of H.'s leaving Ireland, the production of the written agreement by which he had avowed his guilt would have probably at once arrested his career on either side of the Channel.

As it happened, the Bishop of Gloucester (Ellicott) countersigned the testimonials of the three incumbents unsuspectingly, and without inquiry. The Bishop of Ripon acted more cautiously, under more specific circumstances, and thus did

not deprive himself of the summary authority of which he availed himself. But what legal means could prosecution employ? It was urged that neither the Gloucester incumbent, whose name H. had forged, nor the others whose testimonials had been wrested from their original import by interpolation, nor the Bishop of Gloucester, who had countersigned them, nor the Bishop of Ripon, whose temporary license had been obtained by forgery, nor the rector, who had submitted the case to the diocesan's decision, nor even the suffering parishioners, were competent to produce such especial plea as would be required in a civil court of the victim of forgery. Could a public prosecutor have supplied the technical deficiency, it would have been difficult to procure legal evidence of guilt. H. alleged that he had no share in the forgery, but that a friend who had gone to America had managed the business for him, a statement which we believed to be false; but the difficulty remained. Though he escaped as yet the penalties of the law, he was placed under ban by an inhibition issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the representation of the Bishops of Gloucester and Ripon, to all the Bishops, prohibiting his officiating in their dioceses,—how far effectually will be hereafter seen.

H. remained at Langton from March 1865 to January 1866. This period occupies but a brief portion of his strange eventful history.

H. was of good family. He was inducted to the living of Rosbercon in Kilkenny, in 1840, but was obliged to leave it by embarrassed circumstances. In 1856 he was licensed to a curacy by Bishop Baring, then holding the See of Gloucester and Bristol, and now of Durham, having produced satisfactory testimonials and explanations as to the reason of his quitting Ireland. He retained the curacy of Rockhampton, in Gloucester, till April 1859, residing there with his

wife and family. After temporary employment in the Church elsewhere he resumed his duties in Ireland till 1861, when he was obliged to leave that country on account of immorality, signing a written agreement that he would not return there on the condition of no proceedings being instituted against him.

Notwithstanding his Hibernian antecedents H. once more got a footing in the Church of England, and became engaged as curate at Bishop's Tawton, in North Devon, from January to May 1862, on the single attestation of Sir George Prevost to his having done duty in his parish for two or three Sundays. He commenced his career here by open-air preachings, when it was suddenly closed by the discovery that he had a wife living and a grown-up family, most opportunely, just as he was on the point of marrying a young lady of respectable connection in the neighbourhood. His excuse for such delinquency, which I saw recorded in his own handwriting,—for the whole of the correspondence relating to this scandalous affair was placed in my hands,—was that his wife was in such ill-health that she would soon die, whereas this unfortunate lady was well known to my relations in Dublin, and though suffering in health from her husband's misconduct, by no means in a moribund condition.

In six months after his dismissal from Bishop's Tawton we find our adventurer officiating as curate at Shadoxhurst, in Kent, viz. from November 9, 1862, to May 2, 1864. He had never been seen by the incumbent, who was absent on account of health, and admitted to his responsible charge solely on the score of a testimonial addressed to him many years previously by the incumbent of Rockhampton, and a letter from the Bishop of Ossory, dated May 1863, relating to his *first* removal from Ireland, no inquiries having been made respecting the intermediate period.

Whilst at Shadoxhurst he was convicted of swindling in the Court of Queen's Bench, and fined £100. The report of the trial appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 15, 1863. In March 1865, after wandering about during ten months, he obtained his license to Langton. From January 1866, when he obtained his *congé*, till October 3, 1867, we heard nothing of him, when we received a letter making inquiries as to his character. And now was unravelled a complicated scheme of wickedness, surpassing, if possible, his former misdeeds. He had been engaged as curate to the Rev. J. H., at ——, in Hertfordshire, dexterously accounting for want of testimonials by pleading the absence of our rector as having prevented him signing them, and thus explaining the cause of his not having applied to myself by an extravagant fiction, the colouring of which was, as it proved, heightened by the corroboration of his paramour.

And so our uncertificated free-lance was once more master of the situation, and recklessly did he avail himself of his opportunities. Successfully gulling the amiable and excellent couple who had so unguardedly fallen into his clutches, he formed, in conjunction with his faithful partner in guilt, the diabolical plot of ousting his rector from the charge of his parish, and securing it for himself. This object was actually effected by addressing to the rector anonymous letters, purporting to proceed from parishioners, imputing to him the grossest immoralities, the effect of which was such a disturbance of the rector's nervous system that he transferred his duties to his curate and abandoned his post. One of H.'s letters, for his Christian good offices were not wanting to alleviate the distress of his victim, urged the rector "to seek the healing of his wound from the only hand which could administer it," as his return to his parish was impossible, so strong was the feeling of the people against

him—as gross a falsehood as could be imagined. But his usurpation was as yet incomplete. He required a house, and procured a piece of land on which he might erect it by another shuffle of his cards. His dupe in this instance was no obscure individual, but the far-famed Lord Lytton, who resided in the parish, and with whom H. had dined twice, and thereby so ingratiated himself as to obtain from his unsuspecting host a gratuitous twenty-one years' lease of land. He had already expended £300 on his venture, when his heels were dogged once more by the never-failing Nemesis of his guilt. In their distress, Mr. and Mrs. H. consulted an eminent dignitary of our Church, Archdeacon Grant, who forthwith represented the case to the Bishop of Rochester, the diocesan. Fortune had so far favoured the delinquent, that during the interval which had elapsed since the issuing of the Archiepiscopal inhibition to the Bishops, that the predecessor of the actual prelate had died, and his successor knew nothing of it, till at length he chanced to stumble upon it. The instrument was at once put in force. H.'s consequent dismissal from his cure fell on him like a thunderbolt. In vain did he endeavour, by abject weeping and supplication, to engage the pity and help of the aggrieved incumbent. Nor did he retain, for in fact he had not fulfilled the conditions by which the lease would have been conveyed to him, the land assigned to him,—fortunately for Lord Lytton, who laughed heartily at the imposition practised upon him.

H., now under an English ban, resolved on the desperate expedient of resuming possession of his living in Ireland. He took his passage in a merchant vessel, having providently raised money by fraudulent means to defray his expenses. Of his début we heard accidentally from Colonel Tottenham, M.P. for New Ross, who meeting my son, his subaltern when in the Guards, at the Guards' Club, asked him whether he was acquainted with H., of whose assumption of his

duties, in despite of the indignation of the parish and county, he gave an account, whilst the *Times*, January 1, 1868, contained a full report of H.'s being indicted by the curate occupying the rectory for taking forcible possession of it, and fined £5 for the assault. I forthwith received communications from Colonel Tottenham and the Bishop of Ossory, who stated that, excepting some few poor persons attracted by pecuniary reward, the congregation had deserted the church.

The result was the institution of costly proceedings by the Bishop of Ossory in the Court of the Archbishop of Dublin. The getting up of the English part of the case devolved almost exclusively on myself, and brought me into correspondence with the Bishop's Proctor, who visited me during the course of the inquiry, of the extent and weariness of which the preceding pages afford proof. The difficulty of prosecuting it was much enhanced by the timidity of clergymen and others capable of supplying evidence which might convict H., begging exemption from the possible hazard of collision with so desperate a miscreant. The revelations elicited by the trial, which took place at Dublin, were astounding. The Bishop of Ripon and myself were subpœnaed as witnesses. Illness prevented me attending. The Bishop was witness of an inconceivable amount of perjury. It can scarcely be credited that the conviction which ensued referred much more to offences committed in Ireland than in England. H. was deprived of his benefice and of orders, and, unable to pay the costs to which he was liable, was lodged in Kilkenny gaol. The Bishop of Ossory, who had a large family, was mulcted to the amount of several hundred pounds as the upshot of his successful endeavour to secure the triumph of justice and the integrity of his Church. To draw its moral from this strange eventful history :—Had the bishop of the diocese in

which the offender commenced his iniquitous course explicitly warned the English bishop of the actual cause of his being banished from Ireland, had incumbents taken the necessary steps for ascertaining the character of the individual to whom they intrusted wholly or in part the spiritual charge of their parishes, and had the Ecclesiastical Courts been better competent to take due cognisance of affairs within their seeming jurisdiction, so notable a scandal could not have perplexed and disgraced our Church.

Of H.'s subsequent proceedings I know nothing further than that in May 1873 I read the report in the *Times* of the appearance in Court at Aberystwyth of an individual bearing his name prosecuting successfully a money-lender for charging him with exorbitant interest, yet nevertheless being held liable for the payment of his own costs.

The clerical interregnum, which had proved so calamitous, continued some years after H.'s dismissal. But at length our patience, taxed to the utmost, was fairly exhausted, and the Bishop proposed to our rector the alternative of resuming or resigning his duties. He preferred the former, and happily without injury to his health, though compelled to pass part of his winter elsewhere, and resort to the old system of temporary and comparatively irresponsible provision.

My parochial portraiture would be incomplete without a passing notice of the old skilled blacksmith and respectable publican, who during thirty-seven years fulfilled the duties of clerk and sexton,—an "odd-charāctered man," in the estimation of the neighbourhood. His nasal tone and notable mistakes in reading had been early brought into full play by his struggles for the mastery with the deaf rector under whose auspices he commenced his performance. As there was no clock in the church, it was his custom, as he informed any stranger officiating, to ring the bell when

he saw the "lord," *i.e.* the squire of Langton, cross the bridge, and meanwhile, as the time of divine service approached, to beckon from the window to the congregation in the churchyard. Woe to any trespasser on the grass, which he rented, inspecting a tombstone, or making a pilgrimage to a grave, for he spared neither sex nor age. The London architect employed in the restoration of the church was surprised by his power of sarcasm, provoked in part by the removal of his seat from before the pulpit to a more obscure corner. Sometimes he acted as cicerone. He was wont to conceal his ignorance by speaking of the rector of the fifteenth century, whose effigy reposes in the chancel, as having been buried before his time. When asked by some ladies whether it was the practice to bury on the north side of the church, "Nout but steelbones," was the reply. "Do you mean crinolines?" (which had just gone out of fashion), was the rejoinder. "Nau, nau, nout but steelbones," he reiterated, signifying, as they then discovered, still-born children. Characteristic was his graphic description of a candidate for the curacy, who, misinformed as to the distance, had walked from Darlington directly to the church, where he found the clerk engaged in digging a grave. When questioned as to what sort of man he was, "A free-spoken man," he replied; "and he wore a long beard, a ginger beard, and he bore in his hand a thick stick, and he had a dowdy dog along with him, a dog of the terrier sort!"

Premising that the following representation of a scene which occurred in the dissenting chapel of a neighbouring manufacturing town, given in evidence when I was present at the Northallerton Petty Sessions, and copied verbatim by the clerk, is by no means reflecting on the general reverential conduct of Nonconformist services, I introduce it as a set-off against some of the equally exceptional unseemly exhibitions which it has been my fate to portray.

The treasurer of the said chapel, presenting himself as a witness, received a sharp thrust from the defendant questioning him whether he had not boasted of a former persistent intrigue with the witness's own wife, and being unable to deny the charge, pleaded youth in extenuation of his guilt. The following evidence was read in Court.

"I have noted down precisely what I saw and heard on the occasion, which, if permitted, I will read to you :—

"On going down the aisle of the chapel, while the congregation were retiring, my attention was attracted to the bottom by a stentorian voice, evidently charged with 'fire and brimstone, and giving off a very bad magnetism indeed,' bawling out, 'There, then, thou *auld* thief, *thaou's* going to *looke* after t' munny !' This very euphonious and Christian accostal I perceived was addressed by Mr. J. H. to Mr. R. W., who, as treasurer, was quietly going up the aisle to take away the money of a collection which had just been made. At the same time, I saw Mr. H. in an attitude of body perfectly agreeing with the attitude of mind exhibited in the said thunderclap of bad passions which had so suddenly broken on the still, and, as I may say, spiritualised atmosphere of the place of worship. I can compare the singularly picturesque appearance of Mr. H. at the time to nothing but 'Apollyon straddling across the way' on his attacking Christian, as described in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I saw but one side of the face, and can only say that if the other side was anything like that, the physiog. would have obtained the premium in the group of photographed Greek brigands now being sold in the shops. It is no exaggeration, but literal fact to say that—

> Black he stood as night,
> Fierce as ten furies,
> Terrible as hell,

and shook, as I had said, that 'dreadful dart' across the pews at Mr. W.

"A good many people were standing at the bottom of the chapel at the time, for, as I have said, the congregation had not as yet got out.

"On hearing and seeing what I have described, I mechanically, and in greater disgust than I can express, gave back and stayed behind so that I did not witness the continuation of the storm, which I believe was (as I had no doubt it would be, from many of the storms of the same kind) worse outside than inside. 'Thou hast a devil, and art mad as *usual*.' This is all I personally saw or heard on the occasion."

Such exposure of abuses as that to which I have unhesitatingly contributed is fully justified by its direct tendency to the application of a sufficient remedy. Nor can the scandal produced by individual delinquencies affect the stability of our Church, as we may infer from statistics with which we are familiar, or of one of the last created of its dioceses, that in which the occurrences in question took place, grounded as it has been by the wisdom of its founders and rulers, supported by the increasing zeal and activity of the clergy, and the progressively organised co-operation of the laity, in the growing estimation of the community.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1851–73.

NORTH RIDING—REFORM—THE BOOTHS—CATTLE-PLAGUE—LOCAL GOVERNMENT—QUARTER SESSIONS—PRISON REFORM.

HAPPILY, progressive reform has rid us of many abuses. To such most beneficial result have contributed, in our own parish, the residence of a magistrate, the rector's re-assumption of his duties, the County Constabulary and Highways Acts, the substitution of magisterial for excise jurisdiction in the licensing of public-houses, the suppression of one of the two public-houses in our village, and others in lone hamlets in the neighbourhood, the construction of a new workhouse in our Union, and the amendment of its management, and the legalising and securing the levying of our church rates, since abolished. The settlement of the last of these questions was after this fashion. To effect our purpose I prevailed on our parishioners to consent to the payment in a single year of a double rate. The son of one of my tenants, a young farmer, who collected the rate in behalf of myself a churchwarden, in our township, reminded me of the determination of an old farmer never to pay a rate, his wife hitherto having secretly advanced it. In reply I begged him to apply notwithstanding for both the rates. He seemed much surprised,

but, put on his mettle, presented himself and his application to the old churl, meeting with prompt refusal. He was not disconcerted, but replied, "Now, S., if you do not pay the rates, I will run off with one of your daughters." The recusant instantly called to his daughter, enjoining her to go up-stairs and fetch the money. "There it is, and tell Lord Teignmouth that if he had come for it himself he should have had a glass of gin into the bargain." He ever afterwards made good his payment till his decease.

Moral reform, of which the upper classes have afforded, especially in the instance of drinking, the too long delayed but salutary example, has yet much to accomplish in the lower, and even in the middle classes. Recent legislation has tended most beneficially to this result, by enlarging in several cases the area of local jurisdiction, and thus bringing to the front men sharing the sympathies and enjoying the respect and confidence of both landlords and tenants,—the very cement of our social system. I may allude more especially to one family residing in the parish, which includes half of my estate. The portrait of the portly grandfather of the Booths of Warlaby and Killerby may be seen on the walls of our farm-houses, expressive of the joviality of his day—an eminent farmer. His sons of those ilks inherited his agricultural skill no less than his physical bulk. A friend with whom he was conversing descried what he took for a monster in the river, when he was informed by Booth that one of his sons was swimming across it with his brother on his back. The elder, Richard, was well known in both hemispheres as one of the most celebrated cattle-breeders of the age. In America as well as in Great Britain, the "Warlaby herd" has become a household word. Eminent as he was, and resorted to from all parts of the world, he was distinguished by his simple and unaffected modesty and piety. In his own parish,

as churchwarden, and in all other respects, he was a most valuable coadjutor to his excellent pastor. He was fond of reading, especially divinity. Calling on him with my son, on our hearing of his severe illness, we were admitted to the chamber of the dying veteran. He was aware of the approach of death, but sitting up in his bed conversed cheerfully, whilst the expression of his countenance was serenely bright. He was unmarried. His eldest nephew, Thomas, who succeeded to his estate, has sustained the reputation of his stock, whilst the value of his presence, of his ability, of his industry and influence, is extensively appreciated.[1]

The admission of our yeomen and principal farmers to the Cattle-plague Committee, innovating perhaps on ancient practice and prejudice, proved very salutary. Picked men they were, capable of enlarged views, and ready to incur responsibility for measures, even though involving the risk of ruinous self-sacrifice.

That the cattle-plague orders, save that which required the destruction of cattle in contact with the infected, had been inadequate to the crisis, may be inferred from the actual progress of the disease on the very day on which I proposed at the Northallerton Quarter Sessions the adoption of that stringent preventive. Of the parishes adjacent to Langton, that on the north-eastern had been scourged by the disease ; that on the east, on which Mr. Booth resided, amidst his high-prized stock, had suffered severely. Of twenty-nine cattle on a farm, the fence of which was within a field's-breadth of one of my own farm-houses, twenty-eight had died. Whilst standing on my own land I could reach with a stick the grave in which they had been buried, whilst a strong breeze wafted a pestilential miasma in the direction of my own property.

[1] Whilst these pages are passing through the press an incalculable loss to the public has resulted from the death of this excellent man.

The plague passing through the parish to the south-east, leaving everywhere traces of its ravages, had just reached that to the southward, and during the night previous to my passing my motion, had deprived a single farm of eight cattle. Before appealing to our bench I consulted some of the principal farmers, and taking the bull by the horns—for the enforcement of the order in question would in his case involve enormous public as well as personal risk—in the first instance Mr. Booth. During a year and a half he had adopted the hitherto effectual precaution of watching either in person or by proxy, by night as well as by day, the approach of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." He at once expressed approval, and so did the farmers. My motion was carried, but not without a division. Had it been negatived, the plague, happily stayed, would have run its course, supplying deplorable evidence of the inefficiency of permissive, requiring, as in this particular instance, as recent proceedings testify, further and more effective legislation.

The success of the experiment, and participation of rate-payers in the discharge of some important duties, has forced the matured consideration of this system on public attention. So long as the authority of Quarter Sessions was much more restricted, no dissatisfaction prevailed. But since these Courts have become intrusted with imperial functions, such as a dispensing power as to the application of Acts of Parliament, and levying a large amount of local taxation, on account of police, highways, prisons, etc., and the magistrates who constituted them exhibited lamentable discrepancy of practice, so that different counties were subject to different codes, whilst discontent gave birth to associations aspiring to the management of affairs, it has become clear that the readjustment of local government cannot be longer deferred.

A brief sketch of the proceedings terminating in the

adoption of the Highway Act by the North Riding may serve to illustrate these remarks. During upwards of five years the measure was vehemently contested at Quarter Sessions, the fluctuating divisions of the magistrates no less than some absurd and unseemly provisions of the Act itself, of which none was more time-serving and impolitic than that which invited each parish to adjudicate on the expediency of the measure itself, inciting the ratepayers to give full play to their aversion to any innovation on the ancient barbarous practice. At the instigation of two obscure attorneys they resorted to a notable expedient by which they might evade its introduction, the availing themselves of a slight omission in an Act of Parliament, to place themselves under the protecting ægis of the Local Government Act. To the credit of our fellow-countrymen generally, they fell not into the snare which fairly entrapped an immense majority of our honest Yorkshire ratepayers, blindly induced to believe that Parliament would submit to the nullification of its own enactments, and astonished to find that, notwithstanding the countenance they had received from some magistrates, not a single member of the House of Commons condescended to sanction the pettifogging trick by which they had been themselves beguiled, and that a single stroke of the pen rectified the mistake.

The Chambers of Agriculture proved salutary when restricting their aims to the original purpose of their institution. But very many of the farmers, who chiefly ruled in their deliberations, were entrapped by demagogues and other mischievous plotters into democratic proceedings, evincing their jealousy of their superiors, and meditating a war of classes. An instance in point: No sooner was the Highway Act adopted by our Riding than letters-missive were issued by these local parliaments, urging the uniform exclusion of *ex-officio* waywardens from the newly created boards, and

circulars enjoining other narrow-minded and absolutely puerile means of establishing their usurpation. But again the parochial revolutionists overshot the mark. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Their political aspirations and claim to the right of superseding, by dictating to counties and Parliament the authority of magistrates and representatives, soon alienated a large body of ratepayers who had originally supported them, disgusted by the democratic tendency of their proceedings, and convinced of the previous fallacy of their assumption that the interests of landlords and tenants were antagonistic, and that although to get on the one hand as much and on the other to pay as little rent as possible might seem a plausible statement of the case, the slightest consideration would show that the landlord must suffer the consequences of the injurious treatment of his tenants, and the tenant, by impairing the revenues of the landlord, must deprive himself of a resource available and perhaps indispensable in time of need.

Further, Poor-Law guardians and waywardens are disposed to infer from the comparatively costly habits of landlords, that their estimate of expense is regulated by a scale very different from their own, and are consequently nervously apprehensive of being unduly mulcted, whilst the landlords are apt to be no less sensitive as to the illiberality, real or supposed, of their humbler colleagues. But when confidence has been fairly established between the two classes, the larger and more enlightened, and so far more economical, views of the one are modified by the more accurate knowledge of the circumstances and devices of the poor possessed by the local guardians, whilst the influence gained by the regular attendance and wise administration of their superior colleagues enables them to suggest the adoption of beneficial measures from which they themselves might shrink. The results of such harmonised action put to shame the sordid

policy which would clog the wheels of local government by the infusion of suspicion and schism.

Such experience of the failure of the revolutionary schemes which have been noticed may prove very conducive to the satisfactory progress of reform. It may be surmised that a share in the management of county business will probably become an object of ambition to few ratepayers, when they ascertain that, notwithstanding the enlarged sphere of administrative jurisdiction to which they would accede, the financial arrangements depend chiefly on the State, whilst the test of actual qualification for the discharge of the duties will supply the measure of the public estimate of their services, and that their own value will be enhanced by emulating the qualifications of their superiors instead of reducing to a lower level the standard of common efficiency.

The railroads have effected a remarkable change in the attendance of magistrates at Quarter Sessions. Till recently, county accounts and the state of bridges almost engrossed their attention. They passed the night at the county town, and dined with the Bar. When party spirit ran high, Lord Zetland, whig, and Archdeacon Headlam, tory candidates for the chairmanship of the North Riding Quarter Sessions, being supported by an equal number of votes, were invested with joint authority. The jovial thane, appreciating his colleague's turn for business, characteristically enough proposed to him the exclusive conduct of the Court, reserving to himself the chairmanship of the dinner: a most judicious arrangement, exactly adapted to the predilections and capacity of the colleagues. In justice to Lord Zetland it should be remembered that he discharged during a year the duties of Lord Mayor of York creditably alike whether magisterial or festal, taking up his residence in the Mansion-House of that city.

Tout cela est changé! and the chairman finds, unless where urgent matters absolutely require prolonged attendance,

an inflexible rival in *Bradshaw*, notwithstanding the large amount of additional business which has of late accrued to Quarter Sessions. Take for instance the reformation of prison discipline. "Out of sight, out of mind" was the motto inscribed on the doors of our gaols. To explore the horrors of dungeons, so far from being regarded as an indispensable duty, was eloquently represented by one of our greatest orators as an exceptionally glorious effect of self-denying philanthropy. Buxton, Mrs. Fry, and other pioneers followed in the track of the illustrious Howard. The Social Science Association has embodied and utilised, and Parliament has ratified, the results of preceding efforts in the same cause. But how slowly prison reform has made its way may be inferred from past trying experience, of which a citation from a pamphlet published by me on "Permissive Legislation," second edition 1865 (pages 59 to 65), affords proof.[1]

To our clergy and laity, animated by a growing sense of public responsibility, of their duty to God and man, we must look for the social improvement and rectification of abuses, to the need of which the preceding pages contribute their share of evidence. Most fortunately the Lord Chancellor had nominated the Rev. John Field, during many years chaplain of Reading Gaol, to a living in the North Riding, which led to his being appointed a magistrate and V. I. of the North Riding House of Correction, else I should have had to bear single-handed the brunt of the vehement opposition raised against the prosecution of the York Castle reform. It is much to be regretted that the York press, more especially the *Herald*, instead of pursuing the high independent course enjoined by its professed principles, should in deference to the prejudices of the ratepayers have obstructed the most salutary measures. And none have been more obnoxious to this censure than those which gloried in the title of *Liberal*.

[1] See Appendix, No. VIII.

"I am quite ashamed of the Liberal press," observed publicly Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P. for Scarborough, in terms of honest indignation, when referring to such conduct, himself a decided Liberal, but conscientious reformer of abuses. It is well that truth has prevailed.[1]

[1] See Appendix, No. VIII.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—P. 36.

The number of Professors is thirty. Their salaries, varying in amount from 1000 to 2000 dollars, are paid, as they are appointed, by Government. The students amount to between 500 and 600, increasing at the rate of 100 annually. They are educated gratuitously, and about sixteen are lodged and boarded, and others partially assisted, at the expense of the University: a very slender endowment. The age of admission is seventeen; not previously, unless as a special favour of the King. The students having received a preparatory education at one of the schools, a sort of gymnasium, established in each of the four principal towns of Norway, are admitted upon adequate proficiency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, French, and Mathematics. They remain during four years at the University, studying Theology, Medicine, or Jurisprudence, and undergo no second examination till on the point of commencing their professional career, when an adequate proficiency forms the qualification: no degrees are conferred. The long interval between the two examinations is considered disadvantageous, and obviously so, to the student. Many remain several years before they can obtain professional appointments, and many never, and return possessed of a considerable stock of knowledge to country pursuits. The students do not wear an academic garb, but in general were well dressed. They might be however easily distinguished by the affectation of literary pretension, and especially by the absurd and very prevalent practice of wearing spectacles,

which they are said to have borrowed from Spain. Certainly they have not imitated the Germans, as might have been rather expected, for a more decided contrast cannot be exhibited than that which the orderly, gentlemanlike, sober, and studious demeanour and appearance of the students of Christiania afford to the swaggering insolence, and extravagant, semi-military, and semi-barbarous costume at one time affected by those of the German Universities.

The clergy of Norway were all educated at Copenhagen previously to the institution of the University of Christiania, and indeed its youth generally. Some went to Germany. The great importance of this University in diminishing the trouble and expense of education to those who are professionally compelled to receive it, and of diffusing it generally among many to whom it would be inaccessible, if in a foreign country, is obvious. The clergy are admitted to orders after four years' course of Theology, upon examination. Physicians and surgeons are not allowed to practise till their competency has been approved by a similar test.[1]

There is also a military academy in Christiania for the education of officers; and also a seminary for engineering, to which commissioned officers are alone admitted.

The boys during their attendance at the schools, previous to their entering the University, are usually placed under the charge of relatives or friends. The annual expense to the boys taught at the Borgers' or Citizens' Schools amounts to twenty dollars annually. But considerable abatement is allowed to poor parents having numerous children. At this school, as in the High School of Edinburgh, children of all classes are educated indiscriminately. A general officer in uniform, brother-in-law of Count Rosenerantz, accompanied us, being one of the Directors. His children were at the school. The boys are distributed into many classes, in which they learn Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Moral Philosophy, Theology, History in general, and especially of Norway. Great attention is paid to the

[1] The clergy and physicians are from all classes of people, sometimes from the lowest.

health of the children, and an excellent regulation observed in reference to it respecting the time of schooling : children of the lowest class between the ages of seven and ten are not detained in school more than four hours in the day ; those older according to a corresponding scale. Thrice in the week they pass an hour in practising gymnastic exercises in an airy apartment under the roof of the building, and a playground, but very insufficient, is open for their amusement. Cleanliness is most scrupulously attended to. Prayers twice in the week, at beginning and end, are considered sufficient.

There is another large house, containing the Latin School, more especially destined to prepare students for the University.

Education, though universal in Norway, is conducted on the most economical scale, except in the towns. In the country there are very few school-houses, and the masters are generally very ill paid.

The prisons are the Slavery and House of Correction. *The Slavery.*—Its apartments are clean and airy, and it has a yard for the prisoners to exercise in. It contains 190 prisoners, chiefly for theft, but some for stabbing in quarrels ; several were confined for life ; solitary confinement is resorted to only in cases of misbehaviour. They are all employed in different sorts of handicraft, some of which they learned in prison : shoemaking, tailoring, smith's work, coach-making, clock and watch making, fiddles, toys, tools, furniture, etc. The articles are exposed for sale in a shop, but produce little, as foreign articles can be procured here at cheap rates. They are paid for their work, earning eight or ten sk. per day ; if in the streets, which falls to them in rotation, eight sk. additional. The time of work is from five to seven ; one hour allowed for dinner. They are not required to work on Sunday, except in the repairing of their clothes. They are fed three times per day.

The House of Correction contains 90 men and 80 women, chiefly for theft. They are employed in weaving and making clothes for the army, and also in turning a mill. This establishment is very clean. A chapel is attached to it, and

prayers are read both morning and evening. Both here and at the Slavery the prisoners sleep two in a bed. It very rarely occurs that a prisoner refuses to receive the Sacrament, though not compelled to it. The King has the power of terminating imprisonment for life.

No. II.—P. 36.

The Norwegian Constitution is of a mixed form, in which the democratic power predominates. The King's responsibility for the acts of his Government is vested in his Council of State. The direction of the religious worship, rites, and meetings for religious purposes, is committed to the King, subject to the provision that the Lutheran religion be the established religion of the realm, and that the King himself must profess it; also the levying the taxes imposed by the Storthing. He enjoys also the entire disposal of all the offices, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, in Norway, and has a corresponding right of dismissing all functionaries of these classes, with the consent of his Council in reference only to the dismissal. He can confer orders of merit. The command of the Norwegian army is vested in him, but he cannot employ it in an offensive war without the consent of the Storthing, and can draw the Norwegian troops of the line only into Sweden in time of war; the Landwehr and other troops, not of the line, can be employed only in Norway. The Norwegians vessels can be employed only in defence of the coasts of Norway.

The legislative power resides in the Storthing, which is composed of two Chambers, the Lagthing and the Odelsthing.

The electoral privilege is confined to Norwegian citizens who have attained the age of twenty-five, have been domiciliated in the kingdom during five years; who reside in it; who have exercised some public function during six years; possess or have rented for five years registered land in the country; or are either burghers of some town, or possess in a town or burgh a house or funded property, valued at 300 banco dollars in

silver. The purchase or sale of a vote deprives an elector of his privilege.

The method of election in the towns is the following: an elector is chosen for every fifty voters; the electoral body thus formed selecting as representatives to the Storthing one-fourth of their number, either out of their own body, or of those eligible in the district. The greatest number which can be returned for a town is four; if a town contains fewer than 150 voters it is united with another, and they constitute a single electoral district.

In the country the voters of each parish assemble; if not amounting to 100, they elect one; between 100 and 200, two, and so on; and the representatives chosen again elect one-tenth of their number out of their body, and from among persons qualified in the district, to sit in the Storthing.

The proportion of the representatives of the country to those of towns must be two to one. The members of the Storthing must have attained the age of thirty years, and have resided ten years in the country. The members are indemnified for their travelling expenses to and from the meeting of the Storthing, and receive during their attendance $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per day. The Storthing assembles at Christiania every third year, unless an emergency should require its more frequent assembling, the members elected retaining their legislative capacity for three years.

The Lagthing or Upper Chamber is composed of one-fourth of the Storthing; elected by the remaining members, who constitute the Odelsthing. The whole legislative power is vested in the Storthing. Measures must originate in the Odelsthing, either proposed by Government, through a Councillor of State, or by a member. If adopted, the proposition is sent to the Lagthing, and, if rejected, reconsidered by the Odelsthing; and if, upon being sent a second time to the Lagthing, again rejected, the two Chambers resolve themselves into one, and the measure is adopted if sanctioned by a majority of two-thirds of the voters. Three days' interval must intervene between the references.

No. III.—P. 37.

The result, whatever may have been the originating circumstances, has been a declared enmity on the part of Maribo to the King, and the successful conduct of a triumphant opposition to the Government. The debates were carried on with much license of speech and personality, but without gesticulation, as I was informed, being ignorant of the language. The members sat in semicircular rows at desks. The costume of a peasant imparted a novelty to their appearance. The President (or Speaker) was elected and held his office for a week.[1] The principal topics of interest and discussion originated in the King's efforts to strengthen his power. The King's alleged error was the original ratification of the present constitution in opposition to his whole Swedish Council of State. But his anxiety to extinguish the animosity of the Norwegians, exasperated by the recent war and defeat which they had sustained from his arms, his confidence in his own address and dexterity, blended with sentiments of chivalrous generosity towards his new subjects, naturally inspired by victory, urged him precipitately to the measure.

He rode at a brisk pace into Christiania, leaving his conquering army, and by a stroke of his pen established Norwegian independence. He was afterwards crowned King of Norway at Trondhiem, but he possesses no royal residence in this part of his dominions.

Several topics of difference exist between the King and the Storthing relating to his person or prerogative, viz. the application of the King for the substitution of an absolute for a suspensive veto, and the erection of an order of nobility.[2]

[1] The member who addresses the House stands in his place. He may speak as often as he pleases on a question. A large gallery is provided for the accommodation of strangers; the debates are however sometimes conducted with closed doors.

[2] The importance of these alterations would probably prove nominal rather than real. Patents of nobility might be conferred on some of the principal officers of State, municipal functionaries, and military and naval commanders, or they might be extended with indefinite profusion to all the

Of the vigilance of the Storthing in watching over the public expenditure several instances have occurred. Mr. Collett was arraigned for granting money to the University without previously obtaining the sanction of the Storthing: he was impeached for his conduct in the establishment of the steam-vessels, but honourably acquitted. The King observes with minute attention the proceedings of the Storthing; a report of them is regularly transmitted to him; and it has been Mr. Collett's painful duty during the present session to soften the impressions likely to be produced by the communications which he has been compelled to make. The King's fiery temper has been frequently exasperated by the spirit of resistance exhibited by the Norwegians. He has been known to tremble with rage when speaking of Norway. About four years ago Mr. Collett bore the brunt of his anger. The Attorney-General of Norway had procured the publication of an attack on Government; the King ordered Mr. Collett instantly to dismiss him from his employment. But Mr. Collett replied that his Majesty had not the power to inflict this punishment. The King reiterated his command, and

gentry of the country, including the principal merchants. In the former instance, the increase of royal patronage would be very trivial, and by no means counterbalance the superior weight of the popular scale; in the latter, the value of the royal influence would be depreciated in proportion to the profusion in its distribution, and the popular power would remain unimpaired under the guise of aristocracy, as occurs in Sweden, where the Chamber of Peers is that branch of the Diet in which the power of the King is most effectually opposed. But the materials for the formation of a large body of nobles do not exist in Norway, as in Sweden, where the estates, except in the northern provinces, are large. The absolute veto would practically confer only negative power on the monarch. Whilst the legislative measures of the Storthing refer solely to the internal administration of the country, they would probably receive the Royal assent; and if the King should refuse it on important questions, whether relating to external or internal affairs, either on account of the inexpediency of the measures proposed, or with a view to obtain further alterations in the constitution and augmentation of his own power, the control of the purse remaining in the hands of the Storthing would frustrate his efforts. The present failure of the Government might be fully anticipated from the construction of the Storthing. The preservation of national independence, jealousy of Sweden, and the strictest economy, are the actuating motives of its members; and any measure which might be represented as in any degree likely to infringe unnecessarily upon the power or the purse of the people would be at once rejected.

on Mr. Collett's persisting in his denial of the right assumed, observed, "Then you are no longer Councillor of State," and bade him resign his office. The King however retracted his unjust sentence.

The dissolution of the present Storthing occurred on the 18th September. The ceremony was simple.

The Constitution of the Norwegian Government, though approximating closely to the democratic form, is perhaps as well adapted to the social and political condition of the country as any which could have been framed. The uniform distribution of property, whether agricultural or commercial, renders unnecessary the introduction of a third estate in the realm, as chamber or house consisting of the representatives of an aristocracy, or that class whose possessions, exceeding materially those of the bulk of proprietors, demands a distinct share in the legislative authority. The proprietors of surpassing wealth in Norway are exceedingly few. The exemption of the property of Norway from the invasion or dangerous interference of persons possessing small stake in the common weal is effectually secured by the amount of the electoral qualification. The turbulence and inconsistency incidental to republican government are much prevented by the small size and quiet condition of the towns, the want of that concentration of public opinion which in large and populous cities operates so powerfully, whether for good or ill; and by the delay and temporary check on the proceedings of the Government, which may be interposed when necessary, by the Upper Chamber and by the King. Parsimony is the vice most to be apprehended from the new constitution. That the Norwegian Storthing should regard in its legislation its relative situation to other countries is not to be expected. The insulated position of the country, its poverty, and the consequent local habits and feelings of its people, limit their views to their own interests. Sweden has its distinct Diet, and legislates for herself. The participation in the defence of the latter, essential to the common protection of the Scandinavian Peninsula, to which the Norwegian would be as little disposed as to interference in the general politics of Europe,

is secured by the fundamental law which provides a contingent of 10,000 men to the common defence of the two countries, which the King may require when he deems it necessary.[1] The parsimony to be apprehended applies to the internal administration of the country, to the maintenance of the officers and public institutions. Yet in these respects the Storthing has manifested, notwithstanding the rigorous economy of its resolutions, stimulated both by the poverty and inclination of the constituency, and the representation of demagogues, a moderate liberality. The narrow spirit of the Norwegians results not only from the geographical position of the country, but from the want of general union and national concentration of interests, resulting from their long continued subjection to Denmark. Norway, as a single and distinct nation, the "Old Norway" of the popular songs and historical traditions of the people, *magni nominis umbra*, has ever lived in their remembrance. The description of its glories, real and fabulous, has beguiled their tedious wintry evenings, animated their festal meetings, and exalted their hereditary valour; but the shadow possessed no living substantial reality. The link, which during centuries bound together the innumerable little communities of which Norway consisted, was the Danish Government, under whose sway they pursued their separate interests and pleasures, ignorant of each other, and blending only when their men were required by Denmark for its naval or military service.[2]

The Constitution of 1814 erected Norway into a nation, and national feeling will result from it. The meetings of the Storthing will progressively tend to elevate its members to a full perception of their duties, and extricate them from the narrow local interests in which they have been educated;

[1] Without the consent of the Storthing. And Norway is bound to furnish seamen for the defence of her coasts.

[2] In ancient times, Bergen, Christiania, and Trondhiem had each its separate representative assemblies, entirely distinct from each other. The Danish Government is represented as having crippled the resources of Norway, and is said to have extracted from the silver mine of Kronsborg no less a sum than 2½ million of dollars in two centuries, chiefly expended on the palaces and other public undertakings in Copenhagen.

the establishment and preservation of public institutions will be regarded with care and with pride. The dissemination of public intelligence through the medium of newspapers will tend to awaken the minds of the people, and to form a national feeling and public opinion; and the education of a large body of youths at the University of Christiania, which may be considered the focus of Norwegian politics and interests, in a limited sense, will contribute materially to the enlightening of the popular mind. Jealousy of Sweden will tend to rivet the union of the Norwegians, and to counteract the petty differences resulting from the collision of local and provincial interests. It may become a question how far the amalgamation of the Norwegians and their restored national integrity will endanger the union of Norway with Sweden. *Divide et impera* was practically the maxim of the Danish government of Norway, nature having produced that subdivision of interests which rendered the supremacy of Denmark undisputed. But Norway, since possessed of its new Constitution, has acquired, in regard to Swéden especially, integrity of political feeling. And its feeling towards that country results partly from their present and partly from their past relative situation. Having been so long subject to Denmark it participated in the wars waged by that country, and imbibed the feelings towards Sweden derived from frequent hostilities. These it shared deeply, being contiguous to Sweden, according to the melancholy political truth that near neighbours are natural enemies. The circumstances which produced and aggravated the mutual animosity of the Swedes and Norwegians have partly ceased, but the effect remains, and between them there is no binding intercourse whatsoever. Their commercial relations are entirely diverse; they are distinct socially as two widely separated countries, and the administration of their affairs being conducted by two different Legislatures confirms and establishes the geographical and social distinctions. The federal union of the two countries, involving the duty of mutual and common defence against external aggression, and specifically prescribed by compact, is the only link which

binds them together. Now to the Norwegians the necessity of this union, and of its inherent condition, is not apparent, and consequently utterly inadequate to counterbalance their original indifference or aversion to the Swedes. Norway would willingly prefer to stand alone, though liable from the extent of its frontier and the vulnerable situation of the more valuable portions of its territory to invasion and partial subjugation. Indifferent to the fate of Sweden, it would regard the necessity of contributing its stipulated force to the defence of that country as severely onerous, without perceiving its own security involved in the fulfilment of its contract. The existing union of the two countries is maintained by the powers which originally framed it, the European confederacy, corroborated, no doubt, by the predominant force of Sweden. And the probability of its duration depends on the wisdom of the motives and on the stability of the authority to which it owed its birth. The inevitable result of the separation of Norway and Sweden would be the subjection of the Scandinavian peninsula to Russia. Sweden, at present almost a vassal of its powerful neighbour, if not backed by Norway, but, on the contrary, compelled to maintain a defensive attitude in regard to it, and liable to the intrigues of Russia in Norway, would be placed at the mercy of the former. The undivided strength of the Scandinavian nation is now available against Russia, and might, supported by the aid of England or Prussia, resist it. An aggression on the part of Russia would probably produce a European war. Russia might govern Sweden separately without even provoking hostilities. Norway derives unmingled advantage from its union with Sweden; the protection of its entire land-frontier from the tumults of Europe, and the co-operation of a naval force in the event of maritime war. It may be questioned how far the union of the two countries might be consolidated by alteration of the terms of which it consists. The blending the legislative bodies of the two countries would be almost impracticable,—if practicable, wholly inexpedient, on account of the difference in the language, a difficulty of not so material importance, of the interests, the genius, and

feelings of the two nations, the distance of the seat of government from the provinces, and the inevitable jealousy and collision which would result. Much more feasible and politic would be the augmentation of the King's authority in the Norwegian Constitution. And this is, as has been already stated, the aim of the present King. But what advantage would result from it? The co-operation of Norway is guaranteed to him on emergency. An extension of his authority which might enable him to command the raising of the revenues of the country, to be effectual must be arbitrary and dangerous, and the country does not afford materials of influence which might counterbalance the popular right, and thus invest the King with a virtual participation in the sovereignty. But the interference with the fiscal administration of the people, felt as it would be throughout every village of the country, would provoke discontent and animosity, and the trifling additional revenue accruing would by no means compensate for the evil and peril of dissatisfaction. Sweden should bear in mind that Norway has incurred a considerable sacrifice in her own estimation, and that this merits indemnity; that the free exercise of her own independent constitutional rights will be the best guarantee for their just and equitable exertion, and for the due maintenance of that portion of weight allowed to the King by the present Constitution.

The newspapers have as yet exhibited little violence of political feeling; those under the direction of Government contain a mere exposition of facts; those on the Opposition side, conducted, it is said, by Maribo, have indulged a certain degree of asperity. The continual success of the party whose organ it is fully accounts for the little vehemence of its tone. There are two on each side, and a fifth independent.

No. IV.—P. 40.

THE Provost is next to the Bishop in ecclesiastical rank. He visits annually every parish within his jurisdiction. The conduct of any offending clergyman is submitted to the judgment of the Provost and two other ministers; an appeal lies from their decision to that of the Bishop and Stiftamptman, or Governor of the Province, who enjoys a co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Bishop in regard to churches and church property; and from this court to the court in Christiania, whose judgment is final, and authority extends to the removal of the delinquent from his functions.

The number of clergy in Norway amounts to 300, and there is an equal number of candidates for orders. They are admitted to orders at twenty-five years of age.

The incomes of the clergy are derived from divers sources, from a nominal third of the tithes (teinds); of the remaining two-thirds, one-half is appropriated to the repairs of the church, and the other half is paid to Government. The repairs of the church are occasionally provided for by an additional sum raised by brief circulated throughout the parishes of Norway. The nominal third which falls to the minister does not exceed an eighth. The tithes are estimated by a fixed valuation. A part of the incomes of the clergy is deduced from land, the ancient crown lands having been transferred to the clergy, and by them let to the farmers on leases, renewed annually on the payment of a small fine, during the life of the incumbent, and usually continued from father to son. The clergyman is intrusted with the management of his own property. Fees for services performed and gratuities contribute also to the minister's income. The value of the livings differs in the different dioceses; it averages from 1000 to 2000 (specie) dollars in the diocese of Trondhiem; in Bergen and Christiansand about 600; and in Aggerhuus the value varies exceedingly. In towns it varies from 1000 to 3000 dollars.

The service of the Church throughout Norway is the Lu-

theran. Confirmation is received not before the age of fourteen, and not later than nineteen, and is administered by the Bishop or Provost. This rite is incumbent on all persons,—marriage, or the holding any function, even admission to apprenticeship, being dependent on it. As reading is a necessary qualification for confirmation, it is universal. The extreme intolerance of this law is not, however, felt or complained of by the Norwegians, who approve or acquiesce readily in its conditions.[1] The attendance on the Holy Communion is compulsory only as a qualification. In Norway this practice is either cause or effect of an apparently total callousness to that awe of this solemn rite which prevails so generally, and even superstitiously, in this country. It is administered on week-days as well as Sundays, and is usually received by all persons twice in the year.

The only funeral which I witnessed in Christiania was that of the Director of the Slavery. The coffin was placed on a handsome car, and strewed with flowers. The bells of the church rang a merry peal on the occasion, as on our marriages.

There is a remarkable unanimity of religious opinions in Norway. The Reformation from Popery was rapid and complete, and it is secured partly by the intolerance of the law already stated, and partly by the indolent acquiescence of the people in general in the faith of their forefathers.

Notwithstanding the prescribed uniformity of faith, there are some dissenters in Norway. Of Quakers there are three, and a considerable number of Herrnhuters or Moravians, including many ministers of the Church, and reckoning among them the First Professor of Theology. These, and even the Quakers, also receive the sacraments of the Church; and it affords a decisive proof of the spirit of intolerance not exceeding the letter of the law that they are regarded with no jealousy or disapprobation. So little is the profession of Herrnhutism obnoxious, that it served not as an obstacle to the office of the Bishopric of Aggerhuus to the above-men-

[1] Toleration has since prevailed; in 1845 in favour of all Christians, and in 1851 it was extended to Jews.

tioned eminent Professor. A Moravian minister was established here, but all his congregation received the sacraments of the Church. There is also a sect designated Hongians, after their founder, Honge. This individual was persecuted by the Danish Government, and immured in a dungeon, a receptacle unfit for the worst criminal. The principal Norwegians in vain testified to the excellence of his character; he was not liberated till the transfer of Norway to Sweden, and long continued to suffer the ill consequences of his incarceration. The members of this sect meet for prayer and preaching, but still attend the sacraments of the Church. There is also a class of people called, but not in reproach, Hellige, or Holy People, or Saints, on account of their more serious devotion to religion, attending church twice on Sunday, and assembling for its exercises.

The intolerance of the laws and the tolerance of the spirit of the nation may be traced to the same source, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the quiescence of the people on the subject of religion. The seclusion of Norway, owing to its geographical position, and the little internal intercourse of its scattered population, have tended to exempt it from those controversies which have agitated the more central and peopled nations of Europe. They adopted without a struggle the Protestantism which had fought its way with so much difficulty through the more active intelligence of other States, and they have since that period acquiesced peacefully in the mild and enlightened sway. Religion is the principal subject on which the Norwegians read, and yet not for the purpose of discussion. Each studies it with his own peculiar views, and, provided that he conform to the legal observance of the religion of the State, he is wholly unmolested in his pursuit.

No. V.—P. 42.

The administration of justice in Norway, civil and criminal, is intrusted to various tribunals. Each district has its Fogd or Sheriff, and Soran-scrieber or judge, who performs circuits. The Sheriff, or his deputy, issues the warrant upon which the offender is carried before the Judge, who determines on his guilt without the intervention of a jury, this privilege of Britons being not enjoyed by the freemen of Norway. The appointment of individuals to prevent the insertion of any charge in the protocol or indictment which is not substantiated by evidence, is the only approximation to that species of control. The case is then transferred to a higher tribunal, consisting of the three Judges of the city, and the district in which it was originally tried, whether Christiania, Christiansand, Bergen, or Trondhiem. And from this Court an appeal lies to the Supreme Court in Christiania, composed of seven Judges called Assessors.[1] There is a yet higher Court, an august tribunal, the Rigsret, composed of the Lagthing and Supreme Court united, which adjudicates, without the intervention or check of any other tribunal, on offences committed in breach of duty by any member of the Storthing or of the Supreme Tribunal. The Supreme Tribunal, together with two superior officers nominated by the King, decide on any military offences which involved life, honour, or loss of liberty for more than three months.

These various tribunals take cognisance both of civil and criminal causes. The proneness to litigation which characterises the Norwegians is much restrained *in limine* by that excellent institution, the Court of Reconciliation, already mentioned. The principal offences in Norway, as elsewhere, are petty thefts, punished chiefly by imprisonment in the House of Correction or Slavery, but never by death. The King can pardon in capital cases, but the fundamental law

[1] The Assessors are chosen from among the lawyers; the district and prosecutor share the expenses of the prosecution.

allows to the prisoner the singular right of disputing the King's prerogative, and the option of submitting to punishment. The punishment of death is limited to murder, arson, rape, and furtive child-bearing.[1] The average annual number of executions in Norway is three, chiefly in the province of Aggerhuus. Crime is on the increase. The criminal law is statute, there is no breast law.[2]

The trade of Norway has much declined.

The estates of Norway are encumbered to an indefinite extent with mortgages, in consequence partly of the decline of the value of the timber, and partly of the extravagance produced by more prosperous times. Mr. Norman, an English timber-merchant, has become burthened with several estates, as mortgagee, having been compelled, in the first instance, to pay off previous mortgages.

Norway produces silver, copper, and iron, but no lead or coal. The great copper mine of Norway is at Röraas.

An internal trade is carried on between the town and country, consisting of the supply of manufactures to the former from the latter, a process the reverse of that which appears in a State more advanced in the knowledge of the arts. Of the dependence of the town upon the country for the ordinary articles of consumption I had an instance, being unable to procure a small round box in Christiania, the country supply having been exhausted. A Scotchman set up a tannery in Christiania, which produced far superior work to the more simple process of the natives, but it failed. The foreign manufactures used in Norway are chiefly German, as the credit of the Norwegians lies chiefly in that quarter. The cessation of out-door work in the country from November to March, except to those who live in the neighbourhood of Christiania, or are employed in carrying goods in sledges,

[1] Since abolished in all cases.

[2] The civil jurisdiction in each amt, or county, is vested in an Amtman, or Lord-Lieutenant, under whose direction are placed all the judges, magistrates, etc. The Stiftamtman, or Amtman of the province, is the Governor of the province. The income of the Amtman is paid by Government, and amounts to about 2000 specie dollars per annum. All the judges, magistrates, etc., of the amt are subject to his control. The salary of the judge arises from fees.

affords leisure, which the ingenuity and industry of the natives have providently occupied, and the supply of the more finished articles of Great Britain, if granted as a boon to Norway, would ill compensate for the ill effects which would result from the idleness and torpor of a long unemployed winter.

The decline of the timber trade has perhaps directed the Norwegians to that resource, which is seldom vigorously resorted to, whilst other and more profitable (or apparently more so) are attainable, the cultivation of the soil. Christiania, which formerly imported annually several thousands of barrels of corn, is now supplied by domestic produce, notwithstanding the increase of its population.

The privilege of trading is limited in Norway by restrictions equally intolerant with those which characterise the legislative system of the country, a selfish spirit of monopoly.[1] No man is permitted to set up as merchant till he shall have resided five years in Norway, and can pass satisfactorily a commercial examination, including the knowledge of one language besides his own.[2] Foreigners are thus in a great measure debarred from participating in the trade of the country. The foreign languages most usually acquired at Christiania are English, German, and Dutch, perhaps the latter most generally. An Exchange, a handsome building, has been erected two or three years ago at Christiania, the first ever existing here. The expense of it, amounting to about £2000, devolved on the merchants, the town furnishing the ground cost free.

The intercourse with other countries is much facilitated by the steam-vessels belonging to Christiania. The Storthing, originally dissatisfied at the expense incurred by the establishment of them, is now desirous of getting rid of them.

The pilotage forms an important object at Christiania, and generally along the coast of Norway. The pilots of Christiania are celebrated.

[1] The Norwegian jealousy resists the King's wish for new towns.

[2] No person is allowed to engage in any trade,—carpenter, etc.,—without producing a specimen of his skill in work. The King may however grant permission of trading to a merchant.

No. VI.—P. 69.

THE King's hereditary title is guaranteed, but his power is much circumscribed. He cannot act independently of his Cabinet, the members of which are responsible to the public, as they may be impeached at the bar of a Court consisting of the heads of different public bodies, at the instance of the law-officers of the Diet, acting under the authority of a committee of the Great Council of the nation. Nine principal Ministers of State constitute the Cabinet, with each of whom the King confers on the business of his department on being submitted to the Cabinet, and so, if qualified by disposition or capacity, may engross much of the transaction of public affairs, provided he respects the authority and does not supersede the functions of his ministers.

The various administrative departments are included in the general designation of the Chancellery. Aspirants to office must undergo a previous course of study, the subjects being Latin, politics, and statistics, but not foreign languages, perhaps as these form an earlier part of a Swedish gentleman's education, occupying two years, and concluded by a severe examination. The public offices are commonly filled by nobles, but in some instances otherwise, as in those of the present Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.[1] A prevailing impression that the King is jealous of his Council arises perhaps from a suspicion of his probably retaining the impress of French habits of thought and expression.

The legislative authority resides in the Diet, consisting of four Houses, invested with co-ordinate jurisdiction, viz. the Nobles, Clergy, Burgesses, and Peasants.

The Nobles assemble in a chamber emblazoned with their armorial bearings. Their number far exceeds that of any other House, their muster-roll comprising about 20,000 persons, including descendants in a direct line from nobles.

[1] Mr. Laing was apparently misinformed as to the special training required for office-holders, or he would not have stated that they were invariably nobles, and consequently ignorant.

Proxies are admissible in the person even of younger sons, if of noble descent. About 500 were present at the last Diet, but the attendance dwindled to a moiety towards the conclusion of the proceedings, although the most important business was deferred to that period. The votes of five-sixths of the members are required for the expulsion of one of their number. The Nobles' House provides the Marshal of the Diet.

The House of the Clergy numbered fifty members at the last Diet, including Archbishops and Bishops. The members are paid for their attendance, but in conformity to usage and not by stipulation in case of the Prelates. Each archbishopric sends five representatives to the Diet, and each bishopric two to four; and the last was attended by two representatives of each University, and two lay deputies from the Academy of Stockholm.

Though the Burgesses are entitled to send one hundred members, the number actually on the roll was only eighty-seven at the last Diet, as, to save expense, small towns clubbed together to return a representative, whilst the number attending did not exceed forty-seven.

The muster-roll of the Peasants' House amounts to one hundred and twenty, but the attendance falls short of that number.

The slackness of the attendance of the members of the Diet may be accounted for by the prolongation of its sittings to the extent of twenty-eight months, owing to the infinite waste of time consumed in forms and ceremonies—for the Swedes are much devoted to ceremonial,—and other tedious modes of procedure, as well as to the unskilfulness of the chief manager of the business.

No small advantage is derived from the practice of appointing a committee of twenty-four members, six from each House, to propose business for the consideration of the several Houses, that committee, moreover, being charged, as we have seen, with the right of impeaching ministers. But such precautionary arrangement does not remedy the main defect in the working of the system,—the incapacity of the

members. No training is required for the Diet, as for the Chancellery, diplomacy, army, or navy. Fortunately the Nobles' House contains a large proportion of military officers, whose superior efficiency is acknowledged.

How far the Nobles are qualified by their previous habits and pursuits for legislative duties we may hereafter consider. The studies and employment of the Clergy are by no means calculated to prepare them for the consideration of State affairs. The scope and views of the Burgesses are restricted within the narrow sphere of their own private and civic monopolies and interests.

Moreover, the impatience of the hearers supplies the only check to the loquacity of speakers. Rarely do the proceedings of the Diet, limited in their range, arouse the languid attention of the members. The administration of internal affairs may be almost exclusively consigned to the King and his ministers. Religious controversies are summarily disposed of by the law requiring conformity to the Established Church. And the foreign relations of Sweden, no longer entangled by continental complications, devolve on the minister specially charged with the management of them. That functionary's chief employment, except when some temporary exigency requires his attention, consists in giving entertainments, the arrangements for which he delegates to his clever wife. The time of the Diet, little occupied by business, is spun out by indefinite delays. The French minister assured me that, reading the newspapers attentively, he could not find that any had been transacted by the Diet during the first six months of its sitting.

We are surprised by the length of the intervals between the meetings of the Diets, extending in the last instance to five years. The vitality of the great assembly of the nation is to a great extent provided for by the appointment of a standing committee, consisting of two or three representatives of each House, charged with the performance of any necessary duties. Those deputed by the Clergy are usually curates of Stockholm, their being on the spot lessening the inconvenience of attendance. The acquiescence of the members

of the Diet in this arrangement may be presumed from their ready approval of the King's proposal that the meetings of the Diet should date from the close and not from the commencement of their proceedings.

The Nobles, Clergy, and Peasants are reputedly accessible to undue influence; the two former orders by a liberal share of the benefits of Crown patronage, and the latter by the simpler process of largesses. The Peasants are further managed by the appointment to their House of a clever Secretary. The result is that they vote or abstain from voting by absenting themselves from the divisions much at the beck of Government.

But in justice to the Houses it must be admitted that they are not remiss in vindicating their rights and protecting the Constitution of the Diet from violation. The Nobles generally support the King's government, but nevertheless the chief opposition to it proceeds from the "Jacobins," or radical reformers of their House. And when the Jacobins proposed the reduction of the number of Houses of the Diet to two,[1] the chief resistance to the measure proceeded from the Clergy, usually the most ready to support the King's wishes, and from the Peasants. The Peasants steadfastly opposed a reasonable proposal for extending the right of voting in the election of members of their House to other classes besides the actual possessors of the suffrage, viz. the holders of allodial tenures, often large proprietors, well qualified for their duty. The Burgesses were more liberal, admitting to their sittings, by a small majority, five representatives of the Forge holders. And further, the entire Diet rejected the non-resumption of cash payments proposed by the King, in contravention of the opinion of his Council, though he had been backed by a large section of the commercial bodies, and with the result that next year such payments would be resumed.

Nor has the Diet been less jealous of any infringement on religious observances. When Count Frölich urged the withdrawal of the prohibition against work on Ascension Day,

[1] To which number it has been since reduced.

his motion was negatived by the unanimous vote of the Peasants and by a large majority of the members of other Houses.

It was not till last year that strangers were admitted to the meetings of the Diet. It may be partly owing to the deficiency of the reports of proceedings that the people seem to take little interest in them. The newspapers, the Governor of Jemteland informed me, were very little read in his remote province.

But in justice to the members of the Diet it should not be overlooked that, though voting by ballot was legal, they never resorted to it except in emergencies, proof that they did not shrink from responsibility.

The result of the Diet's constitutional action has been that, though availing itself occasionally of the means of resisting encroachments on its privileges, the Swedish Senate seems to consider its chief duty to consist in the vigilant but passive observance of the maxim, "*Ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*" It guarantees the security of person and property, disclaiming such an exceptional stretch of power as the suspension of a Habeas Corpus Act, though permitting the police in certain cases to proceed summarily, yet, singularly enough, not in cases in which the head of a family holds himself responsible for the conduct of his household. In Jemteland, for instance, the duties of the police have been experimentally transferred, together with the power of imposing fines for drunkenness, and it is said to good purpose, to the village associations. During the intervals of the Diet's meetings, the interpretation of law is vested in the King, his awards being subject to the approval of the ensuing Diet.

The present Swedish code was framed in 1734, founded on the amalgamation of the provincial law and custom which took place in the fifteenth century, and, as these were identical in the different districts, it consists of the ancient customary law of Sweden supplemented by statutes since passed by the Diet, which are compiled every ten years. The entire code, civil and criminal, is comprised in two volumes. The Roman law never found its way into Sweden.

How jealously the maintenance of life and liberty are protected may be inferred from the use as well as abuse of appellate jurisdiction. Both civil and criminal cases are tried, in the first instance, by the District Court, before a judge and twelve jurymen; criminal, in the second instance, by the Provincial Court, similarly constituted; and in the third, criminal, and in the second, civil instances, by the Royal Courts, of which there are three, viz. at Stockholm, Jönköping, and Christianstäd, consisting of seven judges, the consent of five of whom is necessary to conviction in criminal cases, and in *dernier ressort* by the Supreme Court at Stockholm, in which the King himself presides, before a certain number of judges, the King enjoying the option of giving a second vote. The evidence of two witnesses, as also circumstantial evidence and the confession of the party accused, are necessary to conviction. The King may remit any punishment not capital, or not awarded by sentence of the Rix Räth or one of his ministers, and also one-third of a fine. Even the infliction of capital punishment may be evaded by confession to God, deemed morally equivalent to confession to man, necessary to the infliction of capital punishment.

The laws restraining the liberty of the press are almost inoperative. Any publication hostile to Christianity, provided it does not exceed the mere expression of opinion, and any invective against Government, may be arraigned before a tribunal consisting of nine persons, three nominated by the Crown, three by the prosecutor, and three by the accused; but two-thirds are required for conviction, and therefore none ensues. The names of the editors against whom proceedings are taken and of the King can be so disguised that the law can be effectually evaded. The severity of the punishment, viz. exile, may enhance the difficulty, almost insuperable, as it is in other respects, of procuring conviction.

The practising lawyers, excepting those employed by the Crown, or public notaries, as they are designated, are not specially trained for their professional duties. Some advocates have realised large incomes, but the profession is not

held in that high respect which it commands in other countries. Indeed, it is very usual, especially in Dalecarlia, for the accused to plead their own cause.

The penalties awarded by the code are mild. The punishment of death is retained for murder, forging coin, and plundering in case of fires or wrecks. In either of the two latter instances the offender may be tried at once by martial law and executed. The forgers of coin are hanged, but murderers are decapitated. The executions are, as we have seen, in some respects revolting to modern refinement. The exposure of bodies is confined to the murderers of parents or children, if males; but, if females, cremation in the grave is substituted. The most disgusting incident in Swedish executions is the superstitious practice of drinking the blood of the criminal, which is supposed to operate as a charm. The punishment of the horse has been disused, but not the pillory.

Whilst commenting on the practice of another country, let us recollect that not many years ago the bodies of three smugglers (murderers) were hung in chains on the Isle of Dogs, whilst the gibbet displayed its grisly tenant on most commons at the beginning of this century, and that after the middle of the last the skulls of rebels were exhibited on our public thoroughfares. Religiously preserved have been the axe which beheaded Anne Boleyn, the block on which the rebel Peers forfeited their lives, the knife of the French revolutionary guillotine, the Scottish maiden by which the Covenanters suffered, and sundry other relics of the same kind in various gaols.

No. VII.—Pp. 196, 218.

The point at issue was minute, and might have been disposed of by the application, on the part of the House of Commons, of a simple and novel expedient, without the intervention of any other estate of the realm or judicial

tribunal. As previous to 1835, when the House of Commons authorised the sale of its papers, the circulation was limited to members, their constituents and friends, no action could have been instituted against any witness on account of evidence before a Committee of the House. That concession implied the groundless assumption that the circulation would be thereby materially increased, and consequent danger of defamation by witnesses; but as the public availed themselves little if at all of the acquired facility of procuring Parliamentary information, no practical difference had resulted from it.

But even if the possibility of abusing the privilege of tendering evidence, and consequent advisableness of guarding against it, be admitted, the House of Commons could have referred the examination of its papers to a Standing Committee, whose duty would not have been onerous, as rare indeed would be the instances requiring its veto on publication. Whilst the House could not be suspected of an endeavour to screen any libellous witness, no apprehension of the exercise of unduly restrictive authority on its part would deter a *bona fide* witness from the legitimate discharge of his duty.

But unfortunate was the course pursued by the leaders of the House. An action having been brought against the printer of the House for alleged libellous matter tendered in evidence before a Committee, Lord John Russell, instead of resisting the consequent claim for damages, and pleading to the jurisdiction of the Court applied to, directed, in opposition to Sir R. Peel's advice, the law-officers of the Crown to take cognisance of it, and so to compromise the House; for when the mistake of such acknowledgment was perceived, and resistance to the instituted judicial proceedings was determined upon, its further progress in the matter was hampered by the obvious inconsistency of such course with the measures already adopted. The Ministers however persevered, and were powerfully supported by a majority of the Conservatives, headed by all their leaders. The Sheriffs of the City of London, who had acted ministerially in carry-

ing out the orders of the Court, were in the custody of the House. And the House was charged with inconsistency and cowardice in holding the agents and not the prime actors of the Court responsible for its proceedings, in imprisoning the Sheriffs and not the Judges. Lord Wensleydale assigned to me as the reason for our selection of our victims that the Judges had claws! But the House abstained from a proceeding which would have at once paralysed the administration of justice.

The Judges had far better reason for complaining of the procedure of their friends, who had placed them in a false and untenable position. Compelled to adjudicate in default of precedent—for that furnished by a single colonial procedure on which they relied was scarcely applicable,—confronting, as Lord Denman pointed out, the decision of former Judges, and finding their own impugned in some respect or another by almost every lawyer in the House, even though agreeing with them as to the general issue, they had ample inducement to recoil from a contest which exacted from them action which proved *ultra vires*, and brought them into direct antagonism with the House of Commons. And what tended to manifest the more clearly the imperfection of their jurisdiction and difficulties of their position was that perhaps there were never four Judges whose judicial failure could be less directly or indirectly attributed to deficiency of personal character or professional qualification.

The expedient eventually resorted to—for that suggested by Sir Edward Sugden, the invoking the non-existent appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, could not be entertained, much less good Sir Robert Inglis's hint at the possible interposition of instrumentality which he had himself designated on a former occasion as the *brute* force of the country,—no doubt implied compromise. The privilege claimed by the Commons retained its force, but was ratified by legislative sanction; and notwithstanding the triumphant tone mistakenly assumed by some of the Judges' party, was thus no more invalidated than the Great Charter by successive confirmations.

Extravagant were the anticipations of even revolutionary consequences likely to result from the agitation and exasperation of the movement. And yet the discussion of the questions involved left, soon as it had subsided, no further trace on the divisions of the House than the ship's keel on the smoothened surface of the angry deep.

A speech which I had made in behalf of Privilege drew forth comments from the press which I felt it necessary to advert to. It so happened that, having adopted this resolution, I met at the door of my house in Portland Place, Sir Robert Peel, who was passing on foot. The opportunity of asking his sound advice was irresistible. I stated to him my case, when he at once, almost in a single sentence, struck out my line of defence: "Get up in the House, observe that Serjeant Talfourd, who replied to you, did not impute to you what the misrepresentations you complain of would convey, and get Jackson to rise after you, and at once to exonerate you." Serjeant Talfourd had remarked that my observations on the bias to which the habits of lawyers subjected them in Parliamentary discussion were perfectly just, and Serjeant Jackson had crossed the House when I sat down to express his approval of the mode in which I had treated my subject, though differing from him in the conclusion. My address was well received. Serjeant Jackson rose, as Sir R. Peel had suggested, and declared emphatically that I had not uttered one word offensive to the bench or the bar.

The other instance to which I particularly allude concerns the Sheriffs who were in the custody of the House. Every member of the House who had opposed their committal called on them, but, except myself, not one who had voted for it. My inducement to such deviation from the course pursued by those with whom I had acted was at once attributed to the wish to propitiate our adversaries, especially among my constituents. In fact I acted in consequence of the information and in compliance with the suggestions of two men politically opposed to each other, Sir Thomas Fremantle, the Conservative whipper-in, noted for the soundness of his judgment, and Wakley. They both intimated to me

that, being in the coffee-room of the House when my speech just delivered had been violently assailed by many present, the two Sheriffs, who had been under the gallery when I spoke, volunteered my defence, vindicating my motives warmly, though I was unacquainted with them. So struck were my informants by their generosity that they strongly urged my acknowledgment of it by appearing among their visitors.

There can be no doubt that the violent excitement on the part of the anti-Privilege party resulted in no small degree from doubts as to the soundness of arguments which had been impugned by all those members, on both sides of the House, who would have been by common consent selected to decide on any constitutional question. The following interesting incident may perhaps be admitted in proof of the justice of this supposition:—Many years afterwards, Sir John Kennaway, with whom I was staying, took me to call on Mr. Justice Patterson, with whom I had been long acquainted, at his residence near Honiton. We found him much taken up with the proceedings of his son, the admirable Bishop, who had sent him a collection of Polynesian curiosities. The incumbent of his parish, a brother of Sir Francis Head, whom he had for some time past assisted in the discharge of his duties, by reading the lessons for him in Church, and looking over his sermons previously to being preached, was now lying dead. He conversed most agreeably on various subjects, but by some accident touching on the Privilege question, which had affected him closely, as he had been on the bench involved in the controversy, grew more animated than Kennaway ever recollected having seen him, and fought his battle over again with a vigour which indicated to me misgivings on his part as to the course which had been in a measure forced upon him.

No. VIII.—Pp. 361, 362.

The opposition to prison reform by the York journals affords local exemplification of the unpleasant fact that much philanthropic effort has been accomplished, not by the aid, but in spite of the press: witness the Mendicity Society, which has played a very important part in exposing and effacing a mortal plague-spot of our land, the British Association of Science, and the Social Science Association, all of which were long after their institution subjected to the antagonism and ridicule of leading newspapers, till their manifest utility had taken fast hold on public opinion.

In one instance, the success of the *Times* in anticipating a project far exceeded the intention of the really philanthropic author. The victim was my colleague at the Mendicity Board, poor Captain Brent, R.N., brother of Sir Jaleel, whose nervous susceptibility was so affected by a leading article making severe comments on some plan he had formed for sending boys to the Cape, that he succumbed to the blow.

That the press has contributed most usefully to the extirpation of abuses infesting many of our charities must be fully and gratefully admitted. Its value in this respect is inexpressible.

It is consoling to conclude that when the mainspring of association is well poised and regulated its power is invincible. I may mention two instances, in neither of which has any opposition been experienced from the press: the Society for Suppression of Vice, and the Association for Suppression of Duelling. During the last seventy years the former has waged successful war against immoral publications, never failing in its prosecutions; the latter enrolling, previously to, and at a time when some lamentable instances had occurred of the barbarousness of the practice, a large number of distinguished naval and military officers, as well as civilians, amongst its members; fully justifying Sir Robert Peel's remark, in a speech in the House of Commons, that

to such instrumentality the public must have depended for the suppression.[1]

"And now as to *Prison discipline*. The only prison in the county subject to the joint supervision of the magistrates of the three Ridings, is York Castle. This massive and imposing structure was erected at an enormous cost, unfortunately just before the prevalence of more enlightened views as to the treatment of prisoners. Happily the gaols of the separate Ridings at Wakefield, Northallerton, and to a certain extent at Beverley, were constructed under better auspices, and afforded the means, which were by no means neglected, of adopting an improved method of management; the permissive system, so far not failing, either as regards the building or the use to which it was applied. But what must be the surprise of those not familiar with the controversy, which has for some time past attracted public attention in Yorkshire, on hearing that by an act of jugglery, as yet unexplained, the whole of the prisoners, including those sent from the Borough gaols, belonging to the three Ridings convicted at the York assizes, were, in 1853, detained at the Castle, to undergo their sentence, instead of being returned, as heretofore, to their respective prisons, the Castle being thus suddenly transformed into a House of Correction, a purpose for which it was not designed, and for which it was not fitted either by structure or accommodation.

"The justly anticipated beneficial results of the outlay of the three Ridings and of the Borough of Leeds on their respective Houses of Correction, as well as all the maturing improvements of a reformed discipline, were thus frustrated by a summary proceeding, resembling a stroke of enchantment rather than a historical fact. The certificated cells of the above prisons (but few in that of Beverley) were left vacant, or let to Government, the number of the latter in Wakefield being, in March 1862, 412: and the eight hundred magistrates of the three Ridings, besides those of the

[1] Lord Albemarle attributes to the Prince Consort the credit of having been mainly instrumental in effecting the same purpose. Two notorious duels, *e.g.* that of the Duke of Wellington and of a distinguished military officer slain by his brother-in-law, contributed materially to it.

Boroughs, sat with folded hands while their proportionably empty prisons and thwarted arrangements must have convinced them that their occupation was comparatively gone :—

> 'Tres unâ disjunctas formâ, tria corpora, Memmi,
> Una dies dedit exitio.'

"Meanwhile, what was the condition of the Castle, in behalf of which all these advantages were surrendered? It is now too late for the most zealous advocates of the old system, if such indeed remain, to deny the truth, for it has been thoroughly ascertained, and for every statement here made I could produce a voucher. The dimensions of the cells of the Castle are eight feet by five, instead of thirteen feet by nine, as are the greater part, as certificated, of those of the Ridings. They were lighted only by a small window, ventilated only by an opening in the upper angle, and not warmed, and some even damp, as is now admitted since the introduction of gas has arrested the evil. During the day, the male prisoners, untried as well as convicted, were associated together, with little employment, and under very imperfect supervision; and as soon as it was dark, after being placed together in an apartment, locked up in their cells for the night, a period averaging thirteen hours throughout the year. Incarceration in a dark and cold cell[1] is a punishment inflicted usually and reluctantly on the refractory. In York it was part of the normal discipline as respects both tried and untried prisoners. Whilst association, together with privation of opportunity of self-improvement by reading in the cell, counteracted the efforts of the chaplain.

"The female prisoners were not separated either by day or by night. The only supervision to which they were subjected was that of the matron, who occasionally visited them from an adjoining apartment. 'The case,' I quote a letter addressed by me, January 16, 1863, to Mr. Voules, inspector of the North District, 'which I brought before the North

[1] It is unfortunate that the exaggeration and overstrained statements which have been brought home to the author of a work which enjoyed much temporary popularity, "Never too late to Mend," should have diminished the force of the truth which it contains.

Riding Quarter Sessions, was that of a girl in her seventeenth year, convicted of concealment of birth, who, during three weeks of her detention in the Castle for trial, was constantly in the company of other female prisoners, some of whom were committed for gross offences, and slept in the same bed with an old offender.'

"Such was the condition of the prisoners in York Castle for the ten years during which the monopoly of detaining them continued.

"And what is the superintendence of York Castle as compared with that of the Riding Houses of Correction?

"The reports of the state of the latter are presented at every Quarter Sessions by the visiting Justices, and recorded among the orders of the Court.

"On the other hand, the Court of General Sessions at York is held exclusively for the management of the Castle. Consequently, except on the occasion of the election of an officer, there is a very scant attendance of magistrates, and the visiting Justices have been obliged to postpone, from session to session, an application for a grant for prison purposes of £20. The names of the magistrates are not published, nor even recorded, the clerk supplying me with them, as well as he could, from memory. The orders of the Court are not published. The visiting Justices, representing the entire magistracy of the three Ridings, are usually selected on account of their residence in the neighbourhood. It is true that the gaol is periodically visited by the Grand Jury; but, it would seem, from the terms of the entries from December 16, 1852, to January 10, 1863, now before me—which, excepting a recommendation of the separation of juvenile from adult prisoners, and of the importance of the working department, are uniformly laudatory—that that body does not consider itself called upon to interfere in the management of the prison.

"The Government Inspectors had offered criticisms and suggestions, but far short of the real exigency, and with little avail. Sir John Kincaid's health had latterly prevented him from acting, and the following letter addressed to me,

January 19, 1863, shows how powerless had been the representations of his successor, Mr. Voules :—

"'There is no doubt both the plan of the prison and the system in operation in York Castle are very bad. The building, I apprehend, was originally intended for a gaol only, for the confinement of prisoners before trial, and debtors, and was constructed with a view to security alone; but when I took charge of the district I found prisoners confined there under sentence for long periods; they were in association, with little or no employment, and without supervision. I succeeded in obtaining some employment for the prisoners, but in reply to my further representations, the visiting Justices informed me they could not hold out any hope of further outlay, as the prison had already cost the county a very large sum of money.

"'I have always regretted the unrestricted association of prisoners, but have no power of myself to alter it. It appears to me the most likely course would be for your Lordship to persevere in the motion for a Committee of Magistrates.'

"It was not till some years after the detention of the prisoners at York Castle, viz., at the North Riding Easter Quarter Sessions of 1860, that a single remedial measure was adopted. The attention of the magistrates was called to the subject by the visiting Justices in their report, grounded on the reports of the inspectors and the complaints of the chaplain of the Castle. The result was a representation by the Chairman, Lord Cathcart, to the Home Secretary, followed by further correspondence, renewed reports of the visiting Justices, and an application, at the instance of Sir G. Grey, to the Judges of Assize; and, after a struggle of two years, the few prisoners belonging to the North Riding were restored to undergo their sentence at Northallerton; and, subsequently, those also of the West Riding, after repeated efforts, to Wakefield, as well as those of the East Riding to Beverley, and those of Leeds to the House of Correction in that town.

"But still the Home Secretary could not be prevailed upon

to extend the privilege to prisoners actually undergoing their sentences in the Castle. The measure was prospective; whilst the convenience to the untried prisoners of being at York, previous to trial, rendered it advisable that they should be sent, as heretofore, the time of their stay being about three weeks at each Assizes. It was in reference to these two classes that the following steps were taken:—At the York Castle sessions of March 1862, the visiting Justices submitted a proposal for erecting, at an estimated cost of £3000, a gaol within the gaol, on an improved plan. It was referred to the Committee, whose proceedings were finally adjourned pending the result of the West Riding negotiations for the removal of its prisoners; and, meanwhile, the building scheme was properly dropped, whilst the accumulated evils of the Castle remain almost untouched. Another Committee was proposed. The Chairman of the East Riding, Mr. Strickland, had signed the notice of the motion, and expressed warm disapproval of the condition of the Castle, and Mr. Lascelles, Chairman of the West Riding, who presided, declared that a strong *prima facie* case had been made out in its favour. It was, however, negatived; whilst the North Riding declined interference on behalf of its untried prisoners, the assistance of the Government Inspector was, it had been seen, of no avail, and had further application been made to the Home Secretary, he would have simply referred it at once to the Inspector, and thus no apparent progress would have ensued.

"But the prospect of another motion for a Committee, followed by some controversy, and the obviously failing efforts of the York press to shield the Castle from scrutiny, drew public attention so effectually to the subject, that the visiting Justices, whose intentions had always been laudable, notwithstanding the great difficulties which embarrassed them, felt themselves bound or emboldened to adopt corrective measures; so that the association of prisoners has been in part, and soon will be more effectually, prevented; whilst the lighting, so long and so unwarrantably deferred, has been just accomplished by the introduction of gas into

161 cells. And this has been the result of eleven years of probation or struggle.

"And if unceasing agitation for some time past, in defiance of much opposition and no small amount of vituperation, may be employed as a legitimate element of the permissive system, then, assuredly, to its credit may be assigned the reform of York Castle. But, if otherwise, what becomes of the authority of the magistracy, the superintendence of the visiting Justices, and the paid supervision of the Government and its Inspectors? The result has been effected by such means, but in part only so far as they have been rendered instrumental in accomplishing it by the wholesome fear or avowed support of public opinion."

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